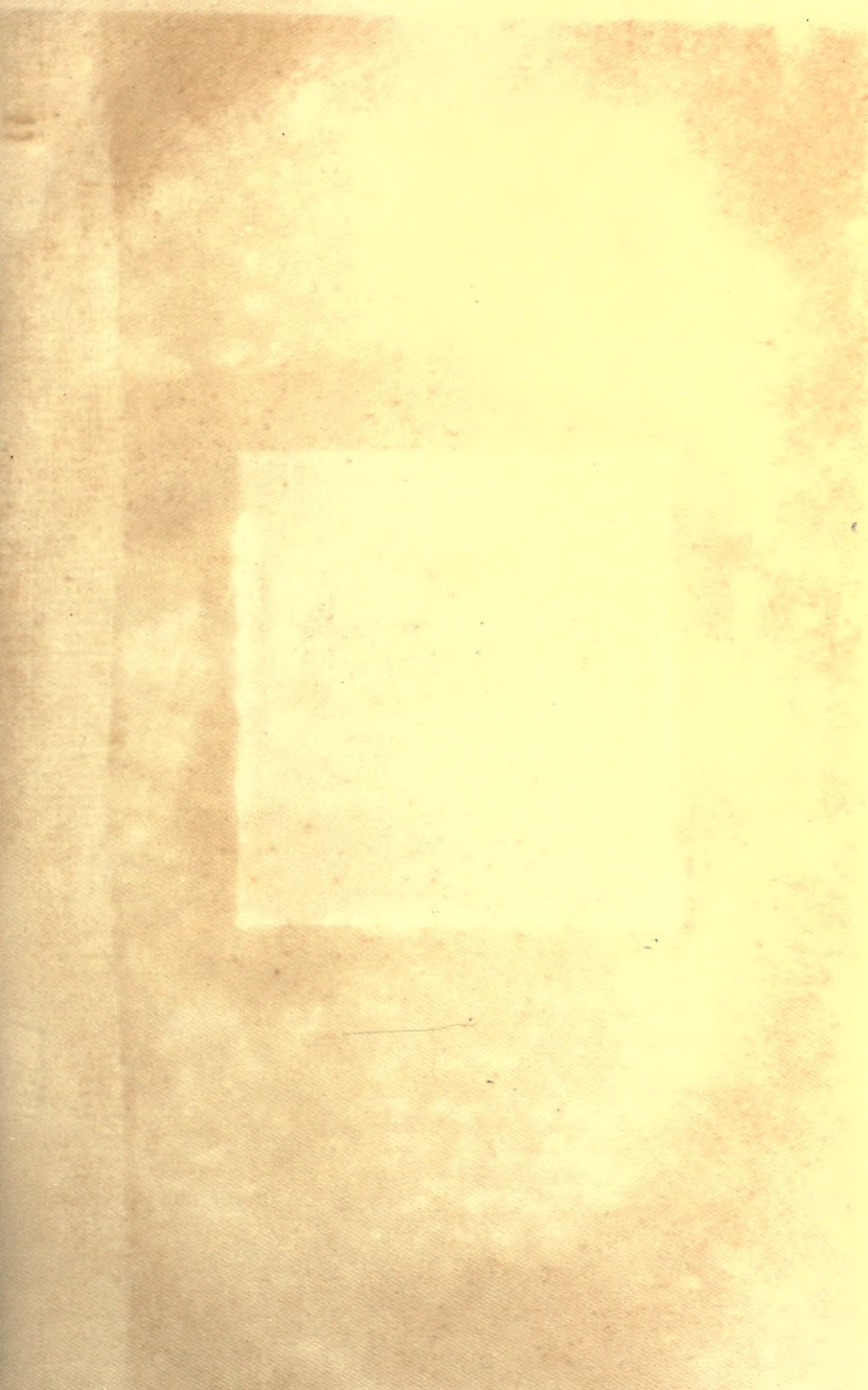




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LETTERS OF GEORGE WYNDHAM



Bassano, photographer

Emery Walker & Co.

Percy Wyndham

killed in action, Sept. 14th, 1914

LETTERS OF
GEORGE WYNDHAM

1877-1913

COMPILED BY
GUY WYNDHAM



VOL. II

EDINBURGH: PRIVATELY PRINTED
T. AND A. CONSTABLE
PRINTERS TO HIS MAJESTY
1915

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CORRIGENDA

VOL. II.

- P. 23, l. 25, read 'promontory' for 'promenade.'
- P. 31, l. 9, read 'man or a mouse.'
- P. 257, l. 2, read 'Letters' for 'letter.'
- P. 365, l. 2, read 'Hewins' for 'Henins.'
- P. 435, l. 3, read 'goal' for 'gold.'
- P. 482, l. 12, read 'Calveley' for 'Calverley.'
- P. 486, l. 14, read 'measure' for 'mitre.'
- P. 555, l. 20, read 'my' for 'any.'

LETTERS

CHAPTER IX

NOVEMBER 1900 TO FEBRUARY 1905

Chief Secretary of State for Ireland—The South African War—The Land Bill—‘The Development of the State.’

417

To his Father

CHIEF SECRETARY'S OFFICE,
DUBLIN CASTLE November 17th, 1900.

MY DEAREST PAPA,—Old Briggs has written to me also. It is a ‘distinction’ to be out of the Cabinet anyway.

I have been here a week and find plenty to do and many interests and memories. I ride in the Phoenix 8.30 to 9.30, breakfast at 10, read papers, to Castle at 11.30 and leave at 6 o'clock.

Everyone is very kind but I see rocks ahead.

I return to London December 7th; if you could start not before 10th or 12th I should see you and Mamma and Perf. We shall be at ‘35’ from 7th to end of session about 17th Dec. then back here for Christmas and until the House meets in February. We have handed Saughton over to Bendor pro tem, so as to confirm our resolution not to be absentees.

Best love to Mamma and Ditchmouse.—Your loving son,
GEORGE.

418

To Charles T. Gatty

CHIEF SECRETARY'S OFFICE,
DUBLIN CASTLE, 17th November 1900.

MY DEAR OLD CHARLES,—I find that the Government of this country is carried on by continuous conversation.

I have now been talking and listening for a week. That is why I am so late in thanking you for your congratulations.

I am already intensely interested in my work here.

You simply must come and stay with us in January. Nice house, Phoenix Park, divine view of Wicklow Hills, golden and green glamour over everything, Celtic twilight always on tap—Religion, Comparative Mythology, Ethnology, round the corner.

Come, my dear, and do Celtic Crosses, the Book of Kells, or what you will, provided you come.—Yours affectionately,

GEORGE WYNDHAM.

419

To his Sister, Madeline

CHIEF SECRETARY'S LODGE,
PHOENIX PARK, DUBLIN, 25th November 1900.

MOST DARLING MANENAI,—I loved your dear letter. I am very happy here. Not that I hope to succeed personally. A man who expected personal success in Ireland would be ripe for Hanwell. But the work is most interesting, and the 'call' peremptory. I feel that I was destined to come here. My solitary trump is Mamma. Dear old things remember dancing with her. And everyone in the country says 'at any rate his Mother was born in Ireland.' It is a land of sorcery; false, but so fair that the adventurer willingly dives beneath the waters to reach the enchanted palace of the Princess Arianrhod. This means that I swim in 'Celtic twilight' but through the green and golden witchery comes the piercing appeal of grinding and hopeless poverty. I walk like the mermaid in Andersen on pointed knives.

I got back from the congested districts last night. Have driven for three days over tracks of stone and bog with houses like pigsties, huddled on to every soppy knoll that swells out of the quagmire. In one room, 11 feet by 7 feet, was a family of five. In the other room of the hovel, a family of 7, a loom, a pig, a cow, a donkey, a bed, a spinning-wheel and a cradle. It is beyond belief.

And every soul is a gentleman or a lady who entertains you with wit and pathos.

I travelled all yesterday back from Mallaranny—near Achill—dressed at the Hotel and on to a public Dinner of bigwigs and the Irish Hospital. The toast list was interminable. I did not speak till 20 to 12. But luckily 'got home' and so back to bed about 1.15, dog-tired.

In this country you must never be tired and never in a hurry. You must listen and laugh with everyone and master the land-acts and agricultural returns in stolen moments. But still you get wonderful experience, for all the departments are under the Chief Secretary.

Love to Charlie.—Your most loving brother,

GEORGE.

420

To his Mother

CHIEF SECRETARY'S LODGE,
PHOENIX PARK, DUBLIN, November 25th, 1900.

MOST DARLING MAMMA,—I loved your letter and I believe in its ideal. We are the children of the Past, England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, and we have younger brothers and sisters by a second marriage, Canada, Australasia, South Africa. Ireland is the daughter about whom the parents quarrelled. She has been Cinderella and is poor and hurt. But now invited back to her seat on the dais she may take a common pride in being one of the first family. But all this is far away and not ready as yet even to be spoken of. She is still too poor.

We will have a long talk in London. I am not only reconciled to being here. I see it was inevitable. A Chief Secretary is like a Ghibelline Duke of the 13th century representing Empire and a larger organic conception in a Guelf republic. Many have failed here because they did not realize that they were not in the 19th century. I always have a difficulty in persuading myself that I am. I really love the Irish and they have been very kind and courteous to me during the last fortnight.

I went round the North of Connaught to Mallaranny by Achill from Tuesday to Saturday. It was of the greatest service to me and a brilliant tragi-comedy all the time. We drove and drove—such a party! Self, Hanson; Wrench, a Unionist, loyal, sensible land commissioner. Father O'Hara, Father O'Flynn who was 'advanced' and is enchanting. Mr. Doran, the other type, a slow pragmatist Irishman, whose eye only gleams when he points out arterial drainage. And so we bumped round, going into the cottiers' wretched hovels. No one knows in England what 'Hell or Connaught' means. And all the Nationalist remedies of confiscation and compulsory sale would only stereotype an intolerable existence. I wish you and Pamela could have seen Srah, a heap of hovels huddled on to one soppy knoll above the bog level—in effect a simple piggery. One house had a family of five in one room 11 feet by 7 feet. In the other room a family of seven. It was complete and picturesque, stooping to get under the lintel and waiting till your eyes could pierce the peat-haze there slowly emerged to sight—a hand loom; the pig; the cow and her manger; the donkey; the bed; a rocking-cradle with child; the hearth; the spinning-wheel.

Yesterday morning at Mallaranny with its wild fuchsia hedges we had the full rain-laden blast from the Atlantic. Took a special at 12.20 to Westport and caught the mail passing Athlone to Broadstone at 7.15. I drove off and dressed at the Shelbourne Hotel and on to a Public Dinner to the Irish Hospital. His Excellency, the Lord Chancellor, Attorney General, Lord Iveagh and many swells and officials were present. I did not speak till twenty to twelve, and then luckily made quite a hit. I was very thankful as I feared after the long drives and pre-occupation in economic problems and long railway journey, that my brains would not work. I, however, followed my new prescription for oratory, viz.: to sleep like a log all the afternoon. I am glad I did not 'jolly' the fence which was likely with such a take off. I found S. S. on getting here and have spent the morning expatiating on the

possibilities of the garden. We dine at the Vice-regal to-night. I am your own son on these occasions and all Ireland knows that you were reared at Athlone!—Your most loving son,

GEORGE.

421

To his Brother

CHIEF SECRETARY'S OFFICE,
DUBLIN CASTLE, November 29th, 1900.

DEAREST OLD GUY,—I have not written because I have been in the dumps at your not coming home with Brock, and more than in the dumps because you were not made 2nd in Command.

But don't mind. These things happen. When they have happened to me they have generally come more than right in the end. Never fear for a moment that your good work will be overlooked, so I dare to hope that you will be given some adequate reward for all you have done. That might mean a few years in England instead of South Africa and no delay to your getting the command in the long run. But I did hope that perhaps you would get it in a year or so when Bethune went back to the staff. However!

Dear old Guy you can't think how full this place is of memories. I would give anything to have you here and to go off hunting together. When you get leave you must come with Minnie. I met Grace Malone out hunting the other day. I have been out twice 'jollying' over the banks and trotting back twelve miles to the 'special.' I have two horses from the Captain and shall be able to scrape more together. It simply must be, and I hope soon.

My work is cut out for me here and no mistake. Everybody was up on end and T. W. Russell has gone nap on a wild compulsory purchase scheme.

There will be wigs on the green.—Ever your most loving brother,

GEORGE.

422

*To Charles Boyd*CHIEF SECRETARY'S OFFICE,
DUBLIN CASTLE, 3.xii.00.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—Your letter was most interesting and very welcome. I have thrown myself into this show. But, at times, the twinge of separation from friends, from home life, from my part in 'the *wide* world dreaming upon things to come,' is sharp within this grey and circumscribed horizon. Yet it is good discipline and a grand training. I have my province.

Now as to Glasgow—don't come! I have rarely been so apprehensive. It is too late to talk of Military Defence; too early to talk of Ireland; too foolish to *buck* about the General Election; too rash to prophesy that we shall justify the confidence given by the people under compulsion of the Opposition's acephalous futility.

So that I have nothing to say. And no man says nothing with a more awkward appreciation of inanity. I only wish to say that they are damned fools to have a meeting at such a juncture. From this I am debarred in my capacity as guest.

I like my province. It can be governed only by conversation and arbitrary decisions. To be an affable but inexorable Haroun al Raschid is the only chance.—Yours ever,
GEORGE W.

423

*To his Mother*CHIEF SECRETARY'S OFFICE,
DUBLIN CASTLE, *Christmas Eve*, 1900.

MOST DARLING MAMMA,—This is to wish you and dearest Aunt Emily and all at Hyères a most Merry Christmas and happy New Year.

The tutor sounds well for the present at any rate. But Mr. Perkins must work more than two hours a day.

He might either do exercises and read in preparation or else master the French language with a French tutor in the afternoons. It is a golden opportunity to learn French and to *read* French books. I hope you all talk French!

I have had such glowing accounts of Guy from all sides. His General Brock told me he had told Roberts that Guy would be wasted on a regiment and ought to have a brigade. A man—I believe Stewart, but I don't know him or his name—introduced himself to me at Willis' restaurant, because he must tell me about Guy. He had commanded a colonial mounted regiment attached to Guy's brigade. He said Guy had done everything; was the bravest in South Africa; had extricated them from many tight places; had re-horsed the brigade after Ladysmith in three weeks and then his regiment in seven days—was a head and shoulders above anyone in the Natal Army, etc., etc., till I nearly sat down on the floor!

Kitchener gives much better account of the war than you would surmise from the papers. Mountains of love to you.—Ever your most loving son, GEORGE.

424

To his Mother

CHIEF SECRETARY'S LODGE,
PHENIX PARK, DUBLIN, *January 15th, 1901.*

MOST DARLING,—Thanks for your letter. I agree to all that you and Mr. Lancaster settle. Thank him for his letter. Health comes first. But let some French be acquired.

I am delighted but not surprised at dear old Guy's mention in despatches.

I am off to Mount Stewart and hope there to find time for a long letter of all my doings.

I long for you every day. You must come in August or September. Last night I dined at Trinity College. It is so strange to be the honoured guest and to walk up

the Hall with the Provost under the gauging eyes of the undergraduates. I sat next the Bursar, Grey, who remembers as a boy seeing your father riding about at Athlone.

I am enjoying my hunts and have made hosts of friends. The Museum will enchant you and remind us both of Wake's (?) shop and our early prowls after fossils and remains.

I am quite '*diddle*' over some parts of my work. If *only* I can do something that will last. I enjoyed the congested District Board last week. I was in the Chair for six hours on Wednesday, crossed to England by night and went to dear uncle Henry's funeral Thursday; recrossed that night and took the chair on Friday. I gave them a grand *Friday* lunch—oysters, 'Bisque' soup, soles and curried lobster which Father O'Hara enjoyed. We burrowed away at plans for making a new Heaven of Mayo, and had sly digs at each other over the meeting I had proclaimed near his parish.

Now, Darling, I must be off. Best love to you and all at Hyères.—Ever your most loving son, GEORGE.

425

To his Mother

35 PARK LANE, W.,
March 3rd, 1901.

MOST DARLING MAMMA,—I am afraid that you have all been much more ill than I supposed. Is little Perf's 'irritability of the heart' a result of 'la Grippe'? I remember that it affected Arthur Balfour's heart some years ago. I hope it is that and not a new constitutional weakness.

S. S. and Leffie go out to you on the 7th. I propose, if convenient, to come directly the House rises, starting 2nd, 3rd, or 5th of April as the case may be. Then I could bring Perf back with me about the 11th or 12th. But in that we must be guided by the doctor.

I am well and absorbed in difficult Parliamentary gyrations on uncommonly thin ice surrounded by suspicious friends and flattering foes. Without Public money or Parliamentary time one can make no advance in Ireland so Lord Clanricarde's skating must for the present be the model of my policy—an alternation of quick turns and quiescence.

I must send you a delightful book, the story of Early Gaelic literature, by Douglas Hyde. A pre-Christian dialogue between Cairbre and Cormac, grandson of Con of the Hundred Battles, gives the truest and fullest instruction for the government of Ireland. Cairbre asks 'for what qualifications is a King elected over countries and tribes of people?' Cormac answers:—'From the goodness of his family, from his experience and wisdom, from his prudence and magnanimity, from his eloquence, and bravery in battle, and from the number of his friends.' Cairbre goes on—'O, descendant of Con, what was thy deportment when a youth?' Cormac answers, 'I was cheerful at the banquet, fierce in battle, but vigilant and circumspect. I was kind to friends, a physician to the sick, merciful towards the weak, stern towards the headstrong. Although possessed of knowledge I was inclined to taciturnity. Although strong I was not haughty. I mocked not the old, although I was young. I was not vain, although I was valiant. When I spoke of a person in his absence I praised, not defamed him, for it is by these customs that we are known to be courteous and civilized.' Later he enjoins, 'Be not slothful, nor passionate, nor pernicious, nor idle, nor jealous, for he who is so is an object of hatred to God as well as to man.'

I do hope, darling, that you are really better.

The Exhibition of the 'British School' at Burlington House is the best we have had for years: all the beautiful Masons and most of the Fred Walkers. Mason's 'Pastoral'—boy piping to two girls who dance, with sea in distance—and Walker's 'Boys Bathing' and his 'Plough' were sights for sore eyes loved long since and lost awhile. Also there are three water-colours by Walker,

new to me and miraculous. Also two water-colours by Boyse very good. Some good early Millais, dear B. J.'s St. Dorothy; some Rossetti and Dyce and not too much of anything. But the Masons and Walkers sing out—'Non moriar sed vivam et narrabo opera Domini.' 'I shall not die, but live, and I will declare the works of the Lord.' That is the artist's true profession of immortality. I suggested it to Fisher for a 'plaque' on his shrine which I have given to Sibell. For the porphyry sarcophagus I composed by selection from Queen Elizabeth's latin Prayer Book of 1574 the following, putting together a bit of the Creed / bit of Easter preface / and bit of Psalm for Easter/. As thus :—

Passus et sepultus est et resurrexit tertiâ die
Qui mortem moriendo destruxit et resurgendo Vitam
Æternam nobis reparavit

A Domino factum est istud et id mirabile est in oculis nostris.

He suffered and was buried and rose again on the third day
Who by dying destroyed death and by rising restored to us
eternal life

This was of the Lord's doing and it was wonderful in our eyes.

Best love to Papa, Ditch, and poor Bun and to dearest
Aunt Emily and all at Hyères.—Ever your most loving
son,
GEORGE.

426

To his Father

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
March 29th, 1901.

MY DEAREST PAPA,—Many thanks for your letter. I will not forget the cigars. I propose starting Wednesday morning and being with you for 'Déjeuner' on Thursday.

We have had plenty of Irish obstruction—quite in the old style. And (since we were being driven on to the brink of the financial year) the twelve o'clock rule has been in chronic suspense. In short, we never go to bed till two or three and pretty often not until five or six o'clock.

The London Papers 'boycot' Irish questions and debates. I have had from twenty to thirty-six questions every day and two or three supplementaries to each. But I keep wonderfully well and enclose a tribute (newspaper cutting) to my physical endurance.

It is freezing hard with occasional blizzards. You will triumph when I tell you that I explain my survival solely by the fact that I now wear long woollen drawers. They have doubled my vitality.

Best love to all.—Your loving son,

GEORGE.

427

To his Father

35 PARK LANE,
April 20th, 1901.

MY DEAREST PAPA,—I am delighted at Guy's brevet Lieutenant Colonel. This is the best he could have got ; far better professionally than a D.S.O.

If you analyse the list of brevet Lieutenant Colonels, you will see that there are only fifteen in all for the Cavalry. Of these many are given to officers already temporary Lt. Colonels, that is to say, who are really commanding their regiments in South Africa. And three are to the Life-Guards, Carter, Bingham, Grenfell.

If you omit Life-Guards and Dragoons who are rather apart and take the Hussars and Lancers, the whole list is :—

| | | | |
|----------------|---|---|---------------|
| Byng | . | . | 10th Hussars. |
| *Haig | . | . | 7th Hussars. |
| Nicholson | . | . | 7th Hussars. |
| *Lawrence | . | . | 17th Lancers. |
| Peyton | . | . | 15th Hussars. |
| *Guy | . | . | 16th Lancers. |
| or six in all. | | | |

What pleases me most is that Haig and Lawrence, whom I have marked, are pre-eminently the 'fancy'

cracks in the first-flight according to War Office views and general reputation throughout the service, so that dear old Guy at last gets the official stamp on the place which he has hardly won and earned well in the 'first-flight.'

To be one of six out of all the light cavalry in an Honours Gazette is a real distinction which marks the dear fellow for future employment and promotion. Note also that this Gazette is for services *before* the 29th November last, 1900, and that his rank dates from that day.

I am hugely delighted. Love to darling Mamma and Perf and Ditch.—Your most loving son, GEORGE.

428

To his Mother

May 23rd, 1901.

DARLING,—This anonymous letter will amuse you.—
Ever your loving son, GEORGE.

“ Their language was an heirloom of the Irish.”
Bravo! bravo!! bravo!!!

‘ Thank God we have a gentleman as Chief Secretary for Ireland. All difficulties in the way of English dominion will disappear if dealt with in a similar spirit.

‘ More power to ye.’

‘ Couldn’t you give Sir Alfred Milner a hint——’

429

To his Father

LATIMER,

CHESHAM, *June 4th, 1901.*

DEAREST PAPA,—I gather that Minnie starts from South Africa to-day or to-morrow and will arrive, I suppose, about 21st or 22nd.

I return for House on Thursday and, if I have time, will look in for luncheon.

I had a grand trip in the Granuaile to Clare Island, Killary Bay and the Arran Isles. The pre-historic fort

of Dun Angus on a sheer precipice down into the Atlantic is one of the best things I have seen. The other chief point of interest consisted in the choughs on these islands. They are delightful birds, very graceful in their flight and when running. It is amusing to see their red legs tucked under them when overhead.—Your loving son,

GEORGE.

430

To his Brother

LATIMER,

CHESHAM, June 6th, 1901.

MY DEAREST OLD GUY,—Have just heard of your appointment to column on 9th May. Am too sorry for you and Minnie but overjoyed that, at last, they are letting you come ‘through your horses.’ I do feel deeply for you and Minnie. But now is the time to sit down and ride. I never like interfering with advice from a distance but, if darling Minnie has started, it will console you, if she has not, it may help to decide you to know confidentially that K. is beginning to refer in his telegrams to the difficulties of making proper arrangements for the Plague and to insist that wives of officers not in permanent garrison should be induced to go home. I ought to tell you this as ‘the stable-key often decides the trial,’ and K. is a thorough-going sort of cuss, who might—other things being equal—give a command to the man whose wife was at home. But, dear old boy, I do feel for you and miss you *very much*. I am told that Douglas Haig is to command the 17th—not officially but on good authority. D. H. is in Cape Colony with a column, there are ructions there; French has gone there. With luck this should mean that you will be left in Command and I hope with an increased command. Now is the time for those who have stuck it out to reap their reward and—what is far more—to do the job. I dreamt last night that you got another brevet and the D.S.O. and this morning I have the good news of your appointment.

I have had a hard session and an interesting Whitsun.

There was a row on the Dillon Estate purchased by Congested Districts Board, so I went off to Ballaghaderreen to settle it, the moment the House rose. The 'Freeman' beat up an opposition to me and two agitator M.P.'s—O'Donnell and Cullinan—went to hold a rival meeting at same time and place. All, however, went off well. Their meeting was damped by the rain and I remained in possession of the field. After that I went to Westport embarked on the Granuaile and visited Clare Island and the Arran Isles; got caught in a gale off Slyne Head but enjoyed myself and did a good stroke of business. House meets to-morrow and I expect a stiffish two months of it. But I'm still in the saddle and got a letter yesterday from a Nationalist telling me to stick to it and not mind the agitators. Nor do I.

But all this is skittles to the terrible grind you have had. K.'s news is, on the whole, encouraging. I believe you will finish the war by September. If not, I expect that we shall begin again and give you all a richly earned holiday. But I long for you and the others who have done all the work to reap all the rewards. I have no doubt but that you and the other few who have seen it all will get what is going. Every time a general comes back I throw up my hat and feel you are nearer the top and nearer—which as I said is far more important—nearer, the work you are fitted to do. So buck up and ride the Hell of a finish! All your recent staff work and this command is *since* November from which your brevet dates. It is a separate campaign in which you start as a Lieutenant-Colonel with a command.

God bless you dear old Boy.—Ever your most loving brother,

GEORGE.

431

To his Brother

June 15th, 1901.

DEAREST OLD GUY,—Heartiest congratulations! The papers say you marched 40 miles by night and jumped

some Boers. The 'Times' mentioned you in its leader. You must have done it just at the time when I was thinking of you.

Well, more power to your elbow !—Your loving brother,
GEORGE.

432

To his Mother

CHIEF SECRETARY'S OFFICE,
DUBLIN CASTLE, August 8th, 1901.

MOST DARLING MAMMA,—I loved your letter and will certainly call on Amelia Ireland with Sibell. I got through this session with less reaction and 'désœuvrement' than ever before. I must be stronger than I used to be.

Now we are having a regular old-fashioned summer holiday time framed on the model of my earlier exploits. Perf is better than for years and has constituted himself master of the ceremonies. He knows all the polo, cricket, racing and theatrical fixtures and takes care that the Chief Secretary shall make a creditable public appearance wherever the 'Fancy' and 'le Sport' are gathered together.

The day presents a wonderful blend of all the family proclivities. At 8.30 I read prayers to Sibell, the cook, and the butler. At 8.40 I ride—'harsing in the Phanix' with Perf and Tony Shaftesbury. Perf was very keen to ride and organised it for the first day, last Thursday. His nerve has quite come back and he goes full gallop for an hour every day with his Papa trotting and cantering a quarter of a mile behind. At 9.45 he eats voraciously.

After my breakfast, I have up the Under-Secretary, or Vice-President of Local Government Board, etc., etc., and put in two or three hours of easy-going work. Then Percy takes me to cricket-matches, polo, Leopardstown, etc., etc. And we wind up with frantic lawn-tennis till 7.30. Dinner at eight. Perf to bed at 9.30. Then music as a rule till 12 o'clock.

We have had really good music—Gatty playing accom-

paniments ; Tony Shaftesbury singing and Ian Malcolm working in an 'obligato' on the violin. Last night they 'swept the floor' with the 'Two Grenadiers.' We have had a poet, too, called O'Connor and have debauched over the Museum. The latest theory by a man called Ridgeway—admirably reviewed in 'Quarterly' of, I think, July—fits in with the long bronze swords here and is most exciting.

Also—as Fraülein says—we are contriving a large block of Public Buildings. I fly about with all my secretaries, Chairman of Board of Works etc., etc.

Gatty—who was operated on, most successfully for carbuncle—(It is only here that such things happen in one's house)—and O'Connor left to-day. There remain darling Cuckoo and Tony, Hilda and Charlie Southampton, Cecil Parker and his daughter, Malcolm, Captain Davenport. That is my Horse-show party. I have lots of transport—sociable and pair, brougham, and two cars at two guineas a day. So we appear everywhere at all hours. To-day we rode, saw a Field-day ; did the Richmond Hospital—speaking to every patient, and neglecting not even the kitchen, scullery and laundry. Then on to Horse-show ; in the ring with the judges (Parker and Southampton are judging) ; Back for polo. Perf, as usual was half an hour ahead of me and when I reached the ground I found him in the member's stand—a little intent silhouette with hat well on the back of its head. He paved the way for entry by introducing us to the secretary. You and Papa would enjoy seeing him. He goes everywhere with absolute composure and unconsciousness and *everybody* is enjoying him. He dined—for once—at a full-fig stars and garters Vice-Regal Dinner by special command. They all say he is just like you.

After that we played tennis. Perf and Malcolm against Tony and self. He plays quite well.

Cuckoo and Tony are regular Paddies too. It turns out that Tony, through his mother—a Chichester—owns 150,000 acres in Donegal. He and Cuckoo have been

dining and lunching the whole of the country-side in Inish-owen. On next Saturday they carry me off captive to their 'bow and spear' to Moville on Loch Foyle.

Malcolm, Hanson, Willeby the musician—with piano let down into the S.S. Granuaile, and violin—and Green the Fishery Inspector—join that good ship at Derry on Sunday. Monday, we have deputations and speeches and guarantee prosperity to the entire peninsular of Inish-owen. Then we work round the West coast, with Perf, right down to Kenmare River.

It is a grand campaign. I have 'laid on' Glasgow manufacturers, Quarry-owners, County-Councils, Magnates etc., etc., all the way round; I have worked in short visits to Mrs. Adair, Dunraven, Lansdowne, Sir John Colomb and Lady Kenmare. Sibell joins us South by train.

Meanwhile all my Departments are working in lines I have laid down to collect every proposal—whether for railways, harbours, or arterial drainage, and we shall together beat out a policy on my return.

I cross to England with Percy for Eton on 18th, and then will come to you perhaps with Sibell, shoot the following Tuesday and Wednesday as arranged, and return here Thursday 26th to work at my Land Bill.

To-morrow I have a Congested District Board at 9.45 a.m. and at 1.30 we all go in pomp with His Excellency, Lancer escort etc., etc., to the Horse Show.

Thursday, we celebrate my birthday and Cuckoo's—an old custom—and Tony's and have a banquet here of all the Heads of Departments—Sir David Harrell, Under Secretary, Colonel Ross of the Dublin Police, Neville Chamberlain of the R.I.C., the Attorney General, General Gossett, commanding Dublin District, etc., etc., about 26 of us in all.

What with Horse-show, Cricket, Polo, Racing, Hospitals, Congested Districts, Lawn-tennis, Croquet, Billiards, and Ping-Pong we manage to 'keep the Tambourine a rowlin.'

Love to Papa, Ditch and all.—Your most loving son,

GEORGE.

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To his Mother

GREENCASTLE,

LOCH FOYLE, *September 2, 1901.*

MOST DARLING MAMMA,—The Butterfly was too beautiful. He has ‘some taste of immortality in him.’

And so has this spot. . . . I must bring you here somehow to see it—anyhow I pretend that we shall be here on such a sky-blue, sea-blue, grass-green, sun-shimmering day next year after the Horse-show for which I have booked you, Papa and Ditchmouse.

I am sitting on a deep-piled grass terrace fifteen yards wide, then a foot wall; the tops of two wild fuschia clumps and some rocks showing above it. Beyond, the narrow entry to Loch Foyle blue and vitreous as the Butterfly, stretches between me and the low sandy flat of Magilligan’s Point opposite. Behind that rises a transparency of green fields, purple moorlands and Basalt scars. To the right the loch sweeps and broadens out and narrows again eighteen miles off to Derry. To the left is the Atlantic, the dim headland of the Giant’s Causeway and most faint in the summer haze Islay, the Paps of Jura, Rathlin Island and—yesterday—but to-day lost in the haze, the Mull of Kintyre. Behind this manor house a little sea, wood of Scotch firs and sycamores, and rocks fifty feet high shut it in with a wonderful garden blazing with summer holiday flowers between pergola walls and fuchsia hedges. Three hundred yards off is the huge ruin of Greencastle, built by de Burgo.

At 12 noon I receive a large deputation to talk over a steam-ferry from here to Magilligan’s Point.

We steamed here from Derry Saturday afternoon. Yesterday we steamed to Giant’s Causeway and back by the Skerries, Dunluce Castle, Port Rush and Stewart, down to Moville. Thence we drove on a car to a bay more to the West and walked back over the mountain.

From the col we could see the sea behind us and the loch in front—a breathless view.

After the deputation we start to round Malin Head and anchor to-night in Sheep Haven and go on right round to Kenmare and Killarney.

‘How fresh was every sight and sound
On open sea and winding shore,
We knew the merry earth was round
And we could sail for evermore.’

I prepared for this trip by getting out an indexed abstract of every public work for which anybody has ever asked.

I have this on my lap with a good map on which they are all marked. Then I sail round and see the places and the people so as to select those which are most urgent and likely to work in best for both developing fishing and, also, for giving transit facilities to the small congested farms and, also, for working in new industries with Morton.

Our party consists of Hanson, Malcolm, Percy, Willeby the musician, and Green, a delightful Fishery Inspector who knows all about fishes and all about the legendary and historic personalities whose great names haunt these highlands and islands—De Burgo, O’Doherty, Shane O’Neil, Sorey Boyle, McDonnell, Sir Francis Drake, the McCahan and so on to the country of Granuaile and the ferocious O’Flahertys.

I wish I were an Emperor to do exactly what I please for the people here. But something somehow shall be done.

You can easily see this particular problem from the map. The whole peninsula of Inish-owen is congested and the northern part here twenty miles of carting away from Derry. We have made a railway to Carndonagh but the high mountains prevent it from helping the thick fringe of population on this the eastern side of Inish-owen.

Tony Shaftesbury, as descendant through his mother

from Sir Arthur Chichester to whom the whole country was given in 1612, is head landlord of 150,000 acres about here, and he and dear Cuckoo mean to do all they can—hence my presence and the deputation. But, as ever, there are difficulties and jealousies—mail contracts to Derry, rival railway companies and behind all the grim Treasury. What of it? Something *shall* be done.

Best love to all.—Your most loving son, GEORGE.

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To his Mother

CHIEF SECRETARY'S LODGE,
September 15th, 1901.

MOST DARLING MAMMA,—I got your letter and Guy's three on return here last night. You must not be down-cast about Guy. He is having very hard work. But it is a mistake to take one sentence out of a letter—the feeding being a strain—and to base a view on that. The letters show that he is really fit and keen. Minnie and you attached far too much importance to the 'Times' Correspondent. That letter referred, not to these of Guy written 11th, 14th and 17th of August, but to the letters of which you sent me copies describing the Camdeboo mountain trek of a fortnight or more earlier. French gets Guy's reports not the correspondent's twaddle written after it is all over from the top of a mountain commanding a view of the whole country from which the enemy has been shifted.

The best plan is to note only what Kitchener reports. 'No change in the situation' means that Guy is still pursuing Smit. And now and again, Guy's name is mentioned. He, for example, came up with Smit on August 30th and inflicted some loss on that commando.

A coup such as Scobell's would be pleasant reading and Guy will, with a little luck, pull one off soon. But it is no use to fret over the hitches and disappointments of war. It is made up of them until the moment comes.

I have had a most interesting sail round the west of Ireland from Giant's Causeway to Dunmanus Bay, back to Kenmare River and up to Drumquinna, winding up with a miraculous drive through Windy Gap down on to Muckcross and Killarney.

Percy has thriven on it. He was very plucky when the gale blew and stuck it out on the bridge with me in oilskins like two canaries under a water-spout.

Itinerary Saturday, August 31st. To Derry by 'Granuaile' to Greencastle.

Sunday, September 1st. Out West to Giant's Causeway and back to Greencastle.

September 2nd. Deputation and steamed, stopping at Malin Head to Sheep Haven. A perfect summer day and golden sunset bathing Tory Island.

September 3rd. Drove from Port-na-blagh, near Dunfanaghy to Glenveagh—Mrs. Adair's deer forest; had talk with contractor of the new railway.

September 4th. Started 7.30 a.m. and drove by mountains Muckish and Errigall, past Gweedore to Bunbeg. Thence sailed in boat through the Island, to the ship. Called at Gort-na-Sate and anchored at Port Noo some way out to sea. Sailed back to the ship into an after-glow of Japanese reds and old golds. The wind sending us nine knots. Wonderful.

September 5th. On to Kilcar, and on to Killybegs. Steamed across Sligo bay and by night round the Mullet to anchor in morning at Black Rock point. It was very rough—a gale.

September 6th. Landed at granite quarries—trawled in the bay and then round Achill Head. It blew a gale and the 'glory and glee' of the storm were an ecstasy. Achill falls sheer two thousand feet into the sea. The whole surface of the Atlantic was a weaving haze of spin-drift from the wind. The great rollers hit the cliff and roared and spouted up two hundred feet.

Percy had gone below sick. But I carried him up on to the bridge in his oilskins and he began to exult in it. We went from Achill past Clare Island. A sun-burst

in the storm threw a rainbow over Achill. It was one of the best moments in my life—holding Percy to the rails with my arms and ‘galumphing’ over the rollers. We could not trust Cleggan Harbour, so put into Ballynakill, as there was daylight to thread the maze of islands. Then the sky cleared and we watched a divine sunset on the twelve pins of Connemara and Percy shot at bottles and caught dog-fish.

I have forgotten to say that when coming South along the Mullet we steamed for *an hour* at night through *mackerel*. The sea was full of phosphorus. The shoals of fish were like breakers of blue light and, as the prow overtook them, these light waves particularized themselves into ghostly fishes bursting away into bouquets of blue rockets.

September 7th. Steamed to Cleggan—Deputation. And then, hardening our hearts, we doubled Slyne Head and made Roundstone. That was the day of real storm. It was past all ‘whooping.’ We all kept going on the bridge in oil-skins and singing at the top of our voices. We were determined not to be beat by the weather; and yelled at Slyne Head as we swooped and staggered past it. ‘If you want to know who we are, we’re gentlemen from Japan’ etc., etc. After that one by one Willeby and Hanson and Malcolm gave up and went below. But Percy stood by. At Roundstone we landed and found the whole place gay with bunting. There, with flags and cheers, I had a capital meeting.

The glass kept falling and wind getting more to the west, so there was no chance of getting into a natural harbour.

We were due at Liscannor Harbour, Co. Clare at 4 p.m. the next day. So we hardened our hearts again and went plumb for the wind’s eye to get shelter under the lee of the Aran Isles. The wind roared and the rain hit our eyes like redhot pellets. Nobody but Percy stayed on the bridge with me. At Aran we could not land; so rode it out on two anchors with very fair shelter.

September 8th. We decided it would be impossible to

land at Liscannor so steamed before the wind to Olenina near Ballyvaghan on the north coast of Clare and drove twenty miles past Killfenora to Liscannor.

There we found one thousand persons and had a great time—Speeches, an aldermanic Belshazzar with the Priest and then on to Lahinch where we did two more deputations and supped at ten o'clock.

September 9th. Got up at five and took the 6 o'clock train to Kilrush. Sailed from there to the steamer and on to the Fenit River in Tralee Bay.

After that a wonderful afternoon and evening of coast scenery and sunset. Past Brandon Head, three thousand feet, Ballydavid, the Three Sisters and Sybil Head. And so through the Blaskets to Valencia.

I longed for you to be there. The Atlantic was blue with a heavy swell, the headlands changed from peach-blossom to heliotrope, from heliotrope to cyclamen from cyclamen to violets, from violets to mysteries of green and deep purple. The sun sank like a Japanese lantern. The Blaskets and Skelligs became transparent, obsidian and serpentine. Well! Well! It can only be seen.

September 10th. Sibell and Lady Castlerosse joined us by the Valentia railway. We took them out to the Skelligs but could not land. The great Skellig is a promenade seven hundred feet high sheer out of the Atlantic with its ruins of a fifth century monastery. The small Skellig is the home and breeding ground of all the Gannets.

September 11th. Steamed to Bear Haven and on to Dorneen in Dunmanus Bay and back through Dursey's sound—where Murty O'Sullivan slipped the frigate—to Parknasilla.

September 12th. Landed at Garinish, Derreen and Drumquinna.

September 13th. Drove over the mountain to Killarney.

I will tell you all about it on Saturday when I come to Clouds.—Your most loving son,

GEORGE.

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To his Mother

CHIEF SECRETARY'S LODGE,
PHENIX PARK, DUBLIN, *October 3rd, 1901.*

MOST DARLING,—Here is the letter. I am having a steady pull at creative work: have finished 30 pages of quarto on Fisheries; detailed orders to Police in respect of agitation, and am now up to my neck in a Land Bill. I like that kind of 'firsthand' work best but it takes it out of one. Still I must get it all in print within the next ten days. Then I go West to stay with the O'Connor Don: do a couple of speeches in England, and then 'sit down to ride' on the detailed application of created wholes. (Fish: Police: Land:) Even if I succeed in accomplishing little, ideas are immortal. They impregnate the others and ultimately assert themselves over the general inertia of the world.

But I believe I shall win on Fisheries and 'law and order' and go nearer winning on Land than I really thought possible a year ago.

How hard dear old Guy is working. There is a sense of serenity about work which is beyond recompense and even beyond intelligent appreciation by the Powers.—Your most loving son,

GEORGE.

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To his Mother

CHIEF SECRETARY'S LODGE,
PHENIX PARK, DUBLIN, *November 8th, 1901.*

MOST DARLING MAMMA,—Many thanks for dear old Guy's letter.

The work is terribly hard and the newspapers at home destitute of imagination, common sense and dignity.

But 'it really doesn't matter!' Good work well done is complete in itself apart from results and, all the more, apart from recognition.

I squibbed over to London on Wednesday night and put in a record of interviews yesterday. Lord Balfour of Burleigh at 9.30, the Chancellor at 11.30, Austen Chamberlain at 1, lunch with Cadogan 2 to 3 o'clock, and Lansdowne in the afternoon.

I did pretty well and returned in better spirits, not that I can complain on that score! Travelling back all to-day was quite a holiday.

But I wish 'column leaders' here or in South Africa could be left to do their job in their own way. Let us all register an oath that if our turn ever comes we will let our subordinates 'rip' as the man said when he stuck a fork into the cat.

All love to darling Chang.—Ever your most loving son,
GEORGE.

437

To his Brother

DUBLIN, 19th November 1901.

MY DEAREST OLD GUY,—Your letter of October 16th from Piquetberg Road gave me great pleasure. It produced another illustration of the 'Corsican Brothers' theory. Oddly enough I had said a week before to Mrs. Fleming—R. Kipling's sister—who goes in for telepathy etc., that I had dreamed of you several times just before getting a letter or hearing of you in the papers. The night before your letter came I dreamt of you most vividly and the dream was an exaggeration of the turn of events told in your letter when it came. I was talking to you and you were worried and preoccupied. I said 'how well you've done, you'll get another brevet soon.' You said, 'Oh no, they don't appreciate the difficulties and I am only a sergeant now!' Then the dream changed. You got a splendid message from French and three extraordinary decorations and we were both in tearing spirits smacking each other on the back and making silly jokes. When your letter came it told me of French having sent

for you and said he was completely satisfied. But you are too busy to bother about dreams. Mamma is overjoyed at the French interview. She has been referring to him in recent letters as 'a poor blind mortal' incapable of recognizing merit.

I am having a hard time of it just now. The agitation in the West is beginning to give me a hand-full. Not that it troubles me in itself. On the contrary, proclamations, baton-charges and, possibly, prosecutions are simple enough. My trouble is that it complicates my labours with the Cabinet to get a proper Land Purchase Bill. I have been slaving at that. Having fired off five long memos, drafted two Bills and paid three visits to see Beach and others in London, I am still hard at it and have only had one day's hunting. A skurry from 'Turnings' and ride home to Sallins along the Canal reminded me of old days. How I long for you to be here and ride my horses whilst I sit trying to cajole the Treasury.

I mean to make another swoop into the West as I do not intend to let Dillon have 'all the limelight.' I see copies of your letters and all the telegrams to Brodrick, so I know pretty well what is going on. The Government is growled at by everyone. But as there is no opposition and everyone wants the War pushed at all costs if need be for ever, nothing comes of the growling.

I hope two Cavalry regiments will ease the work out there. It is interesting to see the regular Army and, above all, the Cavalry coming out alone as the War goes on. They seem to give you all the most tiresome work. But the War Office and Government have their eye on the young column leaders and nobody else will get nearly such a show at the end. I must now plug again at my work. Best luck to you.—Ever your loving brother,

GEORGE.

438

To his Mother

CHIEF SECRETARY'S LODGE,
PHOENIX PARK, DUBLIN, *November 19th, 1901.*

MOST DARLING,—No time to write. I loved your letter and feel guilty at having bottled one from old Guy to me. You will see by my note that it was a real case of the 'Corsican brothers' I cannot convey the vividness of my dream. It was, of course, absurd, in a sense, as dreams are. Guy said to my congratulations, 'Oh no, I'm only a sergeant now!!' and would not be bothered to talk about the war. Then a message came from French and three extraordinary decorations in a case. At once we were smacking each other on the back and playing the fool together as we used to do. Then, when I got to Dublin the next morning came his letter, following in waking-sense the exact turn of events prefigured in my dream.

I am having a hard time with the Treasury and Cabinet over legislation. But I mean to win and am 'fighting fit.'—Ever most loving son,
GEORGE.

439

To his Mother

CHIEF SECRETARY'S LODGE,
PHOENIX PARK, DUBLIN, *December 15th, 1901.*

MOST DARLING MAMMA,¹—You have probably seen enclosed (newspaper cutting) in the 'Morning Post.' What an amazing 'lingo' they do write:—'did ample justice,' 'black-feathered visitors,' 'venerable bird.'

I have not seen the book yet but Sibell encountered a pile of it in the book-shop at Chester.

I have been bucketted about a good deal lately owing to the Cabinet being continually postponed. And now

¹ The letter refers to 'The Ballad of Mr. Rook,' some verses written by George Wyndham, and illustrated by his mother, to amuse his boy, Percy.

I have to cross back again on Wednesday to do business in London with some of them on Thursday and Friday.

I long to see you and Papa and Clouds. It is ages since I was there. I shall try to spend my Sundays with you after the meeting of Parliament as in 1900 when I prepared my War speeches in the Smoking-room.

I want a holiday badly and shall try to make one about Christmas with my Perf who is very well and has got up to 10th in school order of his Division.

Best love to you Darling and to all at Clouds.—Ever
your most loving son,
GEORGE.

440

To his Brother

PHOENIX PARK,
Christmas Eve, 1901.

MY DEAREST OLD GUY,—I must write to you *first* this Christmas Eve. It is never much use to take aim through the post so that a letter may arrive at Christmas. By writing it we secure an appropriate date at one end any way. And dear old Boy, all my thoughts are with you to-night as ever. The 'Evening Mail' says you had ten casualties on the 20th including two officers wounded. How I long to welcome you back. I am very glad that dear Minnie will be at hand if not with you, when this reaches. I do trust and pray that you are not wearing yourself out. I hear *all* the news for what it is worth. I can only say that your big-wigs are in much better spirits than they have been for months. French seems to be in high fettle and generally blesses all his columns. You must ask Minnie to write and tell me, if there is anything I can send to you or do for you. I will make a point of seeing your little George in January and write a description of him to you.

I have had a chill from cold and over-work not improved by crossing three times in twelve days to see the Cabinet, each time in a gale of sleet. My Irish friends are being as naughty as they dare. I have had to prosecute four

M.P.s and ten or fifteen minor agitators. In short, the agitation storm-cone is hoisted and I am in for a bout of the old, old business. It is a great waste of time and energy which I could spend to better purpose if they would allow me to go on with constructive work. But there it is.

We shall have a hard time when the House meets on January 16th. They will obstruct us on new 'rules and procedure' to jockey Irish obstruction. The Irish will raise Cain over my prosecutions and the Rosebery-ites will try to beat us over the 'Education.' My belief is that we shall stay in till the War is over and then go out with a vengeance. I cannot tell you how blissfully, blatantly, reconciled I should be to retiring for a space into private life. If only it might be after the War and mean that you and I could lay ourselves out to rest and be thankful for some six months. That will come all right, never fear! You shall bring your whole family here and 'harse in the Phoenix' and, I will spend my Sundays with you at Westbrook, smoking together, as of old, on the lawn and wondering why others are such mortal fools as to work themselves out. But all that is for June or September. Meanwhile 'once more unto the breach.' I want to smash the agitation, introduce a Land Bill, get money for a Harbour-fishing Policy in the West and float a Catholic University. After that any one may be a Minister who prefers missing all the joys of life.

Give my love to dearest Minnie. I shall send you some books and things soon. Perf has grown a great deal and passed into 'Remove.' We had a great gallop in the Park to-day, and afterwards went shopping. But I am too tired to enjoy much now and look forward all the time to rest and being together and happy, and letting things rip. But we must just put in five or six more months.

God bless you, dearest old Guy.—Your most loving brother,
GEORGE.

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To his Father

CHIEF SECRETARY'S LODGE,
PHENIX PARK, DUBLIN, *Christmas*, 1901.

DEAREST PAPA,—I have just got your letter and send you a Merry Christmas and happy New Year.

I feel the separation and the impossibility of throwing off the work here. Nobody tries to delegate work more than I but here everyone looks to the Chief Secretary of the day and few will take any responsibility. They watch your every gesture as a dog does instead of going in the direction you point out. In the end you must go yourself.

I must carry on till Easter. Then I should very much like to come to Clouds and bring Percy and have him taught to shoot. He is fourteen and ought to learn to handle a gun at rabbits.

I sent full particulars in my letter to Mamma of his work and Trials.

I earnestly hope that we shall be turned out so soon as the War is over and I wish Rosebery and his friends joy of 'efficiency.'—Your loving son,
GEORGE.

442

To Charles Boyd

[Line undated, but probably
CHIEF SECRETARY'S LODGE, 1901.]

I have fixed up the motor-transit scheme which shall make Ireland a Pioneer, Begob!

Also 'at last, you Dogs,' I have got my Railways to make proper links to my Western Harbours.

I pull and push at administering the Land Bill.

I am happy in the midst of 'cross-currents' which are slowly, though tumultuously here and there, changing this country to a better state.

It is slow work, mostly invisible, but it is there, or rather here.

All Good Luck in the New Year.

G. Parker or E. Talbot are the best.—Yours ever,
old boy, GEORGE W.

443

To his Mother

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
January 20th, 1902.

DARLING MAMMA,—A splendid letter from dear old Guy about his Convoy fight. Am having it typed before sending it on. He lost 20 per cent. in casualties and was, as he says 'a man on a mouse' for eight hours. I grudge keeping you waiting but want a copy to shew to St. John and A. J. B. He is so pleased because all the work was done by the 16th whom he 'knew could pull him through.' That reminds me that Harry Bourke had a talk with an Irishman in the 16th, back on sick leave. He said of Guy 'By the Holy I'd go through the fire of Hell for him.'
—Your most loving son, GEORGE.

444

To his Father

35 PARK LANE, W.,
January 26th, 1902.

MY DEAREST PAPA,—I am glad to hear your view of Geoff Brooke and the Irish Guards. He saw me for a moment, told me his income and of his Trustees' consent. I said I could not take any responsibility and that he must decide for himself in consultation with you since you had been helping him in the matter. But that if he wanted to know whether it was possible to be in the Guards at that figure I could only say that it was and that many of my friends had done it. This is all the more true of the Irish Guards who will frequently be quartered in Dublin where a man can have more sport, good society

and recreation for less money than in any other town in Europe. I then received your first letter and was glad of that as last night at the Abercorns I met Vesey Dawson, an old brother officer, who commands the Irish Guards.

He approached me of his own accord on the subject and asked many questions about Geoffrey.

He was much pleased with my account of him and is bent on having Geoffrey in his regiment.

He told me that there was much less extravagance than in my day and no gambling. They have a good lot of pleasant professional soldiers and I am quite sure that Geoffrey could not do better than go in for them. Hanging about with Crammers and Militia majors is a terrible waste of impressionable years, so that is all for the best.

I had a talk, too, with Lord Roberts and, in the afternoon, with Colonel Ward. The interior news from South Africa continues to be very cheerful.

I am riding a long patient race in Ireland disregarding the excited advice which is showered on me. Nobody knows better than I do the risk of doing anything in that country. But I know that the risk of doing nothing is far greater and that to take the advice of extremists at either pole is not a risk but a certainty of disaster.

The 'parochialism' of the Ulster right wing is beyond belief.

So far all my calculations and forecasts have been justified. My 'Fishing Policy' and 'Land Policy' are ready to take the stage and, in Ireland, arouse a great deal of interest. But you must not be disconcerted if my Land Policy is received with howls from both the extremist sections. It may even be scouted for a time. All the same it is the only sound policy.

Turning to 'Agitation' and 'Coercion' I do not expect to win for eighteen months; but I am winning. The De Freyne Estate Plan of Campaign has broken down, and I know *everything* about their internal disputes. That is why I go on 'riding the race' in my own way and why I hope to win in June 1903.

Even if I am wrong and have not got hold of the best

policy it is an advantage to know exactly what you intend to do and, in Ireland, almost a certainty that the person with definite views will succeed in impressing them on that country.

I shall pass a Land Bill, reconstruct the Agricultural Department and Congested District Board, stimulate Fishing and Horse-breeding ; and revolutionize Education. Then I shall ' nunc dimittis ' and let some one else have a turn.—Your devoted son,
 GEORGE.

445

To Charles Boyd

35 PARK LANE, W.,
 11.ii.02.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—Your letter fills me with apprehension.¹ I trust that we may be spared so great a public loss and so keen a private sorrow to those who have known and therefore loved C. J. R.—Yours ever, GEORGE W.

446

To Mrs. Drew

March 1902.

I will first answer the two questions in your letter, adding a very few remarks, and then I mean to indulge myself by writing a short letter to you on my own account. But business first.

I will gladly help to give these letters ² a wider life, to bring the *Porch* into being, and to show that I jump at a chance of doing anything that you ask that can be done.

I find I have answered both questions. Because I would not help to give the letters a wider life if I thought them too trivial. For I should not like any but very foolish people to be in a position to criticise you for printing

¹ The letter told him of the serious condition of Cecil Rhodes, who died on March 28th.

² Letters of Mr. Ruskin to Mrs. Drew.

the letters. Very foolish people may do so as it is. But their opinions do not count.

The letters. They are valuable and delightful inasmuch as they reveal something more of a great man . . . great in himself and greater because he changed the minds of many. But for Ruskin, much of Carlyle's teaching would never have reached people who, in their turn again, have been allowed to reach yet others. Even if we leave Art, Nature and the philosophy of Science aside, the man who wrote 'Unto This Last' remains a great force which, thank God, is not expended.

The letters are generally valuable because they show that great men may be playful and affectionate. In particular, the references to your Father in No. 1; to Browning in No. 5; to the Land League in No. 17; to the law of landowning in 24; though unluckily not free from obscurity, are all of public importance.

Again, in another category, 'the planes twisted by rock-winds,' and the profound thought on Morning and Evening, Spring and Autumn, in 5; the 'move the shadow from the dial for evermore' in 8; the 'olives, grass and cyclamen' in 28, are treasures which you ought to dispense. The reference to Lady Day in 13, and, to make a quick change, *I* like, at any rate, to possess the Bishop and Pigsty in 33.

I have a doubt about the reference to Arthur Balfour—if it is to him—in 4. It is not clear and might be misunderstood. . . .

And now I may please myself by writing to you. That is a very poor substitute for seeing you at Saughton; there is just a chance I may be at Eaton on Sunday week. I would stay over Monday if you held out a hope that you could come over and take the £5 personally. Sibell and I would meet you on bicycles.

The postscript to your letter stirs the deep and bitter waters of my life. It may be that I am meant to 'break my heart' as a necessary object lesson to others. I can't write about that, but I should love to hear you talk of it. I confess that I have been depressed, for me, during the

last three weeks. I had to get some things done and to prevent others with a high temperature, from my bed . . . that is an unusual 'coign of vantage' in my life, and probably I magnified and distorted matters which are quite big and ugly enough in themselves.

But blessings were suddenly *showered* on me and mine on Lady Day, as Sibell was careful to point out. First a telegram from my brother Guy, to say he had three months' leave. He has been through the whole war, away for three years. I have been frightened at the strain this has put on my Mother; now she has three months' rest from anxiety. My boy passed his Trials, in spite of influenza, also on Lady Day. The Land Bill survived a deliberate attempt on the part of the 'Times,' 'Morning Post,' etc., to stab me and my offspring. This means something and may mean a great deal. Last, but not least, you wrote on Lady Day and brought back a flood of Saughton and poetry and gentleness and peace and wisdom and general pleasantness, of which my life has been wholly stripped for months.

So I *thank* you and purposely keep back the £5 as an excuse, at worst, for writing again, and at best for seeing you Monday week.

447

To his Father

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
April 7th, 1902.

MY DEAREST PAPA,—I have had some interesting and amusing days since I left the haven of Clouds. It was a rough passage on Thursday but, after testing the force and bitterness of the wind for half an hour I slept like a stone and arrived very fresh and well. I talked business with Cadogan till dinner. At dinner and after till nearly twelve o'clock I polished off (1) Judge Meredith, head of Land Commission, leaving him assured that the Land Bill was the best possible under circumstances of War deficits and (2) Colonel Chamberlain, Inspector General

of the R. I. C. with whom I went at great length into the 'state of the country.'

Friday I galloped a pulling horse from 8.30 to 9.30 and got to the Castle at 10.45. I had a grand morning of concentrated work with Harrell, Under Secretary, the Attorney General etc., etc., till 2 o'clock. Lunched at Kildare Street Club with other officials; took on the Lord Lieutenant and others at 3 o'clock in formal Council till 5.30, wrote and telegraphed till 7 o'clock. I then felt the want of air, so walked on the Quays till 7.30 and dressed at the Kildare Street Club for my Landlords' dinner.

It was a great success and as good as a play. We sat down fourteen; Dermot (Lord Mayo) in command at my left; Lords Clonbrock, Rosse, Rathdonnell, Cloncurry, The O'Connor Don, Mr. Bruen, Bagwell, O'Callaghan Westrop, De Fellenburg, Montgomery, their Secretary Willis, and Solicitor Moore, with Hanson. The comparative gêne of the start was relieved by Dermot, who ordered in more and more waiters until at one moment they could not wait—it was a small room—for numbers and then, at the next, as a corrective, he marshalled them erect behind our chairs at an interval of four feet like N.C.O.'s on parade. Twenty minutes of alternation between the two manœuvres having led to no one getting 'bite or sup' he resigned the command and the dinner really got under way. At 9.30 we cleared the cloth and 'got to.' They had questions drawn up as points of departure. At first it was rather slow going in sticky ground. But, somehow, I steadily increased the pace. By 11 o'clock we were galloping; and at 12.15 we separated in reciprocal enthusiasm. Friday I wrote a memo: in the morning. Worked through the other Departments, Local Government Board, and Valuation Office, etc. Caught the 6.45 to Kingstown, dined 7 to 8 with Wrench, the most practical Land Commissioner; went on Board and had an entrancing passage of stars, sparks and fresh wind; got to Eaton at 3 a.m. and slept till 11 o'clock.

I found Bendor and Shelagh very well and happy. Benny had won the 14 stone Hunt race himself on

Rainbow II., bought from Steeds, and the lightweight with Etona, ridden by young Garnett, a Cheshire Squireen. He bought the mare from Harry Bourke. Garnett was staying with Lady Olivia, Daisy and Hans Pless, Cornwallis, and a South African Officer invalided home—an amazing amalgam. Cornwallis and Hans Pless great on the Income Tax, Compulsory Service, Bridge, etc. Bendor quite sees the fun and sails through intent on horses, motors and Yeomanry.

I welcome keenness at his age in anything and he is delightfully keen. The whole place has been turned into a glorified embodiment of a boy's holidays. In the Park, just to the left front of the great iron gates and Watts' Statue, he has constructed a steeple-chase course with a mile and a half of high tarred rails round it, giving the impression that a railway is being laid down in front of the house. The water-jump is regulation width, puddled, and always full of water from a pipe. The old Deer-house is now the home of badgers whose lives have been spared after digging out to assist fox-hunting. The stables are crammed with hunters, chase-horses, polo ponies, Basutos, carriage horses, American Trotter and two motor cars. He enjoys it all from morning to night and gives unbounded satisfaction to a horse-loving community. In the interval of 'stripping' the horses, which takes from two to three hours per diem, he directs my attention to marked passages in the works of Mark Twain. But it is all very boyish and delightful: no luxury. I was quite glad to sleep in a room like a servant's room, with hard bed and windows blazing into my eyes.

To-day they all went off in motors and waggonettes to Yeomanry Point to Point races. I have just got a telegram from Lettice to say that Bendor won the Open Cup with Etona and the officers' race with Rainbow, riding both himself. So that, given his present object, not even Rosebery could criticise the 'efficiency' with which he pursues. It won't last, of course, but after all my weeks and months of stuffy intelligence I was frankly delighted to embrace so much of health and open-air activity. As

Dizzy said, 'They never read'; barring 'Mark Twain.' But there is nothing 'slang' or 'fast' or 'raffish.' He has laid out a very good Dutch garden, gets up early, takes an interest in the trees and has collected more four-footed companions about him than any of our contemporaries with the exception of Khama King of Palapye.

I am coming to you for Sunday.—Your loving son,
GEORGE.

448

To Mrs. Drew

April 9th, 1902.

I must bless and thank you for your letter. Let me tell you one more story of Rhodes.

After the South African Commission on which I brought out facts, not to defend—for that was impossible—but to make some of his actions intelligible, I called on him by appointment for breakfast. He had been riding and was dressing. He was shy, but unconventional always. So he suddenly walked in from his room in a *shirt*, his face lathered all over, a shaving brush in one hand and a razor in the other. With these precautions against any physical exhibition of gratitude, he said abruptly in his high voice, 'Wyndham, I can't embrace you, but you know what I mean.'

Monday is a precious possession to me. I am sure it will not be wasted. And 'you know what I mean.'

449

To his Mother

CLOUDS,

SALISBURY, *April 13th, 1902.*

MOST DARLING MAMMA,—Your telegrams have kept us going. Sibell and I are with you and dear Madge and darling little Dick,¹ all the time in thought and prayer.

I have written to Madge about Woodcock [his brother's

¹ His brother's second son was dangerously ill with pneumonia.

servant]; also suggesting that I should send our William to help at such a moment. He is all willingness and smiles, full of good nature and resource, based—let me say—on being a Christian of Sibell's persuasion.

Consequently he never gives any trouble and always gives a great deal of help.

I have wandered round our walk, thinking of you and praying for Dick, and hoping that this sunny day is helping the little darling.

I wrote to Madeira, saying *nothing* of the illness but offering all possible facilities to Guy and Minnie on arrival.

Darling we will hope and believe.

It is not presumptuous to see with Sibell something uncommonly like intelligent and kindly guidance when we consider where we should be if Guy *had* sailed in the Kinfauns! That ship is wrecked near the Needles. So all have been spared embarrassment and further anxiety. Let us then believe and hope.

And now darling I am glad that you are getting the Doctors to put you right. Get well now.

Sibell, Perf and I will make Clouds our head-quarters for a week, at least. Papa suggests it.

We go up to-morrow to have Perf over-hauled, first by Douglas Powell for chest, and then by Robson Roose for general advice.

Meanwhile we pray for *Peace*. Things are just a little bit better than they look in the papers and I am not without hope of *Peace*.

God bless you, darling, and little Dick.—Ever your most loving son,
GEORGE.

450

To his Father

35 PARK LANE, W.,
April 14th, 1902.

MY DEAREST PAPA,—I must congratulate you on having
'lived to see the registration duty re-imposed on Corn.'

The Budget is bold and honest I have my doubts

of the 2d., instead of 1d., on cheques and dividend warrants. It seems 'fidgetty' for half a million.

You could not have taken the £2,650,000 on corn without putting another penny on the income tax.

To fill the remaining gap of £500,000 I should, I confess have preferred some attempt by a further stamp duty to get at the people who have large sums to invest and who gamble on the Stock Exchange.

The 1d. on cheques will worry the very people who feel the Income Tax most, i.e., those with from £700 to £2000 a year.

But it is a good Budget; both sound in the revival of a principle and opportune in the moment for applying it.—Your loving son,
GEORGE.

451

To his Mother

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
April 18th, 1902.

MOST DARLING MAMMA,—I wired to remind you to wire to Guy whatever the doctors authorize and you think fit *to-morrow* so as to run no risk of missing if his ship gets to Madeira early Monday. It is due on Monday,

'S.S. Dunvegan Castle,
Funchal,
Madeira.

I long for better news.

I had a Field-day yesterday in the House and the result in papers to-day is much better than I could have hoped for.

All love to you. Give my love to little Dick.—Your most loving son,
GEORGE.

452

To his Mother

CLOUDS,
SALISBURY, April 20th, 1902.

DARLING,—How restful it is to be so much less anxious about little Dick and to think of seeing dear old Goukie [Guy] in *less than a week*!

I have written to Sir Francis Evans and shall let all concerned know the probable hour of the Dunvegan's arrival. If, as Minnie says, it is a bad ship, I doubt her coming in before Saturday morning. I have looked out all the trains. The two most likely to suit are, Southampton West 11.50 a.m. Dorchester 1.56 ; and 4.6 p.m. Dorchester 5.50. Those are the best trains in the day. So at one or other of those hours on Friday or Saturday we ought to concentrate. I say Dorchester but Weymouth may be better ; or, we may, by boating to Fawley and driving on, catch a better service. I will keep you advised.

Tell dear Madge not to bother about bedrooms in view of nurses etc. I can make my own arrangements to sleep at an Inn in Weymouth. Whatever happens I want to see old Guy during the Sunday. I shall insist on *not* having Irish Estimates Friday.

Am so rejoiced to hear *you* are getting better. I did not like your 'wheeze' when last together here. But with the 'stitch in time' and the summer coming on you will be able now to enjoy Guy.

I am hopeful about Peace : not immediately, but surely.

'Sumer is i cumen in
Loud sing Cucu !'

I rode with Perf yesterday on his 'Perfection.' I have slept eleven hours since then. To-day I am being gloriously idle to get ready for speech at Brighton on Wednesday.

With Guy back and little Dick getting well nothing else matters.—Your most loving son, GEORGE.

453

To his Mother

April 22nd, 1902.

DARLING,—Papa is writing, but I am so pleased I cannot help putting my oar in.

Sir Francis Evans says the ship will arrive between 5 and 6 a.m. on Saturday morning.

We all go down by the 4.50 from Waterloo. I expect, D.V. we shall come on—Papa, Madge and I—by the 11.50 Saturday, due Dorchester 1.56 for lunch at 2.30.

I am just off to get a 'Cat' for Guy, a silver cup of some sort with

Crest

Au bon droit

GUY from GEORGE

April 1899 : April 1902

Per tot discrimina rerum

which is as who should say, 'Through so many bedevillments of affairs.' It is from Virgil of Æneas—one of the nine Worthies—getting home at last, with household Gods, to the strand of Lavinia after his many notable adventures by sea and land. Hoo Roo!—Your most loving son,

GEORGE.

454

To his Sister, Pamela

WESTBROOK,

UPWEY, April 27th, 1902.

BELoved PAMELA,—I must share with you, and the others if you think it worth sending on, some little bits of our great experience in welcoming dear old Guy.

But it can only be little bits, for, as you know better than most, the great occasions of life, particularly if long, must be lived. The sluice gates of perception are all drawn up and every minute of long-drawn hours floods your soul with the usual, the unusual, and the unexampled, each sharply defined and preternaturally significant.

We arrived at Southampton, about 6.30, Papa, Sibell and self, and met there Madge and Walter. We knew from a notice that the ship could not be in before 7 o'clock next morning and from charts we made out the berth she would take up. But this would not suffice. We reconnoitred—Papa and I—the mile and a quarter of wind-swept desolation to the ocean quay, pursued sometimes

by three engines abreast, for the whole extent is one level crossing. The great ships and deep docks, the rubbish heaps and refreshment shanties became then and remain for ever permanent fixtures in the retentive memory of over-wrought expectation.

We reported that at any hour of the night we could find the way at a moment's notice, and gave orders to be called at 4.30 a.m. although told with some insistence that we should be warned an hour and a half before the ship came in, on receipt of a wire signalling her at Hurst Castle. Some of the party, none the less, kept waking all night and at five minutes to four, I bounded out of bed, unable to keep from 'doing.' So Madge, Walter and I fared out at 5.20 and reached the berth, No. 35, at quarter to six. We got up a great excitement on seeing a Union-Castle Liner turn the corner of Calshot Castle at that moment and steam in. But no. She anchored, and was not the Dunvegan Castle. The wind was bitter. We tried three mugs of tea and two ice-cakes for 4d. in the navvies' beer-hall. Then Sibell arrived, having missed Papa. No hope of the ship before 7.30. So back I sent her out of the wind; followed, and finding her and Papa at the Dock Gates, back we came again arriving this time at 7 o'clock, with the certainty of having but one half hour to wait. Then suddenly in the offing, mysteriously sharp and magically tall was the prow of our ship—only twenty minutes more to wait and the prow was visibly, though slowly, growing taller and taller, dominating the tugs and anchored yachts and proving how absurd it had been to magnify the smaller vessels of the past hour and a half with *the* ship.

Then she began to turn. We took up a good position, craning our necks and straining our eyes to scan the long row of faces. No one we knew on the forecastle, or the waist, or the stern, and then again just as the chill began to grip expectation, quite simply Guy slung out of the stern cabin-shelter longer of limb and broader of shoulder than our memory of him; and Minnie all laughter by his side. We waved, they waved. The crowd on the Quay

jammed the navvies with the gangway, feeble handkerchiefs were fluttered by the foolish fond, there were some gulps and nervous little cheers. A lady who had not seen her husband for three years scuttled on board with the luggage porters and seemed about to kiss everybody. And there was Guy ten yards off, tall and big and calm, smiling and finishing a cigarette.

Then we ground each other's hands and grinned and exchanged light pats on the shoulder. And so in two flies to breakfast, with bouquet and Cup of welcome. [George presented Guy with a large silver bowl for the centre of dining table on the occasion of his return.] Hubbub quadrupled by Mai West and Daisy Pless.

Madge and Walter had confided to us that Upwey meant to welcome Guy. They were afraid he would be annoyed, had done their best to restrain the village enthusiasm. But not at all. The villagers had never seen Guy; but he was coming back from the war to the 'big house' and they were not going to be done out of proprietary rights in the Colonel! During a three hours creeping journey along Poole harbour and the Hampshire coast little Walter kept giggling. It was impossible to explain that his ebullitions were due to the promised reception, and we had some difficulty in starting fresh topics to cover these bursts of hilarity. At Bournemouth a porter—ex-soldier—insisted on brushing Guy's khaki coat. As we swung out of the Dorchester tunnel the 'murder was out.' Flags were flying across the streets and from the trees of the straggling village suddenly revealed. We drew up; and had our first sight of a figure that was to pervade and dominate all subsequent proceedings, giving that touch of the absurd which is essential to relieve the pathetic. There he was—Mr. Drake by name—once reputed to have been a soldier and anyhow claiming to have a son at the war.

He had been inspired beyond the highest flight ever attained by R. Caldicott, to mount a shaggy black village pony with rope bridle, and for the greater glory, my dear, had armed himself with a large *wooden* hay-fork, to one

tip and to the handle of which were tied the two corners of a large red and white flag, like a Giant's Bandana. We saw him mount, assisted by many, to be in the saddle before the train alarmed his steed. Some cheers were given, Guy touched his khaki staff-cap; Minnie grinned over her bouquet, and Mr. Drake took command. Minnie and Guy in seats of honour were ushered into a village landau with one white horse, jogged with difficulty into a shamle by flyman, with hat brushed the wrong way. Madge and I scrambled into a dog-cart. Mr. Drake having held up his banner, called for, 'Three cheers for Colonel Wyndham,' and took his post at the head of the column.

Westbrook House is not three furlongs from the station. But you must not think we were to drive there straight. We went up the valley and down again, past every house which could pretend to be included in Upwey. Flags flew, and bunches of laurel decked the handles of mops ingeniously secured by shutting down the windows on their heads.

Mr. Drake held up his fork in warning and cried, Halt ! The old horse was slowly unharnessed and the patriots proceeded to drag the carriage by a rope. We were now complete in our parade for the avenue. Drake mounted and flourishing his fork. Then the draggers, then the landau bearing the flyman aloft, whose hat, now that his occupation was gone, seemed twice brushed the wrong way : the Colonel and his lady; all the school-children hanging on behind, and last Madge, straining her wrists not to run over them. At the bridge, in front of the gates the Chairman of the Parish Council stopped the cortege and made a few appropriate remarks. Guy said nothing, but saluted; and with a cheer in we went through the fluttering flags in the grounds, to look up and see little Dick held up at the window, in a quilt, and darling Mamma with a nurse clinging to each of her arms. Drake, the immortal Drake had saved the situation ! The nurses were anxious that the emotion would be too much for Mamma. But when Drake rode in even she could smile and laugh.

We have all been perfectly happy. Guy looks stronger and greater than ever; talks as slowly and contentedly as ever. So let us all thank God, and sing God save the King.—Ever your devoted brother,
 GEORGE.

455

To his Mother

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
 April 29th, 1902.

BELOVED MAMMA,—I missed seeing you in the hurry of departure. What a wonderful two days we had. I hope to come again next Saturday.

I have just received a second wonderful gift. Some days ago I was given a beautiful green enamel and rose diamond pin of Lord Edward's. Yesterday an unknown—letter enclosed and please keep it—sent me a beautiful seal that belonged to him. Herewith is an impression of it.

Get well darling, give my best love to little Dick.—Ever your most loving son,
 GEORGE.

456

To his Mother

35 PARK LANE,
 May 9th, 1902.

MOST DARLING MAMMA,—I am getting on very well; much better each day. But Roose will not give me leave to travel in this weather. It is most provoking. If the wind changes I shall take the law into my own hands. If it does not I must submit. Nothing can make amends for losing these two Sundays with you and Guy. When he and Minnie are with you in London I shall keep all my evenings clear and—under the new rules—drop in to 8 o'clock dinner most nights.

The bitterness here and darkness are beyond belief. I hope you will take great care of your chest in these fiendish winds.

Pamela dropped in yesterday looking very well and composed. I also see a good deal of Papa.

Hugh Cecil made a magnificent speech on the Education Bill.

You must not be disappointed if the Boers when they meet on the 15th May create all kinds of difficulties. They are slim and slow and will argue, delay, break-off again and again in order to get all they can for the little they have to offer. None the less it will in the end spell Peace.

Best love to all.—Your most loving son, GEORGE.

457

To Charles T. Gatty

IRISH OFFICE,
OLD QUEEN STREET, S.W., 26/6/02.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—It is long since we met. I always want your company, but exceptionally at times, such as this, when the companionship of most is an added burden. Please make a special effort to see me Saturday or Sunday. Little Percy is coming up from Eton. But I wish particularly to see you for a serious talk on Catholic University and allied projects. You might be able to help.

I suggest Saturday or Sunday lunch, and a good 'pow-wow' in Kensington Gardens.—Yours affectionately,

GEORGE WYNDHAM.

458

Private

To Charles T. Gatty

30th June '02.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—Your letter has crossed with mine. The common and 'scooped sand-dunes,' with the quest of pigmy arrowheads from 10 a.m. to 7.30 or 8 p.m., is a great discovery. Let me never hear again of Alpine-climbing or golf.

Do not let my letter of yesterday perturb you. Come

and stay when you can ; before Saturday, if you want to see Lettice and Sibell. I have a matter of 'great pith and moment' in which the Catholic University plays an important part. But no more of that till we meet.

Your letter about 'real life' with pines and birds, has given me a reflected glory which impels me to write. I now (11 a.m. Monday) go down into the pit from which I emerge on Friday at 5.30 p.m.

So far I have next Friday night free.

Percy was up Saturday to Sunday. We did the Zoo with Bendor, Shelagh, Cuckoo and Shaftesbury in the afternoon. In the evening we had a large family dinner ; fed an exhausted Bishop of Stepney ; and afterwards with the help of Tony S. and Mrs. Arkwright, got through some 'Arundel' to a Harpsichord.

Next Autumn, if all goes well, should be a time of deep interest to me in Ireland. I am marshalling many converging movements. But what gives me hope is that battalions and forces for which I am in no way responsible, keep turning up. Fate is calling and the appointed hour. See Maeterlink on 'Luck' *passim*. Say nothing to nobody, but come and listen to my tale.—Yours affectionately,

GEORGE W.

459

To his Mother

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
July 15th, 1902.

DARLING MAMMA,—Many thanks for your letter. Dear Lord S. has sloped away with characteristic 'insouciance.'

The papers are very ignorant of constitutional procedure.

What is called a Prime Minister or Premier does not exist constitutionally.

The Sovereign has the right to send for anyone and to ask him to 'form an administration.' If he succeeds he is Prime Minister until he dies or resigns. When he resigns he advises the Sovereign to send for some one else. In the more usual case of resignation after defeat in the

House or at the Polls he advises the Sovereign to send for the leader of the opposite party. When that happens everybody realises that one Government or, properly, Administration has come to an end and that another must be formed.

But when, as now, he resigns and advises that one of his supporters should be sent for the same holds good. Arthur could, in theory, appoint new men to all the offices. We only go on by grace and for convenience.

Of course he will do nothing of the kind. His first act was to secure Chamberlain and Devonshire and to try and secure Beach.

Nobody knows how big the shuffle will be or when it will begin : not, I imagine before the 9th August.

I hope they will do it then as the Press paragraphs and expectant eyes of aspirants are neither of them very pretty.

Love to darling Manenai.—Your most loving son,
GEORGE.

460

To his Mother

CHIEF SECRETARY'S LODGE,
 PHENIX PARK, DUBLIN, *September 5th, 1902.*

MOST DARLING MAMMA,—I loved your birthday letter. We had a rush of 'diversion' here during horse-show week and, even now, the house keeps pretty full, especially at meals.

It is a great joy to have Dorothy, who wears delightful clothes and wreaths and looks very pretty.

We ride in the morning with a dear collie dog, Chief, who barks and pretends to hunt the cows and jumps up at our horses' noses.

Then people come to lunch and dinner and we talk of nothing but Ireland.

I am absorbed in my work. Ireland is more interesting than at any time since —87. There is more to win and lose in the next six months than ever before. A certain

amount of fighting is necessary to prevent them from bullying each other. But with that there are better hopes of a larger peace than I have seen.

I have bombarded the new Chancellor, Ritchie, with memoranda and have boiled down all that can be done into a simple comprehensive policy : that can be stated on a sheet of notepaper.

To-morrow I go to stay on an island near Cork with Penrose Fitzgerald. On Monday to Fota with Barrymore. On Tuesday Sibell, Perf, self and the Lyttons visit the Cork Exhibition and lunch with the Lord Mayor.

Wednesday to Adare and back Thursday. I doubt if I shall get to the West : perhaps for a day to Kin Cassla in Donegal from Baron's Court and Belfast.

We are all very well and occupied. But I long for you to be here. You must come next September. By then it may be that the clouds of Coercion will have broken and that some results of work will begin to be visible.—Ever your most loving son, GEORGE.

461

To Mrs. Drew

CHIEF SECRETARY'S LODGE,
October 4th, 1902.

MY DEAR MARY,—I will 'crystallise' the letter (of March 27) and work in your suggestions. . . . I go to London Wednesday night for Cabinet on 9th. The early meeting of that body has telescoped a fortnight's work into a week, so that I could not answer before.

I am full of sorrow for much that goes on here, but far fuller of hope for much that will go on ; and sooner than I dared to hope. Mayo is, as you say, a 'brick,' and so are many on both sides, if they only knew how to apprise each other of the fact. Sometimes I almost wish to be out of office so as to speak and *write* all that is in my mind. I wished you could have been with us in the Far West the other day. I took Sibell, Minnie Ebury, Lytton, and Secretaries, by 7 a.m. train to Mallaranny in Clew

Bay ; they all behaved beautifully—getting up at 5.30, as of course, preserving astonishing appetite for coarse food, and maintaining the temper of Angels.

Sibell was a revelation to the Cotters in their Hovels, full of beasts and filth. On Achill they said ' We have seen many ladies but you are the first that has been kind to us.' I took them out to Clare Island, back to Mallaranny, and then at 5 p.m. steamed round Achill Head and anchored at 9.30 p.m.

I had effected a concentration of Chairmen, Board of Works, Fishery Commissioners, Engineers, etc. It was splendid to see them thaw and then glow and shine.

I started 8 next day from the ship ; rowed ashore, drove 7 miles to Belmullet, saw the Priest, set down the ' Board of Works ' on the spot, and then drove on through Erris to the most man-forsaken wilderness God ever continued to remember. If I told one-tenth of what it is, I should be condemned as a sentimental idiot ; there are no fences, no *roads*, and typhus fever most years. I drove and walked all day : they want so much help and *direction* ; they are quite outside politics ; do not know the name of their Member, some of them. I got back to Belmullet at 6.15, and there behold two deputations, and finally a bonfire and a speech (!) to the crowd.

I keep all this to myself as the newspapers are too idle and malicious. We got to the shore about 8.30 and were carried pick-a-back to the boat through 50 yards of water, to go to the ship about 9 p.m. It was a day never to be forgotten, and ought to give me enough ' steam ' and guidance to get something done at last.

The next day was peerless : an opal sea, the sun rising, a crimson sphere, clean out of his bath, and the cone of Slievemore suspended, like Japan's Fuziyama, high in heaven over the faint mist. So I took a header into the Atlantic at 6.30 and swam through the opal waters. We started at 7.30 and did all we had to do, steaming across Blackrock bay, and then cruising up a creek for miles in the boat. The sticky Engineer became ecstatic

and, one way or another, these people shall get their chance.

Sibell started with me by 7 a.m. train the next morning and visited Foxford for five hours on the way back. Since then I have been immersed in the 'Land Question' here.

I have great faith and believe the time has nearly come. Archbishop Walsh wrote a Christian letter to to-day's paper and the Landowners' Convention is beginning to help.

Forgive this outburst.—Ever your friend,

GEORGE W.

462

To Mrs. Drew

CHIEF SECRETARY'S LODGE,
October 7th, 1902.

Bless you for your letter. It has by natural grace turned £5 into £10, and that only as an index to other things of far greater import which it multiplies by larger factors than by a little 2.

Let there be no more W's or D's after either of our names.

Dunraven has weighed in with a fine letter on Land. The pace here is becoming delirious, so that London, even with Cabinet, will seem a stagnant pool.

Nothing permanent can be done here until we settle the Land and Catholic Higher Education. I am up to my neck in both, and up to my knees in the next. You ought to watch a paper here called the 'Daily Independent.' It is beginning to represent the sane men.

No time now for more than thanks from the heart. I should love to see you and talk as on that Spring morning in the Dutch garden at Eaton.

I too have been longing for Kipling. . . . Walter Scott made Scotland.

With fervent thanks and hope.—Ever yours,

GEORGE.

463

To Charles Waldstein

35 PARK LANE, W.,
November 8th, 1902.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—The ‘Argive Heræum’ is magnificent; a noble gift and token of friendship. I thank you with all my heart and shower congratulations on the achievement of such splendid work. Some day I *must* get to Cambridge. Just now I am passing through a critical time. Ireland is more plastic now than at any period I recollect since 1887. Many there are growing weary of barren conflict. They should now turn to fruitful work ‘without prejudice,’ to further constitutional and economic strife. My plain duty is to make this easy by giving protection, avoiding offence, and ‘laying nest eggs’ of encouragement to self-help in industrial enterprise. But this, dear Charles, for the time absorbs me body and soul.—Ever your friend,

GEORGE WYNDHAM.

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To Mrs. Drew

PARK LANE,
November 22nd, 1902.

‘Jog to the elbow’ or not, your letter was most welcome. For it makes me write as children say, ‘a real letter,’ in succession to many imaginary ones despatched to you by my mind and heart during the last six weeks.

In the midst of O’Brien’s uproar I wanted to tell you that the ‘hissing’ and the rest of it, made no shadow of difference to what I stated in my last letter after my plunge into the Atlantic. I have a conviction—almost superstitious—that from October of this year the change in Ireland has begun.

I hope you approve my appointment of Sir Antony MacDonnell? I took that as a test of my superstition.

It was a difficult thing to get done. On one night in September I thought I had failed. But I returned to the charge and won. The 'Westminster' and all the Liberal papers are behaving very well.

Sibell and self go to Windsor to-day till Monday with Arthur Balfour; this also will help.

I should love to see you. Oughtn't you to come to London before Christmas?

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To his Father

CHIEF SECRETARY'S LODGE,
PHENIX PARK, DUBLIN, *December 17th, 1902.*

MY DEAREST PAPA,—I was right in my impression of the run on Tuesday. It has already ceased to be the run of the season and became historic. The pundits of the chase, after careful comparison, give it the record, till now held by the Warrenstown run of years ago, of which the track is traced and framed in Harry Bourke's house. They now say that we went $13\frac{1}{2}$ miles as the crow flies and 22 as hounds ran.

I only rode for one hour and persisted for another twenty minutes at a trot on the roads etc. The real point was that we galloped for 53 minutes. After that they muddled on for three hours in all and the fox saved his brush because every horse was stone cold.

It was just like my luck to fall into a historic run at the *first draw* of my season. The legend of it is expanding day by day. Next week it will be a twenty mile point! Luckily I did not know that the third fence was a noted chasm. It appears that we jumped the Ratoath drain and the Sutherland double in the first six fences. That, at the delirious pace we maintained for fifty minutes, with one hover, accounts for the fact that one hundred and fifty people never saw us again.

But, on my bay horse, Martin, I was sublimely unconscious; only realising that I had attained felicity.

To-day, with the Kildares, we had a fair hunting run;

forty-three minutes from find to kill in the open from Betaghstown Bog, by Clane to Bellavilla.

I rode Michael and he jumped 'like the book of Arithmetic.'—Your loving son,
GEORGE.

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To his Mother

CHIEF SECRETARY'S LODGE,
 PHOENIX PARK, December 22nd, 1902.

MOST DARLING MAMMA,—This is to send all love to you and Papa and Ditch and Bun, all wishes for Christmas and 1903.

We are here alone, S. S., Perf and I and very restful and happy. It is the first time we have been alone for years.

I hunt to-morrow with the Meath. I am fighting for a holiday between now and the New Year and hunting is my only chance. Unless I am definitely out hunting people come, even from Belfast, to take their chance of seeing me.

The enclosed will interest you from Lady Bloomfield!! I wrote her an official answer and also a covering letter to 'My dear Godmother' in which I truthfully told her that, oddly enough, I had at Bowood the day before talked of her in a conversation on God-mothers and cited a mechanical duck which she gave me and which I sailed on the pond at Petworth.

She wrote me a very nice letter in reply—left in London—saying she was eighty years old and would like to see me and sending much love 'to dearest Madeline'=you.

I had a cheery letter from Guy who had seen Aunt Conny Leconfield, Bendor and Shelagh.

Ian Hamilton talked of him to me in the train 'off his own bat.' I think we may rest assured that they know his value.

This Country is going nicely into the bit just now and I begin to hope that by next August I shall be able to show it you, bending in a discreet manège canter.

The inside work of Cabinet and so forth, has been very interesting lately. I find that I have to check a recrudescence of my old foible in childish days when I wanted to be stage manager of every play. But I do check it and enjoy being behind the scenes even though not allowed to play the tomb scene in pitch darkness.

I look forward to Fridays to Mondays in February and March. We will count the daffodils together.—Ever most loving son,
 GEORGE.

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*To Mrs. Drew**Confidential.*

CHIEF SECRETARY'S LODGE,
 January 4th, 1903.

MY DEAR MARY DEAR,—I am in such high spirits that I must deliberately reproduce an accident in a previous effort to spell your name. I have just read an advance copy of the Report of the Land Conference. It is full of good sense and good feeling. The dry bones can live. The sun I saw rise as I swam in the Atlantic was a sign.

This I know is the 'hot fit.' But we see more clearly when the hot fit is on us. The cold fit jaundices our eyes.

I am well aware that I am only a third or a quarter of the way on this quest. But then, how inconceivable it seemed to most people a year ago that we should ever get so far. I feel like the Old Woman in Pamela's 'Village Notes' who saw in golden letters at the foot of her death-bed 'Thou shalt not die but live,' and added, 'And I didn't die! I lived! I lived!'

Sibell brought me your letter of the 1st, and I thank you for its dear messages. I was positively engaged at the time on reconnoitring the proofs and transcripts of Ruskin's letters. You shall have a Preface soon as a New Year gift, and thank-offering for the way we are making here.

Antony MacDonnell is a trump!

All Blessings on you.—Ever yours affly.

GEORGE W.

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*To Mrs. Drew*CHIEF SECRETARY'S LODGE,
January 19th, 1903.

Yesterday being Sunday, I tried to reverse the engines from Land and Catholic University into your 'Porch' Preface. But the wheels slid round. To-day something of sorts did come which you shall have by to-morrow's post. I wish I could have done better. Tear it up if you are displeased: dissatisfied you must be. But the task, though slight, was not easy. The letters are so delicate; the excerpts from your Father's journal and the two letters to Carlyle and Alfred so hard to fit in, that anything ponderous, or even coherent, would have seemed out of place. I did not scamp the work and doubt if I can improve it under present circumstances. So tear it up without a qualm, or if *you*, finding bad gaps, can suggest the kind of additions needed, indicate them and I will supply to specification.

20th Jan. '03. I forgot to say the Preface would run to about 12 pp. in print. It is an amorphous Crystal after all.—Yr. GEORGE.

If I manage a day at Eaton on the way to House of Commons, I shall hope for you in the Dutch garden.

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*To his Father*CHIEF SECRETARY'S LODGE,
PHENIX PARK, DUBLIN, January 21st, 1903.

MY DEAREST PAPA,—Mr. 'Puffinger' [his son] is now 'free of the craft.' Yesterday he rode a horse of Dudley's, called 'Wexford' with the Meath. Walter Lindsay (left in charge of Dudley's horses) piloted him. We did not have a good day; but lots of jumping near Dunshaughlin,

Perf jumped everything and I was very pleased. To-day he rode 'Moyglare,' with the Ward.

We went fast and straight for forty minutes over really big places including two whacking doubles, one with a very narrow bank, also a veritable Alp into a road and some wide 'rivers.'

I never supposed that he could have kept up. But in less than two minutes after the check, Puffinger arrived his face beaming, eyes flashing, hat bashed in, wet up to the waist having taken an imperial toss over the narrow double; caught his horse and come on again, using a cutting whip at all the big 'leps.' Walter Lindsay said that he really rode the horse grandly.—Your loving son,

GEORGE.

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To Monsieur Auguste Rodin

CHIEF SECRETARY'S OFFICE,
PHENIX PARK, DUBLIN, 25.1.03.

MON CHER AMI,—Je ne saurais dire combien de plaisir et d'orgueil j'ai ressenti en lisant votre lettre si pleine de sympathie et d'amitié.

J'ai fait, du reste, très peu de choses à Londres pour mériter de tels remerçments.

Mais votre lettre est d'autant plus chère puisqu'elle provient de votre bonté plutôt que des pauvres services que j'ai pu rendre pour témoigner mon dévouement aux beaux Arts dans la personne d'un grand maître. Je conte aussi avec ardeur sur la joie de vous serrer la main au printemps.—Tout à vous,

GEORGE WYNDHAM.

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To his Mother

CHIEF SECRETARY'S OFFICE,
DUBLIN CASTLE, Sunday, January 25th, 1903.

MOST DARLING MAMMA,—A thousand thanks for the beautiful 'Victory.' I could not guess from whom it

came and only discovered just before your letter to Sibell arrived. Robertson had written to say ; but his letter was opened by secretaries who assumed that I knew from you. One wing, alas ! had come off, broken. So she is a 'winged' Victory in more senses than one and, therefore, far more like such victories as we win here and more likely to prove a true emblem and harbinger. And, besides, Sibell says she can mend the wing with milk, and this, also, would be normal. She is very beautiful and buoyant : the Niké of Samothrace who stood on the prow of a war-galley.

I began to spell 'buoyant' the wrong way. That reminds me that Dermot (Mayo), when drafting the final Report of the Land Conference during Dunraven's absence, put down his pen and asked, 'How do you spell "grievance"?' eliciting the exclamation 'You're a nice Irishman not to know how to spell grievance !'

I had three days hunting last week and am glowing with health in consequence. This sounds idle. But the fact is I have got far ahead of colleagues in London and leaders of sections here. So I must pull up and wait.

On Tuesday in the hunting-field I saw a stranger whom it was impossible to classify : impeccably dressed in scarlet and leathers, with a port-wine coloured hunting-collar. Yet he was 'foreign' ; though with a shrewd clean-shaved face and twinkling Irish eyes. I heard he was an American master of hounds. He rode desperately hard. I got myself introduced and found he was Mr. Collier, master of hounds in New Jersey, staying with John Watson, and buying all his horses from him. I asked him to dine and found he had been a poor Irish boy who, aged twelve, hunted on a donkey with Watson's father in Carlow. He went to America, became the greatest *publisher* (!) there ; paying £60,000 a year in wages. He told me that he knew and liked Percy Wyndham [cousin] and had mounted him.

Percy Wyndham came to stay here yesterday, so I asked Collier too and had an 'Industrial Revival' dinner last night : Collier, the successful emigrant who rides

hard ; Percy, our diplomatist at Washington, La Touche, the manager of Guinness Brewery ; Father Finlay, the chief supporter of Horace Plunkett in co-operative farming, industries etc., Pirie, the brains of Belfast ship-building, and Hanson. We sat at the table till 10 to 11 p.m. and I never assisted at a keener symposium.

They are all beginning to catch my optimism. The Chief Justice makes jokes about the Millennium from the bench. The lion frisks with the lamb. The serpent coos from a branch. The dove says there is a good deal of pigeon-nature in the serpent after all.

How long will it last ? I hope until I have started other projects to engage everyone's attention, excite their hopes, and stimulate their generous emulation. But, as I said, for the moment I must make a 'check' and give them time to breathe.

Steeds told me a good story on that. A wild young rough-rider in Limerick had been pounding everyone, riding very jealous. The hounds checked. He deliberately trotted into the middle of the pack and began circling round and round through them. 'My God !' cried out the next man to arrive, 'Are you mad ?' 'No,' was the answer, 'I'm beat, and I'm dispersing the dogs. You'll none of ye go on.'

There are Cabinets on Friday 6th and Saturday 7th. This, for your private information in case anything takes you or Papa up to London at the time.

Love to all.—Your most loving son,

GEORGE.

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To Mrs. Drew

CHIEF SECRETARY'S LODGE,
February 2nd, 1903.

MY DEAR MARY DEAR,—'How you do go it !'—that is a quotation from a song about a blackbird. In the rush here your letter only came to me through Secretaries, late last night. To-day I am meditating a revised version

of the Psalms : ' O that my friend would write a preface that *I* might correct his proofs and leave no opportunity for revision.' ¹

I wired the printers to await my revise. Perhaps it is too late. If so, no matter. If not, I am introducing a fair compromise on your emendations, etc., etc. There is a hopeless misprint—*Parsonian* for *Porsonian*. A playful allusion to a well-known story of Porson, who slipped up and sat down when trying to open his hall door, and said ' D—n the laws of Nature ! ' Otherwise all may stand, and I think I have behaved very well. Indeed, I am glad and grateful to you for liking it at all.

They have just shown me a joyous passage in to-day's ' Irish Society.' ' Lady MacCalmont has presented a monkey to the Zoological Gardens. It is her son who has inherited the MacCalmont Millions.'

This would have pleased Ruskin *and* your Father.

The blackbird song runs :

' O Blackbird, what a boy you are,
How you do go it !
Blowing your bugle to a star,
How you do blow it ! '

So we who love Ireland will blow our bugle to a star.

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To Wilfrid Ward

35 PARK LANE, W.,
March 20th, 1903.

MY DEAR WILFRID,—Your letter comes at a moment when such a letter impresses and encourages.

I am keeping quite still and saving every ' ion ' of vitality. As Bowles once put it in the House I mean to

¹ *Note by Mrs. Drew.*—I corrected and altered his proofs and sent them to publisher with orders to print, if hearing nothing to the contrary from author, within twelve hours.

stay here 'and pull down the blinds to create the impression that I have gone to Margate.'

Still, if you and Mrs. Ward would just look in at tea-time Saturday, and Sunday, I should love to grasp your hand.

I have been quite surprisingly harassed up to the last moment by embarrassing suggestions and fatal counsels of timidity.

So I have 'sporting my oak.' It is going to be a very hard fight but I do hope to win and take courage from the date 'Lady-day.'—Yours ever, GEORGE WYNDHAM.

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To Charles Boyd

35 PARK LANE, W.,
24.iii.03.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—I have just lifted a diluted glass—for I am in training—to 'the Bond.' Your letter has given me pleasure and encouragement. 'What a phrase!' 'Christ!' as Will H.¹ would put it, 'what a phrase!' But, and let this damp your ardour (if need it must) I am quâ (cf. C. R.²) phraseology in a Mid-Victorian mood.

To-morrow I must 'imprimis' be understood by Irish Patriots and City brokers: by —s (cf. Will H.'s vocabulary). And to be intelligible is a serious enterprise, a desperate adventure.

If I may put it in an Irish way, on a First-Reading-Speech, Ebullitions must be submerged. Underneath my cautious and platitudinarian diction there will be many tacit phrases and 'quotes' *sub voce*. To wit.

'I believe that a benignant spirit is abroad,' etc. See William Wordsworth. Or, since it is Lady Day, *and* my Lady's Birthday, all sorts of pretty words which I shall be thinking but not saying. Or, since we are talking of *Land* and "good-will" to a "mixed congregation." '*In terra Pax hominibus bonae voluntatis.*'

¹ W. E. Henley.

² Cecil Rhodes.

Of these things I shall be thinking—I shall speak of ‘paramount interest’ and ‘flotations below par’! Consols at 90! My God . . . and so on.

Seriously, dear old Charles, I have had a worse time than any of you suspect. There have been desperate encounters protracted to the last moment. But the ‘Bell rings’ and after all I *am* there.

Understand that the future of Ireland, my future—for what it is worth—and the grouping of parties on the next turn of the kaleidoscope all do turn on what happens to-morrow.

Yours ever—in the bond—and do drop in to dinner here at 8.

G. W.

Chief of the Bond.

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To Mrs. Drew

PARK LANE,
March 26th, 1903.

I must write one word to you. Many people have telegraphed and written good wishes to the Land Bill. ‘Many thanks’ have been telegraphed to each. But in obedience to an instinct I must write to you, although there is nothing to say except that, so far, the miracles go on; so, I *believe*, it is not a case of ‘asking for a sign.’ They rain on the hope.

Some things are eternal. I may be beaten, although I mean to win. But, if I am beaten, the wonderful unanimity remains: the good sense and goodwill of so many people remain. The four Dublin papers are quite extraordinary.

We *must* pull it through. And there is more to follow.

Immediately you will see a project of private enterprise by great capitalists to help in the matter of transport for Irish produce, of which I have assurance that America will *underwrite* the loan for three years.

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To Charles T. Gatty

35 PARK LANE, W.,
Sunday, 5th April 1903.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—Look in to lunch if you are free.

T.'s¹ letter is encouraging. I am looking forward to Wednesday as a real treat and *rest*. You and T. see things and feel them as I do. With all the others—except Arthur Balfour—Irish or English, there is so much else of politics and commerce mixed up.

They are sincere and honest, and so on ; but they have not the single desire that men, women and children should be happy and hopeful in Ireland, and the single belief that this can only be by the Grace of God and not by our ingenuity and industry.

It will refresh me to be with you two.

May I, then, be spared the American ?

I have had so much of that kind of thing lately, that I don't think I can stand any more before getting a holiday.

It does some good, but at the expense of how many 'canards' ! !—Yours affectionately, GEORGE W.

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To Mrs. Drew

PARK LANE,
April 7th, 1903.

I am enchanted with the book in its smooth green binding, and very proud to have had a hand in it.

The reference to 'Lady Day' in the preface and 'Why rushed the discords in but that Harmony should be prized,' seem now prophetic.

I thank you and bless you.

¹ T. Healy.

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*To his Sister, Madeline*35 PARK LANE, W.,
8th May 1903.

MOST DARLING MANENAI,—I can't say what joy your letter gives me. I am sending it on to S.S. The whole business 'surprises by itself.' My speech does not matter. But even on that the same miraculous spirit worked. I *never* in all my life felt less able to speak. I am a wreck after Influenza, and the three days on the bench, without exercise or appetite and with *actual* sickness from sequelæ of influenza, made me feel that I *could* not rise at the fence. I had prepared one speech and made another. But the air was electrical and though I did not know what I was saying, it felt quite easy and inevitable all through.

May God grant that there will be 'a new light set in the eyes of dark Rosaleen.' That end of Healy's speech made me gulp. Do you know Mangan's poem from which he quoted?—Your most loving brother,

GEORGE.

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*To Sidney C. Cockerell*BABRAHAM,
CAMBRIDGE, 14 May 1903.

DEAR MR. COCKERELL,—My father sent me 'Letters to Ireland' ¹—given to him by you.

I have been here to 'pick up' after the influenza. In the few minutes that remain before I start to replunge, let me say:—

(1) That peasant-proprietors afford the best, perhaps the only, form of community in which there is now scope for all that you desire. They will receive delight from the processes of the year and return it, during long winter months, in beautiful handiwork, but (2) their handiwork cannot receive, any more than their crops, that due meed

¹ The pamphlet referred to was written by Lady Margaret Sackville.

of security, food and raiment, unless it can be brought to market by organised transport at fair rates. (3) Unless it is brought to market it cannot influence the world.

No man, or community, can live unto itself alone. If cut off from the Human Race he, and they, wither.—
Yours very sincerely, GEORGE WYNDHAM.

P.S.—Ireland is going to revolutionise America, and America the World.

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To his Father

35 PARK LANE, W.,
Tuesday, June 2nd, 1903.

MY DEAREST PAPA,—We go to France to-morrow. I am not going to rush about or see things. Our plan is to get away to see leafage in June weather. So we go to Amiens—a short journey—and on to Compiègne. There I shall spend three quiet days in the Forest and simply exist.

I send you a good letter from Perf about the terrible fire at Eton. Sibell went there to-day. Percy says that Kindersley, the master, was magnificent. Arthur Ellis who met Sibell told her that all the boys in and out of Kindersley's house behaved splendidly. Nobody lost his head. But for this many would have been burned. All the bars were taken away to-day. It took the carpenter *an hour* to remove them from one window in Percy's house.

The time has not yet come for me to discuss the Tariff problem fully. My modest hope is to adjourn that time. The worst battles are those in which the advance guard is prematurely committed.—Your loving son, GEORGE.

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To his Son

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
25th June '03.

DARLING LITTLE PERF,—Your Mamma is much concerned at your Ascot performance. I am very *sorry* that

you went after the new regulations (absence at 4 and 6) which make it a more serious offence than in old days, I imagine. You are sensible enough not to do foolish things.

Your Mamma says she has written suggesting that you should tell Mr. de Havilland. You must decide on this for yourself. It may be that to do so might get the others into trouble. In that case it may be right to say nothing. You must be the judge.

But, *of course*, if you are asked a question by anyone who has the *right* to ask it, your tutor or House-master, or other person in authority, you will simply tell the truth about *yourself*.

The Land Bill is going on well. Don't spoil my pleasure in that by doing silly things. But, anyhow, come to me if you ever get into a scrape.—Your most loving PUPS.

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To his Mother

MADRESFIELD COURT,
MALVERN LINK, *June 26th*, 1903.

MOST DARLING MAMMA,—Imagine my going off yesterday without giving you a hug for your birthday! It was all I could do to catch the train as I was very sleepy after my speech. I used Papa's story about the singer with great effect and all the other quotations.

I thought of you a great deal yesterday and we had one surprise in bird-life which you would have enjoyed. Sibell, or Letty, said after lunch 'what an extraordinary bird there is on the lawn. Is it a young pheasant?' We looked and saw that it had a red back to its head, dark cheeks and a long bill which it kept driving into the ground. We got glasses and watched it from a window not twenty yards off. It was the *big* woodpecker! I had never seen one before and there he was on the lawn quite close to us. If only we had possessed a camera we might have won a prize in 'Country Life.' He was

huge—nearly, if not quite, as big as the white doves on the lawn with him. I stalked him afterwards and put him up three yards from my feet. As he flew away his back was quite green and his head crimson. Then I examined the ground and saw that he had been driving his bill an inch into the earth to eat *ants* in the beginnings of ant-heaps. So there is no doubt about him.

I shall look in about 12.20 on my way to the office. With many, many many happy returns to us all of your birthday.—Ever darling, your loving son, GEORGE.

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To his Sister, Pamela

CHIEF SECRETARY'S LODGE,
PHENIX PARK, 25 July 1903.

DARLING PAM,—I must begin a letter to you to-day—perhaps finish it—as you, more than anyone else, will appreciate the dramatic and pathetic completeness of the triumph which the King and Queen have won in Irish hearts. You love them because you have a fountain of loyalty in you which must gush out if it is allowed a channel. That is just how it is with the Irish and how it has ever been. But they have hardly ever been given a channel for their loyalty. In all history the only sovereigns who ever tried, even, to be Kings to them were John, Richard II., and George IV.; a sorry trio. But the Irish loved them; the first two, to failure and death; the last, until he turned on them or from them, and threw in his lot wholly with Orange uncouthness. I exclude James II., because he only went to Ireland to fight for his own crown and failed to do that.

To begin at the end, the situation was summed up this morning by a little girl, one of the thousands and thousands of children who for days have done nothing but smile and cheer and wave and yearn towards the King and Queen. She said to the philanthropist who was marshalling them for the last goodbye—‘I am so glad

that we may love the King now because he spoke so nicely about the Pope.'

I revert to the beginning and the simple narration of things as I saw them.

26 July 1903.

On Monday 20th, I caught the Irish mail (8.45 p.m.) from the House of Commons, found it full of Irish notables, (laid down 4 hours sleep to have it in hand) and was met at Holyhead by a naval officer in a white cap. We climbed across a couple of ships to a steam pinnace and waited for the King's messenger in the second half of the mail. The waning moon hung low with a planet for pendant. The transparent sky paled towards dawn. The iron-clads seemed grey monsters in the distance. At last the second half droned in, a string of lights, and, with our King's messenger and despatch boxes aboard, we ripped through the dawn-tinted glassy sea out to the Royal Yacht, with the grey monsters for her advance guard. My cabin was large, with pretty, clean chintzes and pale blue silk duvet on the berth. It was too beautiful to sleep. I watched the daylight grow, or Torpedo-catchers tear by like nightmares; heard the clock strike 4 and 5, and dropped off to the sound of weighing anchor. I woke at 7 to a sense of discouragement. The fairy serenity of overnight and dawn had changed to grey skies, grey seas, white horses and pitiless, plunging rain. Through the mist and torrents the grey monsters on either side moved on, ignoring the waves. The Kish lifeboat danced foolishly in a flutter of many-coloured bunting, and popped off two two-penny guns whose smoke merged in the mist and surf.

I bathed, dressed in uniform with medals and Patrick badge, longed for breakfast, met Lds. Knollys, Churchill, Admiral Stevenson, Condie Steevens, etc., all more or less in uniform, and all longing for breakfast. The rain still fell, but less relentlessly. I could not forego the entry; so mounted to hurricane deck and watched the greater herd of grey monsters—all the Channel and Home Fleets—reaching in a giant avenue out to sea. We passed

between them. Each was manned, and from each a bugle blew as we passed. The rack began to lift. Watery gleams spread and contracted, to spread again through the French-grey and chalky leadenness of the clouds over the Wicklow mountains. Kingstown a mile ahead blazed with bunting, like beds of geranium and calceolaria, with numberless white yachts within the moles. Torpedo-catchers again ploughed by, and, at last, breakfast.

We began this with an awkward mixture of free and easy help-yourself—added to attentions from powdered footmen in scarlet liveries. Nobody was at ease. The ladies looked as if it was earlier than usual. Knollys asked me what I thought of the Pope's death. The rain still fell, but now in jewels. An empty place at the head of the table next me had three substantial silver dishes, covered, in front of it. A hasty signal from Churchill warned me off them and to the side-board for my food. As I returned in came the King, fresh, happy, most kind, in uniform, and everybody was at their ease. The Pope's death and the weather did not matter so much.

He ate well, looked well, spoke well. 'The Pope's dead, of course we had expected it.' . . . 'A boiled egg.' . . . 'Did you sleep well?' . . . 'Some more bacon.' . . . 'You are my Minister in attendance as well as Chief Secretary, you know.' . . . And so on with greatest kindness, good sense and calm, monumental confidence that everything does go right.

With but 20 minutes to spare before landing, but without a trace of effort or fuss, I found myself smoking a cigarette with him, altering the reply to the Kingstown address under his instructions; getting it type-written, countermanding the Theatre, writing and telegraphing to Cardinal Logue, sending a communiqué to the Press, all as if there was any amount of time and no difficulties and the kindness beaming every moment more benignant and all-embracing.

Off I went in a steam pinnace, landed under an awning of white and old gold in stripes eighteen inches wide.

On the wide red carpet were Duchess of Connaught, two little princesses and Lady Dudley in chairs ; Dudley and Vice-Regal Court, the Deputation, and beyond State carriages, escort, soldiers, crowds, grand-stands packed, and, to the booming of salutes from all the grey monsters, the King's barge of deep navy blue with a huge Royal ensign, was pulled up by 12 blue-jackets. It was the first of many moments that thrilled.

We drove, mostly at a walk, through 11 miles of bunting and cheering crowds ; growing denser and more vociferous. It culminated in the triangular space bounded by Trinity College and the old Parliament House. My companions of the English Court began to admit that the people were really there and really jubilant. Every window and housetop was packed. The Bands took up 'God save the King' for mile after mile ; the colours fell flat in the mud as the Sovereign passed. They cheered me a good deal, and the Land Bill and Wolseley and Bobs. As we reached the Vice-Regal the sun went in and the rain poured down. The King and Queen shook hands with us all, seeming as ever to be in no hurry and only engaged in making every one happy.

This and the prolonged roar, blare, glare, glitter and glamour of two variegated, agitated, sonorous hours, telescoped the long, grey expectation of the morning, so that Kingstown and the Fleet became old memories, and the moon over Holyhead Harbour an experience in another life. (Aside to Pamela) 'I doubt whether a letter on this scale can be finished—However. . . .'

At my Lodge I found Sibell, Ormonde, Constance Butler, Dunraven and Lady—vague as usual ; and Col. Brock, the Queen's Equerry, and many more, then or later, for I have no recollection of the people who have slept and fed here.

Tuesday evening we dined at Vice-Regal Lodge with the King and Queen. I sat next to Princess Victoria. She is good, gentle and sensible and absolutely unselfish. We had great fun ; Lady Gosford on my right ; the Queen giving us little nods and smiles, pretending to be shocked

and being amused at our laughing and chatter. Lady Gosford, wife of an ultra landlord, has made friends with me, and frankly acknowledges that the people do cheer the King more than in Scotland or London. The Queen talked to me after dinner and is delicious.

Wednesday 22nd. Started at 10 a.m., with Ormonde in full fig, sociable and pair, etc. Was cheered on the way. Chaffed Ormonde for being in infantry uniform. He explained that he was Colonel of the Kilkenny Militia, 'a fine lot of rebels, but they fought wonderfully well in South Africa.'

In St. Patrick's Hall, Arthur Ellis and others coached us. I knew my part pretty well, but it is a strain to cling to the King's reply and learn up all the deputations in their order. There were 82 of them. The roar of cheers, 'God save the King,' clatter of the escort, and we process and group ourselves about the Throne. I stood on the steps and presented each of the 82 deputations. *They were* to present the addresses. But they did anything but that; shook the King's hand and marched off with address under arm; were retrieved and address extracted. The last touch came, when the spokesman of the Land Surveyors touched the tip of the King's fingers, shot the address into the waste-paper basket (into which I threw the cards after calling the names) and bolted at five miles an hour. The Queen was very naughty and did her best to make me laugh, so that my next was delivered in quavering tones. Yet the Queen did this in such a way as to make everyone, including the culprit, feel comfortable and witty. I cannot adequately express the kindness and coolness of the King. He coached them in a fat, cosy whisper 'Hand me the address,' and then accepted it with an air and gracious bow, as if gratified at finding such adepts in Court ceremonial.

The only people who approached him in simplicity and charm, were the two carmen who presented an address signed by 1200 jarveys. Only the Irish can do these things. They had not put on Sunday best, but their best ordinary clothes, scrupulously brushed. They never

faltered and invented something between a bow and a curtsy that seemed exactly appropriate.

After that a levee of 1500. We all got tired ; for the sun beat in on our eyes. It did, however, come to an end. There was just time to get back, lunch and change into frock coat, then off to Vice-Regal to see the King at 3.30. He, in no hurry and, if possible, with greater kindness, discussed many points which had arisen, suggested emendations in replies, all of them happy and dead on the Bull's eye. At 4 p.m. I started with King, Queen and Princess Victoria. He has always made me drive in their carriage. The enthusiasm of the crowd was even greater than on Tuesday. For 3 miles to Trinity one roar of cheers and frenzy of handkerchiefs. Every woman with a baby in Dublin was there to jump him up and down at the King ; every ragged urchin, every sleek shopkeeper—every rough, every battered old Irish-woman with jewel eyes in wrinkled Russian leather face. They do not say 'God save the King' as we do, anyhow. They lift their hands to Heaven to imprecate 'God BLESS the King,' as if adjuring the Deity to fulfil their most ardent desire and His most obvious duty. You may have read of Trinity. The papers did not repeat the drive back. We returned by Sackville Street—the finest in Dublin—and here the people became merely delirious. They worked themselves into an ecstasy and all sang 'God save the King.' The Queen kept pointing to this or that tatterdemalion saying 'The poorer they are, Mr. Wyndham, the louder they cheer.' We went on through the poorest parts by North Circular road, and ever and always, there was the same intense emotion. It brought tears to the Queen's eyes, and a lump in my throat. No one who did not drive in their carriage will ever know how mesmeric it was. It made me understand the Mussulman conquests and the Crusades. For here was a whole population in hysteria. Polo was still going on as we neared the Vice-Regal Gates and—at the end of such a day—nothing would serve but that we should drive on to the grass. The Queen asked them to play an extra ten minutes, for the

game was over. And they did play to the tune of 'If doughty deeds my lady please.' Nobody, however, was killed. Though in one charge they drove a pony on to the rail, and turned him and rider head over heels into the spectators. We had a dinner party that night.

Thursday 23rd. Presented colours to the Hibernian School of little soldier boys. And then to the Review. This was the culmination. We rode in a cavalcade from the Vice-Regal, grooms, escort, etc., then the King and Duke of Connaught. He asked me to ride just behind him with Duke of Portland. I wore my Yeomanry uniform and rode a little thoroughbred mare I had commandeered from the 21st Lancers. As we started the royal salute opened. At the Gate a scene, which I shall never forget, began. The Phoenix monument was a pyramid of mad humanity, screaming, blessing, waving hats and handkerchiefs, and so on down an interminable lane of frenzied enthusiasm. I love riding and a row; but never before, or again, shall I witness such a sight. Some people thought it dangerous. But our blood was up and the King paced on perfectly calm among dancing dervishes and horses mad with fear and excitement. Even the horses of the Blues got quite out of control, rearing and pirouetting. It looked as if they must knock the King over. But as they plunged towards him, the Duke of Connaught or Roberts moved between and Portland or self backed up. You must imagine 100 acres of green sward, framed by trees, with the mountains beyond changing under shafts of light between storms that never burst. There were thunderstorms all round; but a sheet of burning sunshine on the review. The horses, maddened by the cheers from a Nation, did knock down the whole of the Admirals and Captains specially invited from the Fleet. We rode away and down the line, my mare just behaved with enough spirit. And now, as I tell you everything, I will tell you two things that pleased me. Yesterday, a carman said to me—'We knew you in your uniform and watched you all the time with glasses

from the wall.' And that afternoon the Queen said to me — 'How beautifully you ride.' She knows how to say what will please.

Overnight Osbert Lumley told me that the great point, the 'clou' as they say in France, was to be that the cavalry would line the whole route back to the Vice-Regal gates. This nearly settled the business. The stupendous cheering and surging of the crowds drove the horses out of their senses. Groups screamed at us out of the trees overhead, women and children wriggled through the horses' legs to get nearer. They knocked over Arthur Ellis, who is laid up with gout in consequence. A Lancer's chestnut horse put his fore-feet almost on to my shoulders. The King paced on and lit a cigarette, bowing and smiling and waving his hand to the ragamuffins in the branches. That finished me and now I love him. When we dismounted he laughed, thanked us all, and beamed enough to melt an iceberg. Sir William Ewart said to me that he had never seen such enthusiasm even for the late Queen. It is of no use to try and describe it ; but a great possession to have been there.

In the afternoon we went to races, in the evening to dine with the Connaughts. It was memorable. The avenue to the Royal Hospital was festooned with Chinese lanterns. We banquetted in the great Hall of old oak, hung with armour. We sat down at two gigantic round tables, 32 at each, laden with roses. But I begin to tire and so do you. After that we had a court at the Castle. My solace and keen pleasure was to stand near the Queen. Her Garter ribband brought out the blue of her eyes. Her cramoisie train was hung to her shoulders by great jewels of dropping pearls. She had a high open-work lace collar, a breastplate and gorget—you may say—of diamonds and ropes of round pearls falling to her lap. And she is an Angel. We got to bed about 3 a.m.

Friday 24th. This is described in the papers. We slummed together in the most squalid streets. The bare-legged children and tattered members of the submerged, hurra-ed themselves hoarse and, incidentally, smashed

Portland's hat, with a hard, heavy bunch of cottage flowers, dog-daisies and sweet peas tied up to the consistency of a cabbage.

But this is enough. We went to Maynooth in the afternoon by train—see papers—and on the way back, with their supernatural kindness the King and Queen came here and loitered and talked and thanked and overpraised and made me love them—just as if they had done nothing and had nothing to do except to please Sibell and myself. 'Kindness like this is genius' and the line as Bossuet wrote it may stand for Her; only it is sweetness as much as beauty.

In the evening we went to a Party. The King kept me after all were gone, showed the most eager desire to understand every twist in the Labyrinth of Irish life and was so kind to me that I cannot speak of it.

Yesterday, we saw them off, and I agreed in sentiment with an old Irishwoman on the platform, who just sobbed, saying, 'Come back, Ah! ye will come back!' That was the cry that pierced through the blaring of the bands, and the Blessings and the cheers. 'Come back' they kept calling in every street. And these are the people whom some call disloyal.—Your most loving brother,

GEORGE.

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To his Mother

CHIEF SECRETARY'S LODGE,
PHENIX PARK, DUBLIN, August 23rd, 1903.

MOST DARLING MAMMA,—I loved getting your letter and am truly thankful to think of you safe and sound at Clouds. We are here, very happy together:—Sibell, Perf, Minnie and old Guy—alone till to-morrow when our Horse Show guests arrive. I made a brilliant recovery from my chill and think that it economises time to be definitely ill for two days after a long session. It rests me and starts me on another scale of easier life.

Darling Minnie and all of us had great disappointment

this morning. Guy has *not* got his extension of leave. It is purely damnable. On the other hand, Ned Talbot says 16th will be next for home.

Our party has expanded in the most extraordinary way owing to nice people inviting themselves. We shall be Sibell, Perf, self; Guy, Minnie, Madge, Geoffrey; Lord and Lady Rossmore; two Secretaries, 'Mr. Ho. and Mr. Ha.'¹ The above are party as contemplated. To which add Leinster, and Mr. Victor Corkran asked at odd moments and, Shelagh, Molly Crighton, Lady Mab Crighton who invited themselves by telegram. So we rely once more on the elasticity of an Irish house.

Guy and I come to you on the 1st. We cannot get to you on the 31st without travelling on Sunday night. We could shoot Wednesday, Thursday and Friday.

Just off to Church at Hibernian school.

I am *very* happy here and have quite broken the 'wheel of thought' in my old noddle. I hope to cheer Minnie up with horse-show and polo and races, and a fiddler, one evening, for Madge.

The Irish climate is most soothing.

Thank Papa for his letter. The writer in the 'Times' is my friend Street, who knows Pamela. Papa would delight in him. He was one of dear Henley's young men, clean shaved, chubby, rosy-gilled, sedate, literary, humorous, old Tory of 1745; portentously wise in all but making money, a ripe, mellow, preternaturally old young-man of letters who might, for anything you can observe to the contrary, have been staying last week at Crotchet Castle.

Have you ever read Peacock's 'Crotchet Castle' and 'Maid Marian?' Peacock was Shelley's and Byron's 'Creeky-Peeky.' 'Crotchet Castle' shows that we are no more modern and no less convinced of the folly of modernity than were sensible people one hundred years ago. Using electric lights instead of wax-candles makes no difference to good books, good company, good sense and good fellowship, and these, after all,—as Arthur

¹ Mr. Hornibrook and Mr. Hanson.

says (very often) in his speeches—are most of life that is worth enjoying. The fourteen professors ought to have stayed at Crotchet Castle with Street.

Love to all.—Your devoted son, GEORGE.

P.S.—I mention ‘Maid Marian’ because you can get it in one volume with ‘Crotchett Castle’ and because it was written at the same time as ‘Ivanhoe’ which I re-read in bed after seeing Coningsburgh—a wonderful Donjon.

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To Monsieur Auguste Rodin

35 PARK LANE, W.,
1st September '03.

MON CHER AMI,—Puis-je vraiment conter sur une visite de votre part pendant cet Automne ? Je serai chez moi en Irlande du 10 Septembre jusqu'à la fin d'Octobre : trop heureux de vous recevoir et tout disposé à poser pour mon buste.

Mon adresse sera

Right Hon^{ble} George Wyndham, M.P.,
Chief Secretary's Lodge,
Phoenix Park,
Dublin.

Je ne puis me consoler de la mort si triste de notre ami, Henley. C'était un grand Artiste et un brave cœur mais pour moi surtout un ami sans pareil.

Je suis toujours à vous, GEORGE WYNDHAM.

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To Charles Boyd

Private.

BELLINGHAM CASTLE,
CASTLEBELLINGHAM, IRELAND, 9th October '03.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—

‘ In spite of all temptations
To belong to other nations,
“ I remain ”—as you see—an
I-i-i-i-rishman ! ’

It is a curious development that, with Exchequer, Colonies and W.O. vacant, I should feel it an absolute duty to stay here. You will none of you—excepting yourself and dear Henley when still with us—quite understand how imperative is my duty here.

If I had deserted them all, the work since A. J. B. in '87-91 would have been imperilled and the tender plant of belief in our sincerity rooted up, not even to be sown again until after another weary round of 15 or 20 years. Now it thrives and is beginning to shoot out the frailest tendril of further belief in the Empire. Will it some day receive and shelter the birds of the air? I do not know. But just now, and without prejudice, and until cause is otherwise shown, and with all the qualifications, reservations, trepidations you can suggest, they do still in fact believe in me and tremble toward a belief in the Empire because of their belief in me.

By 'they' I mean the whole lot—Unionist, Nationalist, Celt, Norman, Elizabethan, Cromwellian, Williamite; Agriculturist and Industrialist; Educationist and Folklorist. What more do you want?—Yours ever,

GEORGE WYNDHAM.

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To Mrs. Drew

CHIEF SECRETARY'S LODGE,
October 14th, 1903.

. . . I re-visited Mallaranny and recalled my 'plunge' into the sea. I looked back upon the vicissitudes—greater than you know—of the Land Act with gratitude for your sympathy of a year ago. The Cabinet crisis convinced me of the stress your Father had in his time to face. The undoubted and growing desire of many interests in Ireland to draw together and treat each other in a more kindly and reasonable spirit, and—though I can scarcely breathe it to you—the resurrection, in all but absolute identity, of the Irish position on Catholic University Education which your Father was prevented

from turning to account—all these things bring from day to day a memory of you to my mind and an increasing wish that you would make some sign of friendship.

Even if you are angry with us all politically, that would not make a difference—would it ?

Anyhow your Father's Life is the last touch and I *must* write. I wish I could see you. I stayed here to work on at the Land Question and to hope for another miracle over the University Question. That seemed a plain duty. With new English universities in Liverpool, Leeds, Manchester (the old Victoria), Birmingham and now Sheffield, it is madness to leave Ireland once more behind. It is odious to do so out of spite or cowardice. But perhaps one cannot have two miracles in two years.

I find from the note on p. 223, Vol. I., that you are my cousin, my fourth cousin, but still of my kin. For Sir W. Wyndham was my great-great-great, and apparently yours also. (He was Grandfather to Lady Glynne) That is a pleasant thought.

Be very dear and write to say that, Fiscals or no Fiscals, you hope that I may do something for University Education here. But do not, as yet, say to others that I am off again after dreams. If I fail I shall help the other side when they come in to right this ancient wrong.

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To his Father

CHIEF SECRETARY'S LODGE,
PHOENIX PARK, DUBLIN, *October 15th, 1903.*

MY DEAREST PAPA,—I have been commiserating with you very much. But, as you say, the big political wigs are providing a good entertainment. If anything were needed to expose the folly of those who cried 'efficiency,' and cried for 'business methods' it is that they no longer cry for these things, but sit down in the stalls to enjoy a down-right rhetorical hammer-and-tongs set-to between the big wigs. That is what Englishmen enjoy without

your excuse of convalescence. The huge blue-book of statistics; the speeches by manufacturers, all that is expert or informed, the rival theories of economic schools, are bundled aside to a general 'Ah' of relief and satisfaction, punctuated by 'go it, Joey,' 'bravo! here's Rosebery in the ring!' Even the War Commission report is used only as a missile. South Africa, the Far East, Morocco, Ireland, the Navy may 'go hang.' Education was all very well; but, with Nonconformists who can't fight well, or won't fight fair, it pales before a classic campaign of renowned gladiators. 'Heavy pounding, gentlemen, and who can pound longest' is the one consideration.

This instinct of Englishmen is probably sound. You must drop building when the battle begins. I prefer building to fighting. But, once fighting has begun, I believe in fighting hard in order to get it over and get on to building again. Arthur's 'little ministry' is not a bad 'fighting unit.' Arnold Forster and Graham Murray are good men on the platform. Austen Chamberlain carries weight, Selborne is pretty useful. Stanley can rally Lancashire. I mean to 'lift' the Irish division and Kent brigade.

I have written to all my new colleagues welcoming them to the fray and suggesting that, for the present, they should not busy themselves in their offices but stick to hitting the other side. We must out-gun the enemy in the 'Artillery Preparation' during the Autumn; fire two shots to their one, and be careful not to mask each other's fire by speaking on the same day.

If the press backs us the 'little Ministry' will win as, to compare small things with great, Pitt and his young friends won after the collapse of the Rockingham Whigs.

My Edinburgh meeting stands. It is on November 27th. But I feel I ought to give my own constituents the first turn. So Sibell and I come to England on Wednesday *next*, 21st, and on Friday, 23rd I speak at a Dover Public Meeting. On 28th I take Primrose League Banquet there. I mean also to speak at Cockermouth, or Workington, on my way from Edinburgh.

I shall be careful, of course, but not timid. I have 'cleared the deck,' by hard work of Land Act administration, etc., and am free to collect ammunition for the campaign.

My Dover friends are nervous and would like me to postpone the public meeting until after the municipal election. I do not agree. I am all for slow *strategy* but do not believe in dilatory *tactics*. Once within striking distance, hit hard and hit often, and the more so if you have been led within that distance sooner than your own judgment thought it wise

We shall look you up on Wednesday evening or Thursday morning.—Your loving son,
GEORGE.

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Private.

To Moreton Frewen

CHIEF SECRETARY'S LODGE,
 DUBLIN, November 14th, 1903.

MY DEAR MORETON,—I am sorry to have missed you.

I am disappointed and chagrined by recent events. Nor can I take the sanguine view that the Land Act will fulfil the objects of the Land Conference if it is to be assailed daily by the 'Freeman,' Davitt and Dillon. My power of usefulness to Ireland is already diminished and may be destroyed.

I had convinced my colleagues, a majority of our supporters in the House, and a still larger majority in the large towns of England, that it was right in itself to foster Union among Irishmen, and to obliterate the vestiges of ancient feuds without troubling ourselves about the ultimate effect of social reconciliation on Ireland's attitude towards the 'Home Rule' versus 'Union' controversy.

And this is set back, you cannot deal with the 'University Question' or the 'Labourers' question if so large and beneficent a measure of the Land Act is to be used only to divide classes more sharply.

Take the labourer's question. All things, in the end, turn on Finance, the resources for the labourers' Acts turn ultimately on local loan stock. That stock is interwoven with all the loans of municipal corporations, etc., etc. Our credit is low.

How can I negotiate for better terms, extension of period of repayment—not to mention the allocation of any savings that can be effected in the cost of Irish Government—if the only result of authorising a loan of £100,000,000 at $2\frac{3}{4}$ with a 68 years' period of redemption, is to produce a pandemonium in Ireland?

The English are very jealous of the Land Act. They want credit on easy terms for many purposes—for their own labourers, for artisan dwellings, for equalizing rates, for municipal schemes.

Unless those who care for Ireland can show that the Conference and Land Act have produced social reconciliation, I cannot get a hearing for using *Imperial* credit and *Irish* savings in accordance with the views of a United Ireland.

That is my policy. It is not heroic. But it would directly be of great benefit; and indirectly of far greater results. There is no scope for heroic Finance just now.

If, however, I had a united Irish Party, with leaders not subject to repudiation, prepared to co-operate, to a certain extent, with Irish landlords, scholars and business men, I could get Irish savings for Irish purposes and equivalent grants whenever England helps herself too freely out of the common Exchequer.

My point is that I get beaten in detail if I am rebuffed by jeering allusions to Irish reconciliation. I am nearly tired out.

I have been slaving away with the Treasury; with Trinity and the Presbyterians; with the Chairmen of Irish railways; and had hoped to be in a position to approach Redmond—preferably to approach not only the leader of the Irish Party, but something like a larger conference—and to secure the united action of Ireland on Education, allotments, housing.

Now—I suppose—it would only embarrass Redmond to meet me, or correspond on these matters. And, in any case, my position is much weaker than it was three weeks ago, because Ireland's position is weaker.

So long as Dillon and the 'Freeman' show that their object is to cut down the incomes of the landlords, it is impossible to deal with 'Evicted Tenants' and 'Congestion,' and still more impossible to take on new subjects.

It is very hard on Redmond that anyone should have made capital out of the sale of his estate. O'Brien ought not to have left him without warning.

But I will not lose heart. There is a bad set back. I cannot be as confident as I was of having much to offer. If Dillon persists in 'wrecking,' the credit for this Land Act will not expand beyond £5,000,000 a year to the Orangemen, and their allies will criticise my reductions in the police.

To put it shortly: I cannot (1) get Imperial credit; (2) make and keep savings for Ireland if every action taken by the Government on the advice, and with the assent, of Irishmen, is used only to attack the fortunes and insult the feelings of those classes in Ireland whom the great majority of people in England feel bound to protect.

On the other hand, if the English were once assured of their safety, Parliament would—I believe—be very ready to sanction the development of Ireland on Irish lines. This might take us very far indeed in what I believe to be the right direction.

The two countries are utterly dissimilar, both in their needs and their resources, and above all, in the genius and temperament of their inhabitants.

If the Irish could so far agree as to demonstrate the safety of threatened classes, and to allow them some place in local government, the English would welcome that fact as the discharge of an onerous obligation, and—as time went on—admit any reasonable consequences.

—Yours very sincerely,

GEORGE WYNDHAM.

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To his Father

35 PARK LANE W.,
November 21st, 1903.

MY DEAREST PAPA,—I am not surprised at your inability to follow the ‘exits and entrances’ of Irish Leaders. I understand, but it is not easy to explain.

Briefly, there are two fundamental groups in Irish Nationalism: (1) The political descendants of the ‘Young Irelander.’ They, as a rule, wish to improve the economic and constitutional position of Ireland in order some day, to make what they hold to be better economic and constitutional terms with England. They hate the Union and hate ‘British’ ideas, but, as a rule, would like to gather up all the personal resources of Ireland, Moderate landlords, the Bar, the Towns, Commerce, etc. into a more harmonious and therefore stronger Ireland hoping, immediately, to get more generous financial treatment and acquiescence to Irish modes of thought *e.g.* Protection, State-aid to Industry etc., and ultimately, to get Home Rule, or a large measure of Local Self Government.

(2) The second group are, primarily, Agrarian Socialists and, secondarily, professional agitators who attack property and sow dissension in order to postpone any solution.

Historically; Parnell belonged to group (1) but, for a time, fused with it group (2) in his ‘No Rent’ agitation, in order to ‘kick up a dust’ and collect money in America.

Per contra, O’Brien belonged to group (2) but, seeing the misery and futility of Agrarian Agitation, joined Redmond in signing the Land Conference Peace.

They meant to go for Class Reconciliation.

But Dillon, who is a pure Agrarian sore-head, Davitt, who is a pure Revolutionary Socialist; Sexton, Editor of the ‘Freeman,’ who has been left out of Parliamentary life; joined together to ‘spike’ conciliation. The high water-mark of Class Conciliation is represented by the ‘Irish People’—O’Brien’s paper of November 7th.

Immediately after publishing that, with an article in it by Dunraven—praise of myself—the substitution of ‘shamrocks’ for crossed ‘pikes and muskets’ between the paragraphs, he ‘threw up the sponge,’ resigned and stopped the paper.

This, on the face of it, is bad. But it has frightened the moderates; and I am re-weaving my web.

The Roman Catholic Church wobbles from one side to the other.

Meanwhile the dynamic finance of the Land Act continues to operate and good sense will win, though not quite so soon as I might have hoped.

Redmond went to Limerick—a city—and was well supported.

His fear, and the fear also of the landlords is that I may resign in disgust. It is all to the good that they should be frightened. But I have not the slightest intention of taking their antics to heart and hope that, in some ways, all the pother will do good.

Just for the moment the Irish Government is the only popular and powerful force in Irish life.

This shows how right I was to stick to Ireland. If I had gone elsewhere O’Brien would have resigned and saddled me with the blame for leaving him and Redmond alone exposed to the ‘Freeman,’ and Davitt Dillon & Co.

I have left all that in train and am concentrating on speeches at Edinburgh, November 27th: Workington, Cockermouth, a luncheon, and Liverpool.

All love to all at Clouds.—Your loving son,

GEORGE.

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To his Father

35 PARK LANE, W.,
November 22nd, 1903.

MY DEAREST PAPA,—Are you reading Morley’s ‘Gladstone’? Vol. I. chapter 8, and especially pp. 254 onwards will interest you in connexion with ‘Fiscals.’

It seems to me that we have paid the penalty of a historical muddle.

Peel did do a great thing.

Finding (i.) a deficit for three cumulative years, (ii.) indirect taxation on 1200 articles, (iii.) a corn tax *prohibitive* at 70/- a quarter, (iv.) stupid aggravations from the wooden operation of the sliding scale, (v.) the operatives in the towns at the mercy—in the age of sailing ships and undeveloped continents—of our own harvest ; he :—

(a) imposed an income tax.

(b) worked towards a fixed duty on corn at 8/- (or 10/- no matter).

(c) revised the taxes intelligently on 750 out of 1200 articles.

That is great, intelligent work.

We want to get back to a like intelligent and comprehensive handling of these questions in the light of new conditions—developed continents ; steam instead of sails ; reaping machines ; national competition ; bounties ; trusts ; dumping.

We—in a sense—are Peelites. See specially Gladstone on p. 262.—Your loving son,

GEORGE.

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To his Mother

ROSSMORE,

MONAGHAN, IRELAND, *December 23rd, 1903.*

MOST DARLING MAMMA,—This is to wish you a most happy Christmas. I loved your letter about Bassen-thwaite, and Withup Hill. I felt it intensely too and was in mind a boy of seven to fourteen. I think, now, that I should like to go there with you some August or September. I do not believe that either you or I have changed much inside, if at all, in the last thirty years. Anyway ghosts ought not to be unhappy. The fact that there are only a few ghosts at all, apparently, discontented about trifles seems to show that the great majority of ghosts are very happy and too absorbed in iridescent

recollections when they revisit immemorial scenes to trouble about manifesting themselves to the living.

I enjoyed being a ghost all the way from Penrith to Workington with a kind of inverted home-sickness. And, in the evening, I went to a political meeting instead of a play with Mr. Holland. Otherwise it might have been the last day of the holidays in -73, -4, -5, or -6.

All love to you, most Darling.—Ever your most loving son,
 GEORGE.

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To his Father

CHIEF SECRETARY'S LODGE,
 PHOENIX PARK, DUBLIN, *Christmas Eve*, 1903.

MY DEAREST PAPA,—I wish you a happy Christmas and all good luck in the New Year. Perf and I had a good hunt last Saturday with the Kildares from Enfield. He went very well.

In the hunting field several landlords and tenants thanked me for the Land Act. It is winning its way slowly but steadily. The English Press seems more ignorant than ever of all that happens in this country. I should have made a disastrous mistake if I had left in September.

We shot—Perf and I—two days with Lord Rossmore. Perf shot well. I saw him kill five rabbits running rapidly among rocks and bracken and he shot two woodcock. We got twenty-three altogether yesterday and a bag of nearly 300 head, mostly pheasants and rabbits.

The Cabinets have been *very interesting* lately; but entail much heavy work, at them and between them.—
 Your loving son,
 GEORGE.

494

To Lt.-Col. Stephen Frewen

CHIEF SECRETARY'S LODGE,
 DUBLIN, *December 28th*, 1903.

MY DEAR STE,—Many thanks for your letter, good wishes and 'cuttings.' My enthusiasm is not damped

by the 'Freeman.' The Land Act is winning steadily against that organ. All the 'able editors' and 'village Solomons' in Ireland can only delay it a little, and, with Consols at $88\frac{1}{2}$, that is not an unmixed evil.

All the same, they were great fools to give the English an excuse for going slowly.

All good luck to you in the New Year.—Yours ever,

GEORGE W.

495

To Philip Hanson

Private and Confidential.

IRISH OFFICE,
OLD QUEEN STREET, S.W., 29.i.04.

MY DEAR P. H.,—You will see by enclosed that Co. Mayo has responded. Now, can the B. of W. go 'full steam ahead'?

Redmond has sent me a courteous notice of his intention to raise the whole question of Irish Government and inefficiency in *all* departments. So tremble!

I have asked U. S. to get from each Department a *brief*—and I mean by that a *brief*, very brief—statement of noble benefits conferred, and lavish Financial assistance.

Lansdowne suggests that I should defend our old W. O. in 1899 against Robson, K.C., and the War Commission.

We are 'whizzing' over the Army and Foreign affairs. Altogether a merry time, and I miss you.—Yours ever,

GEORGE W.

496

To Philip Hanson

35 PARK LANE, W.,
12.40 a.m., 24th February '04.

MY DEAR P. H.,—I am minded to write to you, not to convey or seek information but, (observe Henley comma) merely for companionship. Your photograph hangs on my wall, bearing the significant legend 1898-1904. I

wish we could have had the last three weeks together. They have projected a reflex—pale but insistent—of February 1900. The Irish have, seemingly, reverted to ‘Constitutional methods’ à la Butt, which is as much as to say, polite, but insatiable, demands for information and pronouncements of policy from the Chief Secretary coupled with veiled obstruction and unabashed interruption of everybody else; the whole framed in a bold declaration that they vote on all questions irrespective of their merits for the sole purpose of baiting the Government and Opposition—Cæsar and Pompey, very much alike, specially Pompey.

I gather from A. P. MacDonnell’s postal and telegraphic and reiterated communications ‘qua’ Irish University that, in Ireland, you have no conception of the Devil’s own rumpus which is exploding furibondically on this side the water. I am in my element: Consols at 85½; European complications; unimaginable Estimates for Navy and Army; Roberts sacked; Protestant campaign; no substantive legislation for any, bar Brewers; huge deficit; panic on Continental Bourses; insults to Wanklyn from ‘my Secretary’ Moore ‘Junior’; pistols and coffee for two, or more. Such time as I can spare from eating, sleeping and talking is spent in walking the corridors of the House, arm-in-arm with desperately earnest men. Such is life in 1904.

Give me, say I, space of 4 dimensions, or the Absolute; or the ‘Plastic stress.’ I ask for no more after making a speech of one hour, equally acceptable to Willie Redmond and Banbury, and equally intelligible to both.—Yours ever,

G. W.

497

To his Father

BELVOIR CASTLE,

GRANTHAM, February 28th, 1904.

MY DEAREST PAPA,—We came here—Saturday to Monday—on a family visit of ceremony to the Duke;

'uncle John' as Sibell calls him. It is rather hard to follow the relationships owing to the length of some of the generations. The Duke's *sister* was Sibell's grandmother. It is curious to stay with anybody whose mother was married in the XVIIIth Century. Yet so it is. His father and mother married in 1799. My host is the great-grandson of *the* Marquess of Granby, Commander-in-Chief and the great-grand-uncle of Mister Percy!

I have been by way of coming here ever since I married seventeen years ago.—Your loving son, GEORGE.

498

To Mrs. Drew

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
St. Patrick's Day, 1904.

I 'am little better than one of the wicked' not to have answered before. I always love the sight of your handwriting and I long for a talk—I will not grumble in a letter. But I am rather tired and wholly overworked. It is dear of you to tell me of books to read. But I want to see you.

Could you, miraculously, come to London to go with me and Pamela to see the Irish National Theatre play at the Royalty on Saturday 26th March? They are new and true: all light and delight. The man and woman who act have genius. Barrie tried to get her at £50 a week to act in 'Little Mary.' But they are wrapped up in their revival, and properly contemptuous. Do come. I am sure we can put you up at 35 Park Lane. I am starved of friendship.

499

To Charles Boyd

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
St. Patrick's Day, 1904.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—Your letter gave me great joy in the 'companionship of your letter.' I have been

starved of friendship latterly ; overworked, and put on as a 'smoother' where smoothing could scarcely be. That makes for Fatigue.

But, anon, we will have better times.

Now as to your question : not a bracelet, or ornament. She has too many and cares not for them. If you desire to please—as you do—seek some old and beautiful book of Devotion ; the Life of a Saint ; a Vulgate ; an Italian crucifix ; an ivory Virgin. Or else, just a beautiful object ; a box, or enamel, etc. That is the line. Yet flowers would be as welcome. I will choose a day for dinner soon. Just now I am hypothecated body and soul, up to the armpit.—Yours ever in the brotherly bond,

GEORGE W.

500

To his Sister, Pamela

IRISH OFFICE,

OLD QUEEN STREET, S.W., 1st May 1904.

MOST DARLING PAMELA,—I am glad that you spread yourself over quarto on St. George's Day. I have since then been contracted by the Royal Visit to Ireland, but, arrived this morning, I now in turn bulge out.

It was a blow to miss you and the Bims at Easter. I am undergoing a phase—always a welcome sign of life. It took the form of nausea at Politics, nostalgia for poetry, and a lurch in that direction ; a pious, ghostly and regretful return to 'fallen places of my dead delight.' For the moment it seemed less empty than asking of the Irish 'Why does one Punch-and-Judy beat the other Punch-and-Judy?' It feels like falling in love again with the same person. I say to poetry, as Catullus to Lesbia :—

'Ut liceat nobis tota producere vita

Aeternum hoc sanctae foedus amicitiae.'

'O that it may be vouchsafed to us to draw out and on through the whole of life this eternal compact of holy affection.' Instead of which . . . but avaunt ! I must

get the life of Hayden ; must see you ; and meet Margaret ;¹ and soon. Now, my dear, the only day I can propose in any near future is Saturday the 14th May. Next Saturday, the 7th, is also possible, but probably too near. I should like to meet Margaret very much.

For Whitsuntide I go to Paris to be ‘busted’ by Rodin in ten days. I desire to keep touch with letters and sculpture during these divine days of spring leaves and sunshine and so keep an escape way open from the dustiness and fustiness of politics. I did not see your Legend of the N. W., but I heard of him and nothing that was not to his credit.

The Queen was as beautiful as ever in Ireland, and the King as kind as ever. I love being with them. You would have appreciated the ‘Command’ night at the theatre. The audience, 4000 in uniform and tiaras, with a gallery packed from the streets, stood up in one wave towards the Royal Box. And then the Gallery sang ‘God save the King’ for two minutes, without a note from the band ; in the same key.

But I wish it meant more for Ireland ; that they were not such Punches and such Judys ; that the English were not so fulfilled with the rubbish of the moment ; in short, that people would think and feel and dream more, and fuss and scold less. Let me obey my own precept and refrain from scolding anybody.

I hunger for someone to arise and write a very beautiful book, at once restrained and lyrical. ‘How all impoverished and fallen from renown’ are these days ! whilst April laughs above us through her tears. Will no one shine again above the little arts and devices of a day ?

‘Urit enim fulgore suo qui praegravat artes
Infra se impositas ; extinctus amabitur idem.’

‘For he burns with his own splendour who presses down the arts beneath his excellence ; when his light has gone out he is still loved the same.’

¹ Mrs. Mackail.

Well, well, I shall go out and see the green leaves and come to you by glassy waters. And the Past shall sing to us of the Future.—Your most loving brother,

GEORGE.

501

To his Sister, Pamela

PAVILLON DE BELLEVUE.

24 Mai, 1904.

DARLING PAMELO,—I came to these parts—as you know—to be ‘busted’ by Rodin, and, at last, have struck a perfect ‘pitch,’ here at Bellevue. We went first to the Hôtel d’Iéna and I hated it: darkness filled with other people’s conversation through their partitions and mainly in the American voice. I pined for three days apart from Rodin, who was perfect, and two dinners at Paillard, at one of which I saw a really beautiful French woman, and learned from the waiter that she was Madame Leterrier, wife of the Editor of ‘Le Journal.’ We dined also with Alphonse Rothschild; saw a beautiful Raphael, which I remembered in Rome, anno 1887, and there, too, I had a capital talk with a Marquis de Dulau; the witty, well-bred Frenchman of the past, who make the best companions for most evenings. In politics he is a disenchanted Orleanist. We *dejeuné-ed* to-day with Duchesse de Luynes, our Legitimist friend. They are children, arrested in intelligence and so narrow that you couldn’t put a knife into them even if you wanted to. They hate us (as a nation; love us as friends), hate Jews, Americans, the present and last two centuries, the Government, Rodin, the future, the Fine Arts. Apart from an arsenal of dislikes, they are unconscious of the Universe.

You may imagine how I delighted in Rodin for four or five solid hours a day. I stand for $\frac{1}{4}$ hour and then talk for ten minutes. We have run over the whole Universe lightly, but deeply. His conversation is something like this:—

La beauté est partout ; dans le corps humain, dans les arbres, les animaux, les collines, dans chaque partie du corps, aussi bien dans la vieillesse que dans la jeunesse. Tout est beau. Le modelé n'est qu'un. Dieu l'a fait pour refléter la lumière et retenir l'ombre. Si nous parlons images, c'est ainsi qu'il s'est exprimé en faisant la terre. Je ne lis pas le Grec ; les Grecs me parlent par leurs œuvres. . . . Eh bien, oui, voyez . . . (prenons un moment de repos) . . . (Showing one of his groups) . . . C'est la main de Dieu. Elle sort du rocher, du chaos, des nuages. Elle a bien la pousse d'un sculpteur. Elle tient le limon et là-dessus se créent Adam et Eve. La femme c'est la couronne de l'homme. La vie, l'énergie c'est tout . . . Ces portes ? Oui, elles seront bientôt finies. J'y ai travaillé pendant vingt ans. Mais j'ai beaucoup appris pendant ce temps-là. D'abord, je cherchais le mouvement. Après, j'ai su que les Grecs ont trouvé la vie dans le repos. C'est tout ce qu'il faut. Où la vie circule, la sculpture plaît !

All this is Greek to Madame de Luynes ; so ' nous détestons Rodin.' Meanwhile he is there all the time, and perhaps, for all time. In any case a very great man and the greatest Dear.

So here we are near his house at Meudon. This, Bellevue, is a French Richmond. We came to it, 20 minutes in a boat, and up 100 yards in a funicular. We are on a height, amid tree-tops, in silence, with the forest of Meudon behind us. We drove in it before dinner, heard the cuckoo ; smelt the damp woods, saw the sun set and dined on a terrace as the stars came out. It is an ideal spot, 20 minutes from picture galleries, and any friend you want to see—such a difference—and two minutes walk from a forest. Our rooms are large, light and clean and look out over the void into the stars. It is just like Cliveden. The site was chosen by Madame de Pompadour, and the ruins of her ' Brimborion ' are next the terrace, overgrown with ivy.

That is all there is to tell you.

I met Ian Malcolm and his wife. They reminded me

that I had promised an inscription for the cup I gave them as a wedding present, so I wrote this :—

‘ I gave this cup, Love filled it, drink and prove
How everlasting is the fount of love.’

—excellent advice, given in the manner of the Greek Anthology.

The bust is going to be very good ; not in the least catastrophic or Demiurgic, but just simply—Your devoted brother,
GEORGE.

P.S.—Not ‘ in his habit as he lived,’ for there are no clothes.

502

To his Sister, Pamela

PAVILLON DE BELLEVUE.

26 Mai, 1904.

DARLING PAMĒLO,—I must just add to my letter that nightingales sing here all night. I listened to them at midnight and again at 2 a.m. this morning. It is much to be on a height amid tree tops, with nightingales, six or seven, singing between you and the river below, and beyond the river, a deep violet gloom, picked out by the tearful lights of Paris. The nightingales are singing now—10.45—terrifically. I wonder what they thought of the Band which played Faust and Tristram among their trees till an hour ago ?

There are soft scarfs of cloud against the stars, and sapphire darkness overhead. The acacias are Japanese in blossom. The roses ramp up old stocks. The band—thank God—has gone to bed, a dog is barking in Auteuil, over the river I hear the whistle and pantings of trains. And these nightingales go it—jug-jug-tu-whee-whee-reu-reu-reu-whee-tu-tu-tereu, jug-jug-whee-whee, pissle-pissle-rew-too—and so forth.

As Rodin says—it is curious that with all our Art, our sculpture, our painting, our theatres, we have done nothing so good as Nature. What an irony it is of the

Aristophanes of Heaven that we labour, with our Imperialisms and our Nationalisms, our gold-mines and transits, our Education (may God forgive us !) to make more people who shall see, and be able to see, the beauty of the World. And yet all the time we destroy it.

Here, for how long ? for a year or two more, the old road reaches in zig-zag up a forbidding ascent of cobblestones to forests as they were in the 13th century. The river flows 100 yards below. And beyond the dog barks, as when he guarded savages in their wattled forts. But further the trains pant and rumble and whistle and 'tout Paris' asserts itself in points of electric light.—Your devoted brother,

GEORGE.

503

To Wilfrid Scawen Blunt

35 PARK LANE, W.,
11 August '04.

MY DEAR WILFRID,—I think I saw the draft, but am not quite sure. I hope to leave London almost immediately. Perhaps it would be well to send it registered to me next week at

Madresfield Court,
Malvern Link.

I shall try to meet you at Clouds September 1st. I should enjoy immensely some riding with you and a Squire's Partridge shoot, with time-honoured keepers, untrained dogs, cider for lunch and recitations from the 'Idler's Calendar.'

Am very much overworked and disposed to hum

'In Summer when the shaws be sheen
And leves both brode and longe,
Full merye Hyt is in faire Forest
To hear the foullys songe.'

—Yours affectionately,

GEORGE W.

504

To Wilfrid Scawen Blunt

CLOUDS,

SALISBURY, 1 September 1904.

MY DEAR WILFRID,—I return, in another large envelope, the draft of the settlement which I have read and approve.

I am very glad to find that we shall meet here if you hold by your plan of coming on Monday. Sibell and Percy will also be here, so do not fail. If you will send me a line indicating your route from Stonehenge, I will ride out early on Monday to meet you with Dorothy, if I can get her to accompany me. I imagine that you will come by Wylie and will reconnoitre for you beyond. If you make an early start you would be at Wylie between 8 and 9.

Percy has been touring through Connemara in buggies with a party of friends. He has written me capital letters which I will show you. I rode here from Cranborne Manor yesterday, over 5 miles of down, then 3 of Cranborne Chace to the high ridge of down and on by Fern, Wardour, Pyt House, Summerleas to E. Knoyle. Sibell and Percy are expected to-night. I hope you will not change your plans, as I want to see you, shoot, ride and talk; and I want Percy to know you well.—Yours affectionately,

GEORGE WYNDHAM.

505

To Wilfrid Ward

CHIEF SECRETARY'S LODGE,

DUBLIN, October 9th, 1904.

MY DEAR WILFRID,—I have awaited Sunday to thank you for the 'Aubrey de Vere' and once more to express gratitude for the 'Dedication.' I have not had leisure to read the book yet, but I have followed the Reviews. Evidently you have scored a marked success. You hold a strong and established position from which you can

exert much influence on the views of your contemporaries. That is power. And you use your power to the best ends.

I am wrestling with my Rectorial Address. The pen, for a longish effort, has become rather unfamiliar to me. My inclination is to speak and my tendency to be too rhetorical for a Rector. So soon as I have read the book I will write again.

With my kindest regards to your wife.—Yours ever,
GEORGE WYNDHAM.

506

To Charles Boyd

CHIEF SECRETARY'S LODGE,
PHENIX PARK, DUBLIN, 18th October '04.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—*First* let me write of immediate, and selfish, matters.

By the Bond, and the brotherhood of the Bond, these presents adjure you that you do instantly *and* forthwith repair to Constable's—your London Constable's or Edinburgh Constable's—preferably London Constable's, so that you may enforce by word and if need be by blows instead of by letter. Repair then to your Constable's and arrange (i.) that they *print* without delay my Address;¹ that they send it in 'galleys,' twice, if need be, here; that they print it for my own use in type which I shall select, vouchsafing to them (for the time being and under your responsibility of blood-bondship) my treasure, to wit, the sheets from which A. J. B. read his Glasgow address.

(ii.) Arrange with your Constables, for me, that they publish my address; reserve foreign and American rights; pay me whatever you think proper; to undertake that I may—if I choose—republish at some future date in a volume of collected Essays—with Plutarch, Shakespeare, etc.—if the whim so prompts me.

In all seriousness I am hard pressed and over-pressed. I know what printers are. Unless you will personally harangue and kick them I shall get no 'proof' in time.

¹ 'The Development of the State.'

If they 'buck up' under your personal persuasion, you shall choose the date of the Address. The second week in November—late in that, or early in the third—smiles at me. Cabinets are apt to fall on Fridays or Mondays; for we pander to week-enders.

So to arrive at Glasgow, clean and crisp, or to get back for a Cabinet, Wednesday looks like the day. The 9th is impossible. *Manent* the 16th and 23rd.

I am not happy about the Address. It is suggestive, but congested. I have written it with blood and sweat against time and amid continual interruptions. Still, I finished the MS. this afternoon. But I must cut and expand and 'comb' 'no end' on the proofs. This the excellent Constable must take into account.

Now, *I do ask you to help in the above.* For I am water-logged in administration here.

And, *secondly* (see first line) I come to your S. African problem. I write—under the seal of the Bond—very bluntly and coarsely. If you find wisdom in my words, sharpen and sweeten and moderate before you pass on that wisdom. After Milner we need a man of character, but not an ingenious man, not a man of initiative, or ideas.

To my mind W—— will not do. To select him is to repeat the mistake sometimes made even by C. J. R., that is, in avoiding a man likely to strike out a line of his own, we tumble on a dumpling, apparently rotund, but essentially plastic to *other* people's ideas; without initiative, which is good; but inert into the bargain, which is bad. Avoid him. He is a 'stumer.'

Of course if A. L. can be translated, why 'Hurray!' I am all for that. It would be an experiment; but a grand experiment and signal illustration of the Imperial thesis. The interchangeability of Cabinet Ministers and pro-consuls is the first step in practical demonstration.

If that 'cock won't fight,' I should ask B. of B., ex-Colonial Governors, retired Generals, and all the ancient vamps.

Do something else and something new, right away.

In my political crowd novelty and *safety* would be good in one of two men. *Lord Stanley*, the P.M.G., has character, saw S. Africa; has blatant, (apparent) good-nature, but is sterling. No risk of ideas and initiative, and no risk of being directed or transmogrified. His father is young. He is popular with the other side. He might accept and would not be recalled.

2. Graham Murray; he is adroit, but sound. I know you think this impracticable. But he would prove an excellent bureaucrat, play the game, and avoid sensation. I mean what I write. Verb. sap.

And now—under the Bond—distil this, and do arrange (a) the printing, (b) the subsequent publication of my address.—Yours,

G. W.

507

To his Sister, Mary

CHIEF SECRETARY'S LODGE,
PHENIX PARK, DUBLIN, 19th October '04.

BELoved CHANG,—Excellent. I will come on Saturday afternoon and take a real holiday on Sunday with you, dear Evelyn¹ and darling Mamma. Give my love to Cyncie and let us all have a ride in the Phoenix on Monday afternoon. You can go on by the evening boat and sleep the better for the exercise.

I thought Arthur's Edinburgh speech perfect. It has rallied all 'bien pensants' Free Fooders and yet enabled Imperialists like your little brother, to pursue their mission which has nothing in common with Protection, and very little with Retaliation. I am working in the Castle to-day for a change. I finished the M.S. of my Address yesterday: after two 'smashing' days. So am tired and happier. Of course that is only the first stage; there follow, (1) typed copy, (2) proof in 'galleys,' (3) proof in pages. And these are the critical stages.

¹ Lady de Vescei.

I do more work in them than when writing, but they do not tire me. It is the mental strain of *composing*, of avoiding committal to blind alleys and excursions over 'illimitable veldts' of interesting, but irrelevant, matter, accompanied by the—to me—physical weariness and 'nausea' of driving a pen for 9 or 10 hours that sickens and kills. I retch from nervous abhorrence of the task. But as Dr. Johnson justly observed, 'any man can write if he will set himself doggedly to do it.' I 'dogged' it for 48 hours and feel to-day serene and buoyant. I should like to give the address the day before Arthur's Glasgow speech and stay for that. He speaks—I think—on November 23rd.

Nobody 'stage-manages' for Arthur. I used to when I was his P. S. And it *is* important. It does not do—as the proverb goes—'to let the Devil have all the good tunes.' A. J. ought to have Cabinet Ministers and fair ladies, and many M.P.'s, on his platform when he makes a big speech as P. M. and leader of our Party.

508

To Mrs. Drew

MADRESFIELD,
October 30th, 1904.

I have waited until the North Sea crisis is over—as I trust and believe it to be. So I too am here with the Saints, Sibell and Lettie, between Friday's Cabinet and another at 12.30 to-morrow. I feel as if balm had been poured all over me. Lettie's attitude towards imminent maternity is a pure joy. One almost expects to find haloes hung up on the hat-pegs. It makes me feel that the family, and above all the Mother and Child, constitute the central fact and final end of human life and *politics*, as they were the origin.

Are you, by chance, following Oliver Lodge's pronouncements? They interest me deeply. He is a sage in the front of modern science. A year and a half ago, he was at the point of saying to me that Christianity and the

Church had made Faith unnecessarily hard to thinkers. But at Babraham the other day, after Arthur's Address to the British Association, he said suddenly, 'I begin to see that the Church was right about the Incarnation.' I am not, therefore, surprised to find Ray Lankester and other Weissmann-ites pommelling him in the Press for, I imagine, subconscious betrayal of this change in his lectures and addresses.

I shall try and interpolate a bit of Lord Acton in my Address. The Address is, I hope, suggestive, but I know congested. I ought to blow it to bits and build something more modest out of the debris. I do not quite agree with his (Lord Acton's) views on Nationality. But the difficulty of agreeing, or even of dissenting, in these matters, is partly due to the fact that we all mean different things when we speak of Nationality; and that the word once meant, and still suggests, a number of other things all differing from any one thing which any one of us may mean now.

And this is the tangled skein which I am proposing to unwind! If Switzerland—as he declares—is a Nationality although its inhabitants speak French, German and Italian, are undoubtedly descended from all three, and most probably also from a non-Aryan, round-headed Race which took refuge in the Alps, where—I ask myself—are we? Why is Nationality to stop at Switzerland, or at France, hammered together out of Bretons, Gauls, Franks, Burgundians, Basques, etc.?

My inclination is to say that the process which produced these complex politics will continue to act, and that you cannot say 'halt!' at the stage of development contained in your own epoch. Things are going to proceed as they have proceeded. But—and here I agree with Lord Acton—if that be so, there must be reverence for the liberty of Individuals, and also for the local and traditional 'patriotism' of various races. And so on. . . .

I do not think that Devolution is practicable or wise, until we have had the pluck, or the luck, or both, necessary to settle the last stage in Catholic Emancipation. After

that, in conditions which we do not know, something may present itself which we cannot now foresee.

At present there is a darkness that can be felt in front of us all—a general tendency in Home politics and World politics to mistake fishing craft for torpedo boats. ‘Shoot first,’ is the Bismarckian message to mankind. To me it seems hysterical and carries the incidental disadvantage of reconstructing Christendom on the model of a mining-camp bar-saloon.

I rejoice at Hawarden’s propinquity to Saughton, and *insist* on seeing a great deal of you *next Autumn*.

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To his Father

35 PARK LANE, W.,
November 23rd, 1904.

MY DEAREST PAPA,—I have written Mamma a long letter on the Address and the students. The leader in the ‘Glasgow Herald’—the *Liberal* paper—is the most interesting and fair, to the point of generosity. For all that, I could begin arguing it all over again. For example the ‘Westminster’ cites America as a State which exhibits a complete solution of the ‘race’ difficulty. Of course, I had America in my mind through every denunciation of ‘cosmopolitanism.’ The ‘polyglot restaurants and international sleeping cars’ and ‘shoddy’ Universities, and Carnegie bribes give the classical example of all I detest. But, then, I could not attack America.

Glasgow University has existed for 453 years. Among my predecessors who have delivered Rectorial Addresses are Burke, Adam Smith, Brougham, Sir Robert Peel, Lord John Russell, Macaulay, Bulwer Lytton, Palmerston, Derby, Disraeli, Gladstone, Bright, Balfour, Chamberlain and Rosebery. Their ‘shades’ were close and menacing when I faced the audience.—Your loving son,

GEORGE WYNDHAM.

P.S.—Burke ‘broke down’ for the first and only time in his life during his Address.

510

To his Mother

35 PARK LANE, W.,
November 23rd, 1904.

MOST DARLING MAMMA,—I loved getting your letter yesterday morning before ‘going into action.’ I acknowledge that I was nervous. And nobody said anything to make me less nervous. They harped on the rowdiness of Finlay’s function last year; advised me to be popular and humorous; talked of Disraeli’s marvellous exhibition of memory in 1871 when he declaimed his Address on ‘The Spirit of the Age’ without a glance at the paper before him; and so on. I had gone through a hard week—State Banquet at Windsor, Wednesday; speech of hour and five minutes Dover, Thursday; Cabinet in London and speech at Dover, Friday; three speeches Saturday and kick-off at a Football Match; desperate journey through blizzard on Monday.

But I trusted the students, absolutely, because, like you, I belong all the time to the secret society of youth—and they guess it. Well, nothing could have been more delightful than the students. They were all things by turn; noisy and solemn, warm-hearted and respectful; showing the fantastic high-spirits and preternatural seriousness of extreme youth. They looked on me as their own property; treated me with the mingled awe and familiarity with which a boy treats his first gun or hunter—a thing that is his own property with two aspects; partly the last and best toy of his boyhood, partly the first talisman of his manhood, instinct with mysterious prophecies of unknown possibilities.

But you can’t analyse youth and I must just write down a few facts for, unless I do so now, I never shall. The old bothers begin again to-morrow.

The blizzard had cleared and there was a full moon shining on the frost when we arrived. Sibell went off with my ‘Assessor.’ I was taken for an hour’s torchlight procession by the students. They were—many of them,

say two hundred—in fancy dress, Zulus, policemen, clowns, etc. They leapt with excitement, cheered, sang songs and dragged me up a steep hill to the Principal's House. There I had to make them a short speech. I had only twenty minutes to dress for a big dinner of dons, M.P.'s, bishops and so forth, all very gracious. And Mrs. Storey, my hostess was a mother to me. After that a party with introductions to many and a smoke with two professors. The next morning I felt like Marlowe's Faustus waiting for the Devil to take him at 12. But on these occasions one becomes an automaton. I put on my Rectorial Robes, signed a Latin Declaration in a hall of the University and drove off with the Principal and my Assessor, preceded in another carriage by the Bedellus (Beadle in fact) with 15th century mace, and followed by a procession of open flys filled with dons in robes. So we reached Hengler's Circus. It was bitterly cold. The auditorium held between two and three thousand, and all the students were there raising Cain! We marched in, preceded by the Bedellus. They gave me a great reception. The Lord Provost and Corporation were there in robes and érmine. I found myself on the stage. Saw Sibell in a box. Heard the students interrupting a long Latin prayer with nasal Amens, penny whistles and trumpets and, introduced only by the words 'The Lord Rector' plunged into my Address. It was a strain. I had put up a great deal of weight. It seemed interminable. I had one or two panics—that it would last two hours; that they were only suffering me, not gladly; that they would lose patience and break out. This was borne in twice by organized shuffling of feet. Afterwards I heard this was a protest against two people who left the hall. At the words 'entrenched in a medley of' there was a wild outburst—afterwards explained by the fact that the name of one lecturer is Medley. But I did not betray any qualms and declaimed away, to a death-still attention, broken rather often by loud and prolonged applause. At the end they cheered again and again. By a miracle the trick had been done. They

nearly pulled my arms out of my body clutching my hands in powerful and frenzied grips of enthusiasm. They took the horses out and dragged me the whole way through the town. They made me speak again out of the landau. Then we had lunch. After lunch I made almost, if not quite, the best 'after dinner' speech I have ever made, just to show that I could be playful and speak without preparation. A brief interim of tea-drinking at the Principal's house and, lo, there were the students outside to take me to the 'Union'; evidently there, to judge by wild echoes of 'For he's a jolly good fellow.' I went out and was at once picked up and carried shoulder high to the 'Union.' There I made the Liberal leader speak, by replying to the now familiar cry of 'Speech' with a retort 'Debate.' We resolved ourselves into an informal smoking-concert, at the end of which I had to stand on the table and make another speech in which I pleased them a great deal. So they carried me all the way back, shoulder-high, singing 'And will ye no come back again.' Some of the nicest professors, specially Ramsay 'of Humanity' which means 'Latin' up there, called and were very kind. I then slept like a stone for an hour, dressed and dined with my Assessor, Baird, to meet students and dons. One don, Jones, a Welshman and lecturer on philosophy came in and we had a splendid discussion on the themes of the Address which they had all got hold of. The University Magazine, 'G. U. M.,' had a verbatim report on sale in the streets the moment I left Hengler's Circus. (I had given the Editor a copy and they had printed it in the night.) So they had read it after hearing it. I slept well and the students saw me off at the station with the old songs, etc. etc. Altogether a memorable experience. It proves once more that 'grand jeu' is the best game. They took the 'steepness' of the Address as a compliment. It confirms my conviction that you should *never* play *down* to an audience. Still—I will own that when I got up to deliver the Address, and once or twice during its delivery, I felt like poor old 'Manifesto' the steeple-chase horse with fourteen stone on his back.

And now I must go to bed ; for to-morrow I have to prepare against the United Club Dinner on Friday after a Cabinet. I am sending to Clouds a packet of the newspapers. The ' Scotsman ' and ' Glasgow Herald ' report verbatim and the ' Herald,' considering it is liberal, is very fair, indeed more than fair.

Best love to Papa and Ditch.—Ever your most loving son,
GEORGE.

511

To Charles Boyd

IRISH OFFICE,
 OLD QUEEN STREET, S.W., 24.xi.04.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—Your letter of 20th has only now reached me—4 p.m.—but it has reached to touch. I give three cheers for the Bond.

Last night I thought you might, perhaps, have been back, and sent you a note stating I was lonely ' after the Fair.'

I realised as deeply as you can have done the immense interest of Glasgow and of your presence for ' fraternity.' I had my eye on you at the little speech I made after luncheon on the 22nd. Indeed I made that speech to you.

For me, alas, there is no rest. I am grappling with a speech for to-morrow night, and am be-devilled by other—public—bothers. So I swear by the Bond ; and have, also, become a Scot—a Breadalbane Campbell¹ in the future, if you please ; with proclivities for the Stone Age.

A 1000 thanks for the letter and for Constable.—Ever your affectionately
GEORGE W.

512

To his Father

35 PARK LANE, W.,
 November 26th, 1904.

MY DEAREST PAPA,—I am waiting to send a respectable copy of my Address to Clouds : bound in vellum and

¹ His mother's family.

printed on paper instead of the wood-fibre and porcelain cement of a 'shilling shocker.'

But the publishers are 'slow dogs.' Meanwhile I send you, as an advance copy, a specimen of the shilling edition.

The three Latin quotations on the fly-leaf state the 'themes' of the symphony. The first from Ennius says, 'The Roman state stands on ancient customs and on *men*.' That is Tradition. The second from Claudian — 'floruit' 430—says, 'This is she who alone (among nations) accepted into her embrace those whom she had conquered . . . after the manner, not of an Empress, but of a Mother, and called those to be her citizens whom she had overthrown, and bound to herself by a chain of love the uttermost parts of the world. All of us owe to her peaceful practice that each guest enjoys her hospitality as if he were at home; that it is easy to change your residence.' That is Transit. The third from Virgil, says, 'A greater configuration of the State is borne in upon me; I am suggesting a "bigger business." ' That is:—I am asking you to consider an ideal of the State, which embraces both Conservative tradition and modern intercommunication with its consequences: but is newer and larger than either taken alone.

The address has been well received; but it has puzzled everybody. That is just what I aimed at. I wanted to make them think: an unusual enterprise in our day.—
Your loving son, GEORGE.

513

To the Lord Bishop of Ossory

CHIEF SECRETARY'S LODGE,
DUBLIN, November 28, 1904.

MY DEAR DEAN,—I must thank you for the great kindness of your letter. I acknowledge the complexity of the issues I raised and plead guilty to a 'congestion' in my exposition which, if not inevitable, was at any rate not avoided.

But your letter shows that my address was intelligible ; for you seize my points as clearly as they present themselves to my own mind up to one point which cannot, I believe, be made. I mean a complete answer to the question ' What is a Nation ? '

Your citation of the Jews is very just. Their attitude towards the Gentiles, or nations, offers a close parallel to the attitude of the Romans towards the ' nations.' The Jews and, I might add, the Arabs have remained a race, though each, for a comparatively brief period, played a part in State-building.

I asked the question ' What do we now call a Nation ? ' and gave instances to prove that no answer, ready and complete, can be found. I said that the use of the word was a matter of feeling rather than of thought. It is almost a question of taste. But, accepting both your tests together, *i.e.* racial affinity *and* political union, I feel that a people which has enjoyed both together for a considerable period, does not cease to be a nation because other powers tear it to pieces. Now, in respect of the Poles, they had a kingdom for many centuries. The ' political ' predecessor of the Tsar, *i.e.* the Grand Duke of Muscovy, paid homage to the King of Poland in the days of our Queen Elizabeth, when Scotland was a separate kingdom. Dryden satirises Shaftesbury in the ' Medal ' for his supposed ambition to be elected ' King of Poland.' Poland was for long and until recently a kingdom.

It is, as I say, a question of feeling. The Armenians offer a nicer and a harder occasion for definition. In many respects they are like the Jews ; but, I suppose they might urge their king Tigranes.

My desire was to show that the *word* is ' equivocal ' and that the *thing* was never ' the State ' except from the 16th century on to our time when it has ceased—or is ceasing—to be ' the State ' because of Imperial expansion.

Those who agree with Lord Acton would stereotype the state at the stage of ' Nation-States,' actually constructed in the 15th and 16th centuries and of others which might

have been constructed then *e.g.* Italy, though they were not till later; or others, *e.g.* Poland, existing then and demolished since.

I say that 'Empire-States' now being perfected are not more artificial than 'Nation-States.'

But to save an Empire-State from 'cosmopolitanism' I would cherish pride in Race, to give feature and colour.

So that I gladly accept your conclusion that Pride of Political Unity is a nobler incentive than Pride of Race. I sought to indicate that view in the phrase 'Let Pride be in Race; Patriotism for the Empire.' For I place Patriotism above Pride, even in Race.

I need Pride in Race only to redeem Empire from Cosmopolitanism, and to afford a 'school' for patriotism by cultivating one of its origins, viz. the sentiment of consanguinity. A man, for example, who is proud of his school and his university is better fitted for loyalty, in after life, to larger conceptions; the Church, the Army, the Navy.

So an Irishman who is proud of Milesian, or Norman, Elizabethan or Cromwellian, descent is better fitted for patriotism to the Empire.

But I do not exclude pride of Nationality. I only mean that it is a doubtful and perplexing 'middle term,' not so helpful to the 'Development of the State' as Pride in Race coupled with patriotism for the Empire.

But I must apologize for inflicting another lecture. I hope that we may have a talk over the subject one evening after dinner at the Lodge.—Yours very sincerely,

GEORGE WYNDHAM.

514

To Monsieur Auguste Rodin

CHIEF SECRETARY'S LODGE,
PHENIX PARK, DUBLIN, 5.xii.04.

MON CHER AMI,—J'étais enchanté de recevoir votre lettre mais, de ces jours-ci, j'ai eu tant d'affaires, de

discours à prononcer, de voyages à Londres, et de retours à Dublin, qu'il fallait attendre le moment pour écrire une réponse.

En fait de l'exposition à Dublin je ne comprend pas précisément dans tous ces rapports le projet de Mr. Lane. Il désire, à ce qu'on me dit, que vous permettez qu'on présente à une galerie à Dublin un exemplaire de l'Age d'Airain. Nous ne sommes pas bien riches en Irlande et je ne sais pas le prix de ce chef-d'œuvre.

Pour mon buste je suis tout-à-fait de votre avis. C'est à dire qu'il faut envoyer le marbre directement à la 'New Gallery.' Mais je serais très content de recevoir ici, à Dublin, une épreuve en plâtre au plus tôt possible. Ça intéressera mes amis Irlandais qui sont amateurs des Beaux Arts et donnera un élan au projet qu'ils discutent d'acheter l'Age d'Airain.—Je suis toujours votre Ami bien reconnaissant,

GEORGE WYNDHAM.

515

To Wilfrid Ward

CHIEF SECRETARY'S LODGE,
DUBLIN, *December 6th, 1904.*

MY DEAR WILFRID,—

The Catholic church does, for a Catholic, fulfil my ideal. I am, consequently, deeply interested in the second chapter—Oxford, Cambridge and Rome—of 'Aubrey de Vere.' I *shall* write on the whole book; but not yet. I want to muse after browsing.

The period of thought—among young men—depicted in chapter 2, is most interesting to me. I believe that between that period and our own there has been no original thinking. But you are thinking and writing, what others think. The men who were young in the first period have died off, leaving, until now, in recent years a void of which I would say, in the words applied by Wordsworth to France that it

‘Hath brought forth no such souls as we had then.
 Perpetual emptiness! Unceasing change!
 No single volume paramount, no code,
 No master spirit, no determined road;
 But equally a want of books and men!’

—Yours ever,

GEORGE WYNDHAM.

516

To his Sister, Madeline

CHIEF SECRETARY'S LODGE,
 PHOENIX PARK, DUBLIN, 22.xii.04.

MOST DARLING MANENAI,—I take a fairly long shot at Christmas to wish that it may be ‘merry’ for you all; to send my fondest love; and to desire, with all my heart, all luck and blessings on you, and Charlie, and all the ‘poussins’ during next year.

I am sending you a heavy gift—my Address in vellum. But it may become rare and present the attraction of a virgin Alp to intrepid climbers.

We got our Perf back late yesterday, it was such a joy. He had pierced the lingual fog of German and French station-masters and the atmospheric fog of lands more articulate (to him). So in he came as brisk as may be.

I simply loved my evenings with you during these last weeks of gloom and racket. Here all is serene, inconsequent, graceful, warm-hearted,—Irish, in short—and I feel at rest.

Everybody here knows me, and Sibell and Percy. Their kindness is beyond words. The less one can do for them, the more loving they are on a common basis of congenial, congenital and patriotic futility. There is nothing like the swing and lilt with which they pursue the rainbow; and nothing like the comfortable consolation, as of ‘a mother of many,’ with which they surround a ‘horizon-catcher’ when—just for once—the horizon is still beyond him. These people are worth all the half-penny papers in the world; and I am off on Wednesday to the worst

parts of the West to hear them say 'It's not so bad after all, and, indeed, it's very kind of you to take any notice at all of it.' That is their way of facing 'Distress.' I prefer it to Trafalgar Square.

And so my best love to you, darling Manenai.—Your devoted brother,
GEORGE.

517

To his Father

CHIEF SECRETARY'S LODGE,
 PHOENIX PARK, DUBLIN, *December 22nd, 1904.*

MY DEAREST PAPA,—This is to wish you a merry Christmas and happy New Year.

Perf arrived last night about 9.30, having 'pushed through' from Frankfurt. He is very well and strong. The Attorney General was dining to play bridge with two secretaries and self. But Perf kept us amused and laughing for an hour and a half with the account of his travels, the life at Frankfurt; and a hockey match between Frankfurt and Mannheim. Owing to Geidt's establishment Frankfurt won by eleven goals to one, amid frenzied plaudits from the crowd and waving of handkerchiefs from German ladies. He tells me that none of them are good-looking enough to pass muster. They, the German ladies (though not up to his standard) are, apparently all 'anglo-manes.' If the hockey is fixed for 2.30 p.m. they parade the town all the morning in short skirts, brandishing their sticks.

He explained some difficulties he encountered at the frontier—not having registered his luggage—by interjecting that the custom house officer 'spoke very bad German.' The Attorney General said he ought to be 'an expert witness' or a member of Parliament. Such resource of debating reply would be wasted on the Army.

A plaster 'épreuve' of my Rodin bust has arrived. It is very good even in plaster.—Your loving son,

GEORGE.

518

To his Mother

CHIEF SECRETARY'S LODGE,
PHENIX PARK, DUBLIN, December 22nd, 1904.

MOST DARLING MAMMA,—This is to wish you a merry Christmas and most happy New year! It is much to have Guy back and, I add, Percy with us, tall and strong and well. I am sending you a vellum 'Address,' just as a gift, and just as I gave you a translation of Ovid's 'Arion' at Hyères in 1873.

Amongst all the botherations of Ireland, priceless things occur. This will amuse you and Pamela and Gatty and 'Uncle Tom Codley and all.'

In the London evening papers you read of desperate symptoms of intimidation; 'black spot' etc. I plaster on Police Protection; chiefly for Parliamentary purposes. But this is what really happens.

Casey, in Templemore, Tipperary, says he goes in fear of his life from Kennedy. Casey is given two policeman to protect him from Kennedy. They stay at Casey's house, escort him to fairs, and are fed by Casey. Coming back from the fair in the dark, Casey, with two policeman in his cart, says, 'Wait awhile' and disappears over the bank of the road; for no purpose but to cut cabbages for the policemen's supper. He selects the garden of *Kennedy* the man who is supposed to be terrorising him. Kennedy catches him, calls the two police, protecting Casey (from Kennedy) and tells them to arrest Casey. They do so, and resume their drive to Casey's house—minus cabbages. Casey pleads guilty. Kennedy, instead of charging the policemen with being accessories to the attempted theft, charges them with 'being drunk'!! Well! Well! can I expect the sub-editor of the 'Globe' to unravel that skein?

Perf arrived rather late last night from Frankfurt, *very well*. We had a good gallop together this morning and then went off shopping and to see pictures. To-morrow

we have a hockey-match on the lawn here. The men and maidens bring 'shoes' to dance afterwards in the ball-room to a 'pianola.' Now that Perf is back as master of the revels, all the candles will be lighted. On Saturday we hunt at Celbridge. Next week I shall take a run on motor and 'Granuaile' round the worst part of the West to see the potato failure.

All love to you, most beloved Mamma, from your
most loving son, GEORGE.

519

To his Brother

CHIEF SECRETARY'S LODGE,
PHOENIX PARK, DUBLIN, *Christmas Eve, 1904.*

DEAREST OLD GUY,—Perf and I are just in from a capital day with Kildares: galloping and jumping all the time. Met Celbridge (1) Demesne Hunt, with good scent and bad fox, one loop out and out to ground at the end. (2) Grofton's Rath, a bright burst, fast but not racing, over good clean big 'leps' check after fifteen minutes; slow hunting, again to ground. (3) Taghado (Tattoo) fox and pack away within two minutes of putting in; hounds a field ahead as we galloped round the corner; breast-high scent, racing pace straight for just under fifteen minutes, check—but only just time to breathe; on again very fast, check; on again and to ground in fifty minutes all told: a fine hunt: the best so far this year. The 'going' is perfect. We went over the cream of the country, Perf and I both well carried, and no falls. There was any amount of grief. Did not see much of it as kept a good place, but at each check five or six loose horses came up. I had about the best of the first burst, with Turrell and Cub Kennedy. Perf was close up—having been stopped by a man falling in front of him. He beat me altogether in the last part, as the fox turned a good deal at the end and I got too wide on the left crediting with a better point. I rode with Perf the second burst, but he finished four or five lengths in front of me,

even then. The pace of the first burst from Taghado was terrific : have not seen hounds go faster.

We are looking out for hirelings to fill up with when you are here. Scent has been good all last week and I believe we are in for a spell of good sport.—Your loving brother,
GEORGE.

520

To Monsieur Auguste Rodin

CHIEF SECRETARY'S LODGE,
PHENIX PARK, DUBLIN, 25th Decembre 1904.

MONSIEUR 'LE MAÎTRE' ET CHER AMI,—Je n'ai pas encore vu le marbre qui est, sans doute, à Londres, mais de l'épreuve en plâtre qu'est-ce que je puis dire ? Enfin j'ai passé une heure avec Mr. Lane, extasiés tous les deux, en regardant ce chef-d'œuvre. C'est bien un portrait, et des plus saisissants. C'est vrai et vivant au point qu'en regardant le gosier on s'attend à voir le buste avaler. Mais c'est plus que cela ; et beaucoup plus. C'est l'Homme de quarante ans, et jamais on n'a fait ça, personne ne l'a fait. Nous avons des maîtres la jeunesse ; et puis, le vieillard. Nous n'avons pas, de qui que ce soit, un œuvre qui est, et sera toujours, à la fois, un portrait, le Vrai la Vie et l'Homme en pleine carrière, avec ses regrets, ses soucis, sa force, ses espoirs, son élan.

J'ai compris parfaitement, avant même que vous me l'aviez signalé, que l'absence des prunelles, surtout dans le plâtre qui jette des ombres trop accusés, donnait un air un peu tracassé au buste quand on le regarde d'en face. Mais l'épreuve en plâtre est pour les intelligents.

Mais avec les yeux moins creux, en plâtre et davantage en marbre ou en bronze, la sérénité surviendra sans amoindrir tout ce qu'il y a de vif et de vécu.

Après ma conversation avec M. Lane je puis vous dire précisément ce que nous espérons de votre buste ! Il s'agit d'une galerie de l'Art moderne pour Dublin. Je vous enverrai—si je puis mettre la main dessus—des renseignements sur le projet. Mais en deux mots, Sargent,

et d'autres nous ont donné pour cinquante pièces. Nous osons espérer d'acheter la 'collection Forbes,' c'est à dire quinze Corot, des Millet, des Mauve, des Maril, des D'Aubigné, des Constable.

Alors nous désirons deux choses. Pour ma part je donnerai mon buste en bronze. Et puis, la Société desire d'acheter 'l'Age d'Airain.' Ça ira ! nous allons voir à Dublin une galerie dont on parlera quand ceux qui aiment, soit l'Art, ou soit l'Irlande—ou les deux—auront joui pendant des siècles du repos de la mort. Et pendant ce temps là le peuple Irlandais, endormi dans la douleur, mais si disposé à la vie, et à l'Art, se reveillera à l'appel de vos chef-d'œuvres.

Je suis désolé d'entendre ce mot funeste—la grippe—soignez-vous bien, et agréez l'assurance de mon amitié profonde et mes souhaits ardents que le nouvel an vous comble de bienfaits.

GEORGE WYNDHAM.

521

To his Mother

CHIEF SECRETARY'S LODGE,
PHOENIX PARK, DUBLIN, 27.12.04,
St. Stephen's Day.

MOST DARLING MAMMA,—The enamel is too lovely. We are overjoyed to have it. You spoil us both.

Mr. Lane is very anxious to get one of your paintings for the Gallery of Modern Art which he, and others, are starting in Dublin. We are trying to buy the best of old Forbes's collection for £30,000, and many of the great have given a work each. Watts left one in his will. I should like to see *one* of yours in your own city.

They want Rodin's bust of my 'nob.' I think you will like it ; even if Sibell is right in saying that it is more like Guy than me. Rodin writes that the mould plucked out the eyes in the *plaster* proof which I have. This gives the full face a worried look that will disappear when the deep shadows are gone. White plaster is not a good medium. Indeed, unless lit only by a suffused top light

the shadows are exaggerated, as in a photographic negative. It is a very fine and instructive piece of work.

With thanks over and over again, beloved Mamma, for the beautiful enamel.—Your most loving son,

GEORGE.

522

To his Father

CHIEF SECRETARY'S LODGE,
PHENIX PARK, DUBLIN, *January 24th, 1905.*

MY DEAREST PAPA,—I am much pleased to hear your appreciation of the Rodin bust. It is a great work apart from the likeness. It might be called 'l'homme à quarante.' There are fine busts of youths and also of old men with completed careers carved in their faces. Each type has its own repose; and can, more or less, easily be rendered. But the 'man of forty' is hard to render. Rodin has captured the blend of fatigue and alacrity and created a new type.

I have loved sculpture since I was at Rome in 1887 and think such a bust for £400 a far more interesting possession than a picture for £1500.

Pamela and Eddy are here with little Clare. They enjoy the place very much.

Love to all.—Your loving son,

GEORGE.

523

To his Mother

35 PARK LANE, W.,
February 18th, 1905.

MOST DARLING MAMMA,—I love your letter. I am quite happy and now that the big 'Cat'—Dudley—is out of the bag, no longer worried.

My only remaining anxiety is, *not* to be apologetic, and to avoid talking about myself; I don't want to exculpate myself by 'sitting on' Dudley and Antony.

Uncle D.'s speech was outrageous in the Lords. I can, however, show that without attacking him.

I feel much more free and light-hearted than at any time these last four and a half months, and Arthur is a 'brick.' The only difficulty now is a purely technical one. On Monday I shall be by way of repelling a Home Rule amendment to an audience exclusively concerned with the personal question of Dunraven, MacDonnell, Dudley and self.

Nobody will listen to me on the motion before the House and then they will say that I 'shelved it.'

I can't go quite so far as Arthur in his parting words to me last night :—' Well, George, I really think you 'll have very good fun on Monday.' We shall see. Anyhow my spirits are bounding up because I am not one of the throng 'whose sails were never to the tempest given.'—Your most loving son,

GEORGE.

524

To Mrs. Drew

35 PARK LANE,
February 24th, 1905.

You are an Angel! Sibell will tell you how grateful, and almost necessary, to me at this moment is such a letter from such a friend. My brain is rather weary and I take gloomy views; which is absurd.

So I 'm off for two days to Clouds, to

'Flee far away, dissolve and quite forget
What *Thou* among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the *Fever*, and the *Fret*—'

Yours gratefully and affectionately, G. W.

P.S.—I underline *Fever* because, just at moments, I have felt like Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego rolled into one.

But that 's all nonsense—I really had nothing to do but to say everything.

CHAPTER X

MARCH 1905 TO JANUARY 1906

Illness and journey abroad — Lecture on Ronsard — Election Campaign.

525

To his Father

FRANKFURTER-HOF, FRANKFURT A. MAIN,
St. Patrick's Day, March 17, 1905.

MY DEAREST PAPA,—Percy will have given you a good account of us. I am making steady progress and hope earnestly that neither you, nor Mamma, nor Mary, nor Manenai nor anyone will be in the least anxious about me or doubtful of my being quite myself at an early date. I want to 'potter' for a time. Then I will do as much Veightly etc. as anybody may desire. But, at present, I want to *stop* introspection of mind and body. Distance and the Spring will heal me up to the point at which Doctors may begin.

If I were in England I could not rest. I should want to help Arthur at every turn and fret because that would be impossible.

We mean—as at present advised—to go on to Lucerne. The English papers come here and I can't resist reading them. So I am going further afield.

Fondest love to Mamma, Ditch and all.—Your most loving son, GEORGE.

P.S.—I can never say how much I realised and appreciated all you were to me at Clouds. When I get there again I shall be another person.

526

To his Mother

HOTEL MONOPOL & METROPOLE,
LUCERNE, *March 19th, 1905.*

MOST DARLING MAMMA,—I must send you one line of great love. S. S. will have told you that I am much better to-day. My plan of aimless travelling suits me best. As I get farther away the impossibility of answering letters becomes a physical fact and, by degrees, I let the ropes that bind me to the past slip away. We paddled peacefully in a steamer up the lake to Brunnen and back from 2.15 to 6 this afternoon. I enjoyed it and felt much healthier after the air. Air is what I need. I shall not hurry back.

We are quite idle, except that S. S. writes letters. I don't.

I have read the second volume of Creighton's Life and enjoyed the theological hair-splitting. He was too clever. But I read very little. I don't want to spoil any poetry by reading it now. It is sufficient to see the wild duck swing in pairs over-head, and to watch the tame ducks and coots squabbling for bread under the old bridge.

Sibell is reconciled to Lucerne because it reminds her of Earl's Court!

The contests in Parliament over estimates and Jam look very small from here, as reported in the 'Daily Telegraph.' So I turn back to the Ducks and Coots; their squabbles are more interesting.

I see that my dear Congested District Board passed vote of thanks to me.

Now I am going to bed 9.45. All love to you darling, and to Papa, Ditch and all dear ones.—Your most loving son,

GEORGE.

527

To his Mother

HOTEL AUGST, BORDIGHERA,
ITALIE, Friday, March 24th, 1905.

MOST DARLING MAMMA,—I got your letter to-day out of the Poste Restante. We are anxious about darling Lettice. She had an operation yesterday. We only heard by telegram last night. But it was—thank God—successful and her state satisfactory. Sibell cannot start back as she has a chill—nothing serious. But there it is. . . .

A good doctor, Dr. Danvers came early this morning. It is a chill with temperature only one degree up (99·4). I am taking the greatest care of her : giving her milk and a recommended water, and Brand's essence of chicken.

We can only pray for darling Lettie and wait and be patient. Sibell cannot travel until her temperature is down.

She went out again the day before yesterday in the evening. It was raining and she got this chill. I was asleep from 4 to 8 o'clock, or I should have kept her in.

There is some sun to-day. We have two windows wide open to the sea.

Darling Mamma I hope your leg is really well. Take great care of yourself.

There is nothing to do except to get Sibell well and pray for Lettice.—Your most loving son, GEORGE.

Thanks for the nice ' pig ' letter.

We are as near home here as at Lucerne. It is very quiet. I am much better and, of course, too absorbed in Sibell and sweet Leffie to think of insignificant things.

GEORGE.

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To his Mother

HOTEL AUGST,
BORDIGHERA, Friday, March 24th, 1905.

MOST DARLING MAMMA,—We are much happier to-night. We got good telegrams about darling Leffie at 3.15 and

Sibell's temperature was down almost to normal when the doctor came at 5 o'clock. Also she has had four 'goes' of milk and 'San Gemini' and one of Brands' Essence since 1 o'clock. So we are much happier.

The blatant picture of this hotel on the writing-paper strikes the grotesque note, never absent from crisis. And the perfect beauty of the sun-lit day whilst we waited and waited for news also seemed familiar. These moments reconstruct one's life. In the evening there was a fine thunderstorm in the hills; but the sunset beat the storm, enveloping its edges and piercing its ragged rims with a rosy-copper-golden suffusion and long gleams of light across the sea.

Taking care of Sibell has cured me. We are not like 'buckets in a well,' but like acrobats who alternately support each other.

I avoid the Table d'hôte and dine, with a book, in the deserted Restaurant. Across the 'dead waste' of the waxed floor the Grand Duke Cyril, who went down in the iron-clad at Port Arthur, dines with an Aide-de-camp. So, like the two ship-wrecked mariners in the Ballads (who had not been introduced), we 'consider ourselves' apart. Yet that is not quite it. Men do *not* moralize in breathing spaces after a storm—or between storms? They wonder like children at a world which is new to them and full of little things and big things of surprising interest. 'Cœli enarrant'—'The Heavens declare the Glory of God' in sunlight and storm: and, then again, to think that each sheet of this paper is covered with a bit of flimsy to protect the engraving of the Hotel August! Such are the artless Heavens; such is ingenious Man in the XXth century. A piece of the flimsy paper has—you will observe—adhered to the engraving.

I, now, read the Psalms to Sibell. The first one for to-day—CXVI—is the one set apart for little ladies saved from danger of death. We took it for an omen—a good omen—whilst we waited for news of Lettie: 'Quia eripuit animam meam de morte,' 'because he has snatched my darling from death.'

And now, Good-night to you, Darling ! I have been writing for company as Sibell is dozing. The night is lovely from our balcony. A cool wind is shuffling the palms. The cadence of the frogs' chorus rises and falls. A light is leaping from a far-off promontory. I can hear a train coming the whole length of the Riviera with a meaning noise. And, so, *really* Good-night and love to you all.

Lady Day.

Doctor gives capital account of S. S. He has gone down-stairs to order a light pudding (!) which she is to eat at 12 o'clock. So there you are !

All love to you all.—Your devoted son, GEORGE.

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To his Sister, Madeline

HOTEL AUGST,
30th March 1905.

MOST DARLING MANENAI,—This is to wish you many, many happy returns of your dear birthday, to-morrow. It will reach you too late. For I took a long walk on the hills yesterday and missed the post. But I have been remembering your birthday for several days past and often thinking of you, Darling. I am so full of thankfulness for darling Lettie's escape that I am not troubling to think of anything else. This is a good place when you get up into the hills behind it. The little Duchess of Leeds lives up in the hills at the back and Lady Paget and Lady Windsor have been staying there since Friday. So I have been two expeditions with them. At other times after taking care of S. S. I just go up a hill and pretend to read some little *old* Italian books which I bought at Milan. I 'pickle away' occasionally at Virgil's Georgics and enjoy the Psalms in Latin. My theory is that when one is tired it is restful to read in languages one but half understands. You can't race through and it reproduces

the pleasing ignorance of childhood to wonder what things mean exactly. We are going on, I believe, to Florence to stay with Lady Paget. Her conversation has the same feature of being partially unintelligible, so that I need not dispute propositions which I do not understand and—without sacrifice of truth—give a tacit assent to Vegetarianism, Metempsychosis and the virtues of the German Emperor. S. S. is really resting and quite ‘ chirpy ’ again. Give my love to Charlie and the Poussins. I am longing to see you, Beloved. I hope to be very free from work and care this summer, and so to have time to enjoy you.—Ever your devoted brother, GEORGE.

530

To his Mother

TORRE DI BELLOSQUARDO,
April 7th, 1905.

MOST DARLING MAMMA,—I had a great time all this morning in the Laurentian Library with the Director Biagi. The illuminations are wonderful. A Psalter for Corvinus¹ King of Hungary is most beautiful. I had out all the MSS. of Virgil, Boccacio, Alfieri, a Jarrow Bible of 680; Tacitus and so on. We had a great talk about Castiglione’s Courtier and I promised to write him a short article on the influence of that book in England through Hoby’s translation. I am trying to learn Italian and can read the newspaper and old poetry pretty well, but nothing else between those extremes so far.

Lady Paget is excellent company full of scandal, forty years old, which, like old wine, gains in strength and loses in acerbity. The Spring here is divine. I am

¹ Mathias Corvinus was elected King of Hungary in 1459. He defeated the Turks in 1474, and waged war successfully as an independent sovereign against the Empire, laying siege to and taking Vienna in 1477. The psalter was ordered by Lorenzo il Magnifico for the King, but Corvinus died in 1490 before the book had been delivered. Lorenzo himself died two years later and the psalter remained in Florence.

rather idle about picture galleries. I remembered them all too well. The buildings, sculptures and illuminated MSS. are my principal toys. One of the latter had days of creation that B. J. would have loved, rather, no doubt, did love. I long to look at these illuminations with you. They are better than any I knew at the British Museum and they gain enormously by being where they are, in the library of the Medici, to whom they were brought by the earliest humanists. One gives me a great thrill: a beautifully illuminated MS. of Aristotle in Latin, written by Agiropoulos, the Greek from Constantinople, and given to Lorenzo with a picture of Agiropoulos on the first page. That is the revival of learning with a vengeance. And there it is in his library. There is also a fine Latin Bible of 680 with gold letters on purple vellum for the front sheet and excellent illuminations. It was written at Jarrow in Northumberland and after many adventures is here. The name of the Northumbrian Abbot has been erased and an Italian name substituted. What you would enjoy with me is the picture of the life at Jarrow in 680 proving—as I always maintain—that people were just as, or more, civilised then. The bookcase might have been made by Morris from a design of Webb—*i.e.* the bookcase depicted in the illumination with lovely books bound in red lying side by side in the shelves and the table would do for tea in our gold room at '35.' It is by looking at these illuminations and reading in the *fresh handwriting* Latin which might be written to-day, of an easy-going simple, modern kind; that you can dispel the false conceit of archaism of age. It is all fresh and full of new life as the Spring. The people who wrote and painted it might 'ha died o' Wednesday' or meet one to-morrow. This gives the sense of Eternity and makes Time and Age and Death the accidents they are. 'I am not Time's fool.' The old book-shop of Franceschini would have proved as tempting to you as to me, with our love of rubbish. I bought an old Decameron, a Plutarch's Morals in Latin and a Bembo: glorious rubbish. The old books were piled four feet deep

on the floor and the aged, very dirty, enthusiast encouraged me to wade in them and take what I liked.

Love to all.—Your most loving son,

GEORGE.

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To his Father

TORRE DI BELLOSGUARDO,
FIRENZE, April 11th, 1905.

MY DEAREST PAPA,—I was amused by your postcard and subsequent letter to Lady Paget. I wrote to Mamma a day or two ago. But I am so idle and contented as to make me lazy about writing. The after-momentum of high-pressure maintained through years has expended itself. I am in a state of passive and peaceful enjoyment, detached from any immediate purpose. Some people lunched here on Saturday, the Humphrey Wards and Placi, a dilettante Italian, who remembers you all at 4 Lung Arno and pretends to remember me. I had a pleasant talk to him about modern Italian poetry and walked with him in the afternoon. On Sunday I took a slashing walk of nine miles beyond the Certosa and back by a westward loop along the valley of the Greve river. After four o'clock Lord Halifax called and I walked with him for another two hours. I called on the Stanhopes one evening and was made very welcome as a cousin. Yesterday the morning was divine with a hot sun and air like champagne. I took Sibell to San Marco the Annunziata, Peragirn's fresco in St. Maddelena de Pazzi and the Belle Arti. We met May Talbot and Lord and Lady Wolseley. But I have not slaved at sight-seeing. I care much for only a few pictures and prefer to receive general impressions. Lady Paget and selves lunched formally with the Stanhopes, talked of B. J. and Morris and Rosetti. Afterwards I called on Lady Airlie who has been very kind to me. We returned at 4 for Lady Paget's 'day.' There came a delightful old Princess aged 80 with whom I conducted an animated conversa-

tion in French, several Italian Princesses or swells of sorts, and Lady Mabel Howard, a sister of Lord Antrim. I have read a good, gossipy book in two volumes about La Grande Mademoiselle, Lauzun and the Court of Louis Quatorze. I learn a little Italian. I have also been reading Lady Paget's Memories. They are very interesting on Diplomatic Society in Copenhagen, Florence and Rome for 1860-1872. I am trying to get Sibell rested. For myself, the general plan of the day is, breakfast with Lady Paget in the garden at 8-30; lunch in the open loggia upstairs at 1 o'clock, dinner at 8, conversation to 10 o'clock and then to bed reading Memoires and so forth till 11 or 12 o'clock. Lady Paget is a most agreeable companion. Between-whiles I walk, spend a good deal of time in the Laurentian library with Biagi and enjoy the general architecture more than the pictures with a few exceptions. We do not change much. The pictures and statues which I picked out in -87 and -95 are still the only ones to me. I have learned little since then except about literature and history. Art belongs to no particular date or place. A little of it is very good, eternal and universal. The rest is unimportant. In a way—though it takes longer to discover this—only a certain number of people and books are important and these, also, have always been the same; just like the thrushes that are now singing, and the ilex trees on which they sing. I enjoy it all, art, books, people and nature and—in my present mood—do not want to change anything. It seems simpler to appreciate what is good and ignore the rest.

The 'Guards' plan of which Percy writes exists—in common with all Army plans at present—only in embryo. I shall not oppose his wishes if the plan is ever defined and adopted; and I have written to Codrington. Meanwhile he cannot do better than read for Oxford. He is counting the days to his Easter holiday and longs to be at Clouds. I look forward to being there again in good health and taking long rides.

I should have preferred the Oxford method of entry for it would have allowed of travel abroad with Percy.

I want to bring him here. He must learn to speak French also.

All love to darling Mamma and Ditch.—Your loving son,
GEORGE.

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To his Mother

FRANKFURTER-HOF,
FRANKFURT A. MAIN, *April 14th, 1905.*

MOST DARLING MAMMA,—We are on our way back by easy stages. As Percy's establishment here is closed for Easter holidays, it is absurd to keep him doing nothing and he longs to be at Clouds. I do not much want to be back before the House rises. But it is dull to stay here without him. So I shall come quietly to Clouds and arrive Tuesday or Wednesday. I will telegraph the train when I get to England. Perf has to leave us from Easter Tuesday to Friday for an exam. at Oxford; an additional reason for not delaying here. We are sending a horse and Perfection with a groom to Clouds for riding.

I am really very well and in excellent spirits. I enjoyed Florence enormously but will keep all the news till I arrive.

As I say I hope to arrive Tuesday, or Wednesday, but I don't mean to racket myself by travelling too fast as I want to prove that Italy is a better cure than Electricity. And I must do justice to my own prescription. Love to all.—Your most loving son,
GEORGE.

533

To Mrs. Hinkson

35 PARK LANE, W.,
May 17th, 1905.

DEAR MRS. TYNAN-HINKSON,—I am grateful to you for having written and for what you have written. I was glad to get your book and thought that, perhaps, you

would write. And now we have only got to wait for the next chance of helping somebody, whoever he may be, to get something done. You must never for one moment allow yourself to believe that Ireland is unlucky, or that she brings ill-luck. It is because people allow themselves to believe this that things sometimes go wrong in Ireland or, rather, that it is harder to set them right when they do go wrong ; in Ireland as elsewhere. The great thing is to be quite sure that :—

‘ All we have hoped of good shall exist,
not its semblance, but itself. . . . ’

If enough people believe that a great many will live to see it. Your books help me to believe this. That is why I want you to go on writing books in the same vein of charity and it is one of the reasons why I am,—Yours gratefully,

GEORGE.

534

To Charles Waldstein

35 PARK LANE, W.,

May 17th, 1905.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—When I left England for the continent I was too ill to read the many, many letters written me by my friends. They were kept from me till my return, and then my first duty was to attend to arrears of work that called for immediate attention.

But now it is a great solace to me to read such letters as the one you wrote.

This is not yet the time to say or write anything of my work and hopes in Ireland. Yet the hopes are not extinguished. I dare to believe that these vicissitudes will have their uses for many. For me, at least, they have brought friends nearer.—Ever your friend,

GEORGE WYNDHAM.

535

To Wilfrid Ward

35 PARK LANE, W.,
May 28th, 1905.

MY DEAR WILFRID,—I have read your article with great interest. It is a fine piece of psychological analysis. In an ideal world no one would be expected to say 'yes' or 'no' to a project for closer commercial union with the Colonies. You cannot do so 'without prejudice.'

During the Boer War when the French press was outrageous to our feelings, no sensible man would have declared for or against an understanding with France. In theology many express an aspiration towards the reunion of Christendom. But they do so at their peril. And their peril is extreme if the aspiration is connected with some concrete questions as *e.g.* the validity of Orders.

Yours ever,

GEORGE WYNDHAM.

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To Philip Hanson

35 PARK LANE, W.,
June 6th, '05.

MY DEAR P. H.,—Thanks for a clean breath from the Atlantic and for soft airs from Donegal. It was good of you to write at such length, and very good for me. And yet another set of 'Western' photographs links me across the breach to the happy past. I am very glad to hear of Meredith and the old man who waved his cap for us from the rock at Kincasslagh.

Meanwhile do not be concerned for my health. I have made a distinct advance since last Saturday, which I spent at Eton (3rd, for 4th of June—a Sunday) quietly with Ainger and Lulu Harcourt. I missed Percy and felt sentimental when the 'Thelion' swept by in green and purple.

My interests have been varied and not onerous. I have been in close touch with the P. M. over Albert Hall, and with other anxious hearts. Lansdowne was good in the Lords yesterday.

I have also been engaged with Crundall and Mowll over Dover Harbour and the Railways. This is interesting. The Harbour Board and the Railways have come to a complete deadlock. If I can persuade them to 'drop their swords and daggers,' I shall do a big thing for everybody concerned. Why is it so hard to persuade people to follow their own interests instead of attacking the interests of others? As in Ireland, a number of ingenious gentlemen have devoted their intellects and other people's money during three years to achieve the following results: (1) No proper accommodation at Dover; (2) £700,000 spent at Folkestone which cannot be made into a port; (3) A poll-tax on all passengers and no visible results; (4) Worse services to the Continent; (5) Railways, no power to evict the Harbour Board; (6) Harbour Board, no power to spend another penny without guarantee from Railways. A complete stalemate, as the sole result of years of work and an expenditure of £1,300,000. It shocks nobody; it surprises nobody, and everybody is solely interested to show how cleverly he stopped the other fellow at every stage, and how easy it will be to go on doing so 'ad infinitum.'

I dine with Lansdowne to meet the King of Spain to-morrow, and then I am off to 'camp' with my Yeomanry in Delamere Forest. You must approve of that!

Later I go to Dover and make myself pleasant to all—eschewing oratory and dilating—merely—on 'our Historic Past.'

The Cabinet-making of the Opposition will become delirious now that Lansdowne has suggested that there may actually be an Election within a year. It was obvious that we could not deal with the report of a Conference which only meets in June 1906, and may not report till we should be in a seventh Session. Yet good men and true worry over it, and take God to witness, and quarrel

for all the world as if anything ever did happen. Whereas it is well known that nothing ever does happen except of course, *casus*, 'fallings down.' 'All the King's horses and all the King's men' are perennially engaged on the abortive hoisting of Humpty-Dumpty. That is Politics.

Occasionally it is well to take a turn in the part of Humpty-Dumpty. I was amused to hear that, when A. J. B.'s illness threatened non-appearance at the Albert Hall, an anxious group of Conservative M.P.'s, after ruling out Liberal Unionists and Beach and Douglas, wondered whether I could be got back in time to take the meeting! How funny of them not to guess that Humpty-Dumpty sticks to the privilege of inertia—sits, falls and acquiesces in re-hoisting—but never climbs.—
Yours ever, G. W.

537

To his Mother

OAKMERE CAMP,
NORTHWICH, June 13, 1905.

MOST DARLING MAMMA,—I got your delightful letter—a nice fat one—and, as our Field-day is put off for half an hour, am answering straight away. What fun you and uncle Freddy and the two Jackasses must be having all together. I am very glad the two Jackasses have arrived. I hate any change in places that I love and missed their laughter the last few times at Clouds.

I am very well. We have the first sprinkle of rain this morning. Till now it has been as dry as a bone here. The nights were cold; but I thrived on them. At first I put on long drawers under my pyjamas and many blankets and a fur rug. But as that almost crushed me on a camp bed and as I became rapidly acclimatised I now sleep with only a couple of blankets. This is a lovely spot—a long upland glade one and a half mile by a third of a mile with the forest on each side, Scotch firs, birches, chestnuts and bracken. We are on the high

ground on the further side of 'High Billings' from Saughton. I spent Sunday there with Sibell and felt quite keen to get back to my books and the garden. The Yeomanry has made a good transition from Ireland back to Cheshire. Everybody is so pleased to see us and all the old hunting and camp stories carry me back ten years. All the young officers are good fellows. We drill, or manœuvre in the Forest all the morning and—in the afternoon—stimulated by our C. O. Lord Harrington we cut at heads and posts and shoot children's coloured air-balloons as we jump, à la Dick Turpin. As I am always really only sixteen years old inside I enjoy this as much as Percy could. My new horse, Terence, takes to soldiering well. He is very fond of me already and wise. Horses are immensely proud and self-conscious when they find themselves with hundreds of other horses. They think that the uniforms and the Flag-staff and the Trumpets are all there in their honour. Personally I know no better amusement than commanding a squadron on a good horse. Arty Grosvenor and Bendor are in the squadron and all the young riding farmers from round Saughton. Our Sergeant Major—from the Blues—weighs 20 stone and we have a horse in the ranks over 18 hands high. He is called 'Dick' which amuses me and is a general favourite. Now the sun is bursting out and I am off to 'umpire' at the fight—a canter out of five miles through the Forest. We shall lunch out and be six or seven hours in the saddle.

I will let you know about coming to '44.' I want Sibell to stay at Saughton as much as possible. She rackets herself to death in London and is much happier here.

I am very glad that they made Alphonso Colonel of the 16th. I read about the Cavalry charge at Aldershot and heard of old Guy at the Court Ball. I suppose he will get a Spanish order and wear a locket.

I go on to Letty's Ball at Madresfield.

Love to all.—Ever your most loving son,

GEORGE.

538

To Wilfrid Scawen Blunt

35 PARK LANE, W.,
June 22, '05.

MY DEAR WILFRID,—My thoughts turned to you at Mamma's Birthday dinner party on Tuesday. And, now, I want to settle a day for my visit to you at Newbuildings. Would Saturday July 1st be convenient? Between now and then I have to go to Dover.

Button ¹ is dining with me here to-night.

The Fancy Dress Ball at Madresfield—Lettice's home—was a great success. Lettice and Beauchamp appeared as a Lord and Lady Beauchamp of Powick, anno 1450. I wore my Palæologus dress of 1437 which you saw once at Saighton. Percy—who came from Germany—wore a beautiful Valois dress, and Bendor went as the Earl of Surrey—temp. Henry VIII.—after a picture at Hampton Court. They made a fine pair and Sibell was very proud of them. She wore a dress, also from picture at Hampton Court, of Miss Stewart, afterwards Duchess of Richmond. But Sibell called herself Margaret Godolphin, supposed to be, perhaps, the only perfectly respectable lady of the Restoration Court.

I hope that June is doing you good. I wrote some verses on June which I will show you at Newbuildings.—
Ever yours affectionately, GEORGE WYNDHAM.

539

To Bertram Windle

44 BELGRAVE SQUARE,
July 14th, 1905.

MY DEAR DOCTOR WINDLE,—Your 'Wessex' is a delightful book to read at any time and in any place, but, above all, in London and mid July. I am most grateful

¹ Hon. Algernon Bourke.

for the gift. I admire Mr. New's illustrations. Am I right in believing that he illustrated one of the Kelmscott books? At any rate the combination is a most effective one.

Wiltshire, Dorset and the Cotswolds are my favourite tracks in England. Some day I hope to do a little Wiltshire with you from Clouds, my father's place.

I shall press Education on Mr. Long. It is the thing most needed and the only thing that can be done under existing circumstances.

Thanking you again.—Yours very sincerely,

GEORGE WYNDHAM.

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To his Father

SAIGHTON GRANGE,

CHESTER, August 8th, 1905.

MY DEAREST PAPA,—I appreciated your letter and shall follow its advice.

I am very well. I finished my lecture on Ronsard some days ago, and have polished it up without effort.

In the mornings I play Polo! at Eaton or, rather, knock the ball about with Bendor and Shelagh and two of the Demigods who played for England against America.

Bendor has on hand a Polo Tournament. It is great fun. There are nine teams and ninety-two ponies, worth £500 a piece, put up for the week.

Hugh Cecil is staying with me and is quite absorbed in the Polo. At first we were rather afraid of the swells, Nickalls, Millers, Wilson etc. But they are very kind and affable. What with the concentration of motors, the herds of famous ponies, the 'Bloods,' the wives of the 'Bloods,' the bands (1) Military, (2) Gotlieb, the concourse of the County etc., it is a sort of Eglinton Tournament 'up to date.'—Your loving son,

GEORGE.

541

*To Charles T. Gatty*SAIGHTON GRANGE,
CHESTER, 18th August '05.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—It was delightful to see your handwriting in a letter to Sibell, and to know that I shall soon see you. But I insist on more than one day's visit—that is absurd—and I propose that you come on, or *as soon* after September 1st as you can manage. Cuckoo comes on the first. Try and come 1st or 2nd and stay a few days. I have invaded the upper room in the tower—the 'girls' schoolroom'—*cheu fugaces!* There I feel like the Greek tyrant who slept in the top storey and pulled the ladder up after him through a hole in the floor. The room is cleared and whitewashed. I retain my own, old, lower room also. I started to sort my books on the broad principle of poetry, literature, books of reference, upstairs; history, politics, philosophy, science, downstairs. I found that nine-tenths of the books in each class were *not* in the storey of their ultimate destination, but in the other. So I spent $2\frac{1}{2}$ days on the turret stairs, perspiring freely, with 10 volumes on each journey clasped between my hands and chin. Now order reigns, and it is mighty pleasant.

Hugh Cecil spent some five days with me. We discussed most of the Centuries and Continents, read Poetry, mapped out the future of the Church, and assigned their provinces and ideals to novel combinations of parties in Home Politics. Also we attended, day by day, the Polo Tournament organised by Bendor on a basis of 11 teams and 92 ponies.

I wrote a lecture on Ronsard and delivered it at Oxford in my Doctor's gown.

Now I perpend and wait for the Seven Devils to occupy my swept and garnished life.

I have two offers to write on Shakespeare; an inclination to write a few essays on my own account, and

a determination not to join this Government whatever happens.

I trust that your images are really within sight of repaying you. But, dear Charles, don't work yourself to death even in the cause of gypsum.

I stayed with the Dean of Christchurch for the lecture and met interesting people : Armstrong, an authority on Italian poetry, and many more.

Among them Canon Henson, a pathetic figure ; clever, and overworked.

I do hope that you will come as early as you can in September and stay for some days.—Yours affectionately,
GEORGE W.

542

To Philip Hanson

SAUGHTON GRANGE,
CHESTER, 25.viii.05.

MY DEAR P. H.,—Your letter is conclusive on the theory of telepathy. I thought of you a good deal yesterday ; realised that I had not heard from you for quite a time ; and determined to write myself the first thing to-day. Then—pat !—comes just the letter I was missing. It is very welcome, every line of it. When do you take your holiday ? and can you look in here on the way ? We shall be here 1st to 4th and 12th to 18th September, and then from about 10th October onwards. The gaps represent a visit, or so, and *Dover*.

Sometimes Politics surge up from the back caverns of thought and memory. But I put them aside. I read the 'Seething Pot' in Florence. It is good. The other aspect of Ireland, what I may call the Polo-Ground aspect is more insistent. I loved the Phoenix Park, and the Lodge, and am haunted by memories of people who were kind. Yet I agree it is 'all nonsense really,' as you say. Nevertheless, give my warm remembrance to Lady Thomson and Sir T. Myles and others.

The 'erraticke sterres' are not in it with Percy. He called on you the other day, being at Leopardstown, etc., returned to have a tête-à-tête with the Dean of Christchurch, and, after settling to read hard for another 'shot' in December, looked in here yesterday, and was off again to Dublin! It is jolly to be as young as all that.

Ronsard was good fun. I lectured in crimson glory of D.C.L. robes, the perspiration dripping from my brow, to a large audience—about 1,200—mostly composed of lean and earnest ladies. Need I tell you that I had to throw more than a quarter overboard, although speaking pretty fast for one hour and ten minutes?

Macmillan wants to publish and make 'something rather nice of it.' But the Devil has tempted me to 'finish' the section I omitted,—influence on Elizabethans. You ought to be here to take it away from me. I *will* send it off to-day: and finish on the 'proofs.'

I made a great effort after austerity and only break out once or twice. The structure is of Spartan simplicity: (1) The Age and the Man; (2) Sources of Inspiration and Aim of Art; (3) Achievement and Influence. So far, so good. But when I said to Walter Raleigh as I left the platform, 'I'm afraid it was three lectures,' he answered 'No, a book.'

Sidney Lee in his 'Elizabethan Sonnets,' published only last year, forestalled a good deal that I had worked out 10 years ago. But no matter for that.

'B-o-o-k, Book,' and then go and write it—as I must now.

Be really happy, write soon; let us meet.—Yours ever,
GEORGE WYNDHAM.

543

To Wilfrid Ward

August 26th, 1905.

MY DEAR WILFRID,—I did not refer to your proposed 'notes on Ireland,' because—as you rightly judged—I do prefer not to offer any opinion.

Much that I said has been so misconstrued that, for the present, I maintain silence.

It is not the case that I tried to construct a moderate party *i.e.* a body with an organisation, leader, programme, etc.

What I preached in season and out of season was that all, no matter to what parties they belonged, or what extreme views they might hold, should endeavour to agree on practical proposals of a moderate character.—
Yours ever. GEORGE WYNDHAM.

544

To his Mother

SAIGHTON GRANGE,
CHESTER, *September 1st, 1905.*

MOST DARLING MAMMA,—The Mallaranny Picture is quite beautiful : a beautiful picture and a beautiful poem, in one. It is a work of genius. You must paint some more sketches from recollection. They are worth many enamels. The mind selects what the imagination has received. Louis Stevenson, in one of his essays on travel says that he can only describe a country properly after he has left it and then, only, if he has no notes, or contemporary letters to refer to. These, he argues, interfere with the process of natural selection in the mind which, if unembarrassed by notes, leads up to a ' survival of the fittest.' Your sketch of Mallaranny proves that this is true of painting also. It gives vision.

Lavery, the painter, told me that he painted in that way sometimes and could best give a landscape in that way.

I am very well. Macmillan is publishing my Ronsard lecture, as a little book, or pamphlet. Courtney asked me to send it to the 'Fortnightly' but I had said 'done' to Macmillan and prefer a separate publication for a thing that appeals to a small audience.

I cannot quite make up my mind whether I shall, or

shall not, add an Appendix of some of my translations. Probably I shall.

Hanson is staying here for a night and Gatty till Tuesday, also darling Cuckoo. We are very happy.

We go to Derwent on the 5th, to Wynward on the 8th, and return on the 12th.

Bless you, darling, for the lovely picture and 'alligator' on the back and letter.—Your most loving son,
GEORGE.

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To Wilfrid Scawen Blunt

SAUGHTON,
 September 3, '05.

MY DEAR WILFRID,—I have been thinking of you constantly, during long stretches, day after day. Your presence is strangely insistent. The last two nights I have spent in reading your poetry. Your poetry touched me first when I was very young and turned me into what I am. But, reading it again, I receive two vivid impressions; that you are a Poet, without any shadow of doubt, destined to great praise in years still long distant; and, again, that the stuff of your poetry is linked very closely with my life. I feel coerced to write this to-night. I have left everybody downstairs to do it.

September 4th.

I was interrupted by Charles Gatty, who is here. We often talk of you. Please ask Cockerell to write and tell me how you are. I expect to go south at the end of September, in order to visit my constituents, and I shall come to see you early in October. I enjoyed my lecture on Ronsard at Oxford. I delivered it in my crimson D.C.L. robes. Macmillan is publishing it. I stayed with the Dean at Christchurch. His lawn between Cardinal Wolseley's library and the Cathedral of St. Frydeswytte (I am not sure of the lady's name) is a perfect spot for meditation. The remains of St. Frydeswytte's shrine are very beautiful and were much admired

by Burne-Jones. The adventures of her corpse give an epitome of the English Reformation. When Edward VI. came to the throne, Somerset disinterred St. Frydeswyte and buried, in her place, the wife of Peter Martyr, a nun who had broken her vows. When Mary Tudor succeeded, Mrs. Peter Martyr was removed and St. F. replaced. When Elizabeth reigned in her place she put them both in together, and there they are—just like the Communion Service in the Prayer Book.

I have been riding with Percy and long for the day when I shall ride with you again.—Yours affectionately,

GEORGE WYNDHAM.

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To Charles Boyd

35 PARK LANE, W.,
10.x.05.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—I was delighted to get your letter. What a ten years it has been! My plan of campaign is simple, viz.: to remain young, to make Dover doubly secure, to entrench myself politically—for some months—in Conservative principles as a base from which to operate towards closer Imperial Unity. Incidentally I attend at Dover, Chamber of Commerce Banquet, Mayor's Dinner, Primrose League Dinner, etc., etc.

I spoke for one hour and twenty minutes at Dover on the 27th to a large audience. But just now no one must start new plans.

The Government make a mistake in staying in. They are boring the country and tiring out their army. All the more reason—say I—that those who mean business should keep within their lines of Torres Vedras. After that Imperial Organisation by all means. But don't touch compulsory service for the Army. The proper plan—as I informed the House of Commons 4½ years ago—is to have Militia in all parts of the Empire, receiving a small Imperial retainer and all coming on to a uniform rate of Imperial pay in the hour of Imperial Emergency.

That is part of Imperial Organisation. Conscription at home—by whatever name you like to call it—is Insular. Our Empire is Oceanic. That fact is the test stone of every plan for Imperial organisation.

Meanwhile, Percy is here for a week's holiday. We went cub-hunting to-day from 7.45 to 1.45, and jumped many brooks and fences.

I have to deliver a 'Short Address' in Chester to-morrow. Macmillan is publishing my lecture on Ronsard. I go to London on Monday next, the 16th, and could dine or talk after dinner. I go to bed early now and take immense care of my health.—Yours ever in the bond,

GEORGE W.

547

To Bertram Windle

SAUGHTON GRANGE,
CHESTER, November 1st, 1905.

MY DEAR DOCTOR WINDLE,—Your letter has given me something more than pleasure. It makes me hope that you will achieve some of the projects for which I worked. And, being human, I cannot but be glad to hear from you that some remember that I did work and guess, perhaps, how deeply I cared.

I tried very hard to get a Central Committee for enquiry and advice on questions of commerce, transit, manufacture and handicraft. I know the political rocks and shoals, and can estimate the considerable measure of success which you have attained. The list of speakers for November 21st and 22nd proves to me that much has already been accomplished. It is most encouraging to see that, in addition to the Chairman of the Cork and Dublin Chambers of Commerce, the New Department, and the Bishops of Cloyne and Waterford, you have also secured politicians representing so many divergent sections of political opinion. Messrs. Boland, T. W. Russell, William Field, Sloan and Captain Donelan, with Lord Dunraven, comprise almost every shade. I regret that,

excepting Mr. Russell and Mr. Sloan—whose usefulness I would by no means minimise—Belfast is not yet, apparently, ready to throw in her lot with the general prosperity of Ireland. Her Captains of Industry hold back. It is slow work, demanding infinite patience. It may be that Belfast will always stand aside. If so, there is all the more reason for closer communion throughout the centre and south.

I also read with pleasure and relief that you 'find plenty to do and never have an idle moment.' That reconciles me to having lured you into such troublous seas.

I shall read your inaugural address with keen interest. Some day I shall pay you a visit. But, for the present, I cannot help Ireland. Any action or words of mine would be misrepresented, and serve only to embarrass those who at—I am sure—considerable risk are willing to take up the task of assisting Ireland 'to find Herself.'

In the long run it may prove that my failure to secure support in Ireland and financial assistance from Parliament, is not to be regretted.

If Irishmen come to understand how little English politicians—Conservatives, Liberals, Free-Traders, Protectionists and Labour men—know or care about Irish interests, they will discover that they cannot afford to imitate the worst features in our Party system.

It is all to the good that no one can say of the 'First Irish Industrial Conference' that it is promoted or engineered by a Chief Secretary. That makes it easier for Irish politicians to co-operate, and easier for them to defend their co-operation from malicious attacks.

So, as a private individual without any political 'arrière pensée,' who merely cares for the well-being of Ireland, your Conference and your attempts to improve the opportunities for Higher Education, have my heartfelt good wishes.—Yours very sincerely, GEORGE WYNDHAM.

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To his Father

RICHMOND, ASKE,
YORKSHIRE, November 26th, 1905.

MY DEAREST PAPA,—I owe you several letters. I have been interested in politics and deluged with correspondence, which mounts up during a shooting party.

Last week I spent with Sir William Eden at Windlestone. We shot three days and hunted Friday. It was a mixed party and amused me when I got used to it. The guns were, besides host and self, Lord Villiers, 'Jack' Menzies, Hunter, Cazalet and George Lambton.

Hunter is husband to Mrs. Hunter, sister to Ethel Smythe. She has been painted by Sargent and 'sculptured' by Rodin; Mrs. Menzies and Muriel Beckett were younger 'beauties.'

I raised a horse in the neighbourhood and enjoyed hunting with Willy Eden and George Lambton, though the run was too short. It reminded me of old days. My horse was a good jumper.

We are alone here with the Zetlands and he mounts me with his hounds to-morrow.

There is a beautiful Sir Joshua here of George IV. as a young man—the companion picture to Col. St. Leger.—
Your loving son,

GEORGE.

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To Philip Hanson

35 PARK LANE, W.,
28.xi.05.

MY DEAR P. H.,—Your letter only reached me this morning in Yorkshire. I go on to Dover to-morrow and cannot be sure when I shall get back to Saughton. Even if I am—as I expect—at Saughton, Sunday I shall be too busy to enjoy Filgate's company, for I start again on Monday.

I should like to see you immensely, and not in such a

hurry. Could you come later and stay longer? Then, by all means, let Filgate accompany you for a day. Next Sunday I must 'sport my oak.' Now I come to think of it, I get back Friday, give prizes that night with speech on Education, and hunt Saturday, so that Sunday is my only day for getting things ship-shape again.

I want a talk with *you*: I shall be at Saughton, I think, 13th-17th, and continuously after, say, the 20th or 21st. You **MUST** see us on way to *and* from Christmas.

I have, at last, begun to study 'Fiscals' seriously. A great deal has happened lately.

PRIVATE. I took a decisive step about a month ago, rather less. First A. C. and then J. C. asked me to join in an agitation for Tariff Reform. I felt the time had come to define my position. I wrote to J. C. definitely declining an all-round Tariff for double object of (i) giving employment, (ii) raising surplus millions to relieve rates and promote social legislation. That being so, I added that an 'agitation—at least *in my hands* (!)—could serve only to accentuate Party divisions on the eve of an Election.'

I have corresponded with others, including the P. M.

We are all risking much; so that Politics have regained their dignity.

In view of the general ruction I have agreed to address 4000 people at Huddersfield on January 23rd.

I have never been daunted by Colonial Preference. For a laudable object and adequate return I will tax, with preference to Colonies, (a) luxuries, (b) corn up to 2/- if necessary.

Or take *Retaliation*: let us try negotiating, and, if need be, fighting to get our goods into markets from which they are shut out. If we do, with any regard to facts and common sense, again the counter-blow would fall on (a) luxuries, (b) food, rather than on manufactures.

When a manufacturer—and this is a favourite Protectionist argument—transfers his mill to Germany, it is because he sold his goods to Germany and can do so no longer. To 'protect' his manufactures here effects nothing; it irritates without hurting.

Both these projects make against, rather than for, protection.

My difficulty begins with 'broadening the basis of taxation.'

I do not believe that either of the two projects named would protect; but neither do I believe that they would bring in Revenue to any appreciable extent. In so far as they fulfil their ostensible—and to me real—objects, they will do neither. Indeed, a tax on *wine* might decrease Revenue. For our *existing taxes* have reached the limit of productivity quâ indirect, and the limit of prudence quâ direct taxation.

There's the rub! I preach economy, honestly. But in my heart of hearts I *know* that Imperial Defence—developing the Unity of Empire—bettering the conditions of life at home—*must* mean greater expenditure. Whether at the W. O. or the I. O., I found many things that ought to be done and could not be done for lack of funds.

I cannot, therefore, say that I will *never* put on new taxes. Indeed, if I were Chancellor of Exchequer in ten years' time, I should be driven to it.

Taxes on manufactured articles will not, I believe, produce much revenue. They will, probably, merely shift employment from one trade into another, or from one grade into another grade of the same trade. They would protect certain trades, or processes, *i.e.* the agriculturist would pay more for his machine, and the operative would make more pig-iron and fewer tin-plates.

If, therefore, I found it necessary to discover new taxes for Revenue, the most effective and *fairest* course would be to have a revenue tariff, *really* general and *really* non-protective, except accidentally to an insignificant degree.

To be brief: the *ideal* is, that such taxes should be universal and very low.

I have two objects: (i) Imperial, (ii) domestic.

(i) Imperial. I go to my conference hoping for closer Union, less taxation on my manufactures, trade routes within the Empire, and last, but not least, some *appreciable contribution from the Colonies* towards Imperial

Defence, say, the Navy, and imperial retainer for Militia throughout the Empire.

Now, most of our Colonies have a protective tariff for manufactures, but also a genuine revenue tariff. It used to be 7% ad valorem at the Cape when I was there.

If I am to devise a plan for the Empire, I must take into account the custom of all the parts.

I may say that taxes which go exclusively into the Exchequer and give no indirect protection, are best for me. But I cannot say they are best for South Africa or India. So without violating the Free Trader's theory quâ this Island, I can advocate an all-round 2% ad valorem, the proceeds of which are to be ear-marked for Imperial defence. In the Cape or India it would be a slight addition to their customary system. Here it would be an insignificant exception from our system.

Having dealt thus with (i) Imperial, I turn to (ii) Domestic, and put on another 1%-3% in all—to make a 'pool' for carrying out Balfour of Burleigh's Report. I should come out with an Imperial and Domestic policy based on all round 3% taxes for Revenue.

Protection disappears. Retaliation is left rather high and dry. If needed, the 'blows' ought to be devised to act as threats. They ought to hit where it hurts and not to be of a protective character.

I did not mean to write all this. It is purely speculative.

For the moment we must keep clear of J. C.'s 10% on manufacture.—Yours ever,

G. W.

550

To Philip Hanson

SAIGHTON GRANGE,
CHESTER, 1.xii.05.

MY DEAR P. H.,—Many thanks for your letter. You must come on the 21st. Percy will be here and we shall have a royal time. Bring Charles with you.

I wrote to the Orange Colonel, Wednesday, on the 'Times' Report. So far I have received no reply, explanation, or even acknowledgment.

It is curious that all the people who go for Joe have begun to knife the people who don't.

The Irish are getting excited. The only thing that angers me is when they attack A. J. B.

I am just in from a short address on Education at Chester, after Prizes by my Lady. I said one thing that still pleases me. I led up to it with 'danger of gospel of Efficiency pushed to excess'; why should we 'beat the Foreigner' unless our descendants are to be 'Heirs of *all* the ages'? And then my epigram 'Do not make a scrap-heap of the Past and a treadmill of the Future.'

You must allow that this was good for the students.

I begged them to preserve the qualities which used to distinguish man from the brutes in the past, and ought to distinguish him from machines in the future. What are these inherent qualities? To find them we must, in accordance with Modern Science, go to the nursery and study children, or to uncivilised countries and study savages. What do we find? (1) Pommeling, (2) Riddles, (3) Mud-pies. To fight, to understand, to make.

Fighting—men or nature—is sufficiently preserved in games and sport. In earliest periods Fighting and Hunting pursued to exclusion of all else. Danger now is that so-called 'Battle of Life'—with nothing of primitive daring and loyalty, shall be pursued also to exclusion of all else. Danger is that we shall become machines. So hark back to the Understanding and Making. (Aside—Here Charles will interrupt with gypsum.)

We must know truth and model beauty, etc., etc.

They all liked it!—Yours ever,

GEORGE W.

551

To Charles T. Gatty

35 PARK LANE, W.,
4.xii.05.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—Many thanks for your letter. I hope to be back at Saughton on Wednesday 7th, unless

detained. Her ladyship will be there till Friday, and both of us back Wednesday 13th.

I should *like* to see you.

Saunderson accepts my contradiction unreservedly. What an extraordinary people they are.

Bendor, you may have noticed, is Lord Lieutenant of Cheshire.

In answer to your question, I do not believe that the Irish Vote turns 142 seats, or, indeed, any considerable number.

C. B. will form a Government, I feel pretty sure.

The situation is curiously analogous to that of 1845. Lord John Russell then failed to do so because one man, Howick (afterwards Grey), refused to join. Peel then resumed and carried on, execrated by the Protectionists and just supported by the Liberals till Repeal was passed. Then the Protectionists and Irish joined forces and smashed him.—Yours ever,

G. W.

552

To his Sister, Madeline

35 PARK LANE, W.,
13.xii.05.

MOST DARLING MANENAI,—I am coming without fail and will let you know train.¹ I may have to cut the visit very short as, besides Dover, the smash at Charing Cross is taxing my time. You spell the second name Phillip—with *ll*—I shall spell it Philip—with one *l*—merely as a supporter of compulsory Greek. It ought to be Philhipp. But nobody spells it that way, and, out of deference to convention, even I refrain. I hope he will love the Horse.—Your devoted brother,

GEORGE W.

Off to Dover!

¹ For the christening of her son.

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To Mrs. Drew

SAUGHTON,

December 20th, 1905. *Midnight.*

MY DEAR MARY,—I forgive you because you ask me to do so, and am very, very sorry to have missed you.

I am too tired to argue to-night.

I stated my position in *advance*, on the Address of 1901. It was a difficult position to assume, and defend. It has *not* been made easier for me by 'the other party.' On the contrary, it was made untenable.

I asked *then* (1901), and again and again, during more than four years, that the questions of Land, Education, etc., should be discussed on their merits, with a desire to make progress and without reference to Home Rule: as I put it, 'without making them stalking horses for Home Rule.'

Yet most Liberal speakers, and all Liberal papers, have insisted that I did not mean what I said.

Finally, at a moment when *nobody* believes that the Liberals can pass, or even introduce a Home Rule Bill, the Leader of the Liberal Party quite gratuitously asserts that everything done for the benefit of Ireland is to be considered, not on its merits, but as a step to Home Rule.

Let me put it in this way: if, for what seems the Party object of proving that I and the Unionist Government were ready to work towards Home Rule, Liberal speakers persistently ignore the distinction I drew, then no course is open to me but to draw that distinction more sharply.

And, believe me, there is nothing but disappointment and bitterness and delay to all progress in confusing—as I would put it—such practical questions, on which agreement is possible, with the creation of a legislative Assembly upon which agreement is not possible.

I deplore C. B.'s speech, because I believe that it adjourns *everything* for 5 or 10 years.

I did not mean to argue. But I care intensely for these things.

It was bad enough to be murdered 'politically' as a reformer in Ireland. It is almost worse to see *your* Party committing suicide in a like capacity.

Fortunately I am young. And when your Party has reaped, in turn, its crop of savage ingratitude, I may still hope to see the parties working together for what is possible in Ireland as they are now working together for what is possible in Foreign Affairs.

I need hardly add that the report which you have seen of my speech is a scanty presentment of 45 minutes. My constituents know, and approve, my desire to see practical work done for Ireland. They are entitled to know that I object to handing over legislation, except for private Bills, to a subordinate Parliament. As I have stated that objection repeatedly for 18 years, I am entitled to re-state it when it is persistently discredited by a combination of English Liberals and Ulster Fanatics.

Now I must ask you to forgive me. We are close on Christmas, and, apart from charity, I am, yours affectionately,

G. W.

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To his Father

SAIGHTON,

December 22nd, 1905.

MY DEAREST PAPA,—Your letter of 16th was interesting. But much has happened since then. I was 'slated.' But, politically, my position is beginning to emerge from the morass of hard lying. I wrote Saunderson a quiet, but firm, letter contradicting him flatly for the second time. He has not replied. If he ever raises the matter in the House I have but to read the correspondence in order to blow him out of the water.

After that 'private scrimmage' I went to Bowood, Friday to Tuesday, and had interesting talks with Metternich and Lansdowne. Then, on Wednesday week,

13th, I took on Dover. I spoke nine times in four nights and was in very good form. I went over Harbour Works and Iron Works all the mornings, had political or social lunches, slept the whole afternoon, had tea and eggs and spoke freely, without preparation, in the evenings from 7.30 to 12 o'clock. I did three meetings first night, one the second, four the third and one the fourth—reported more or less.

On Sunday I needed a rest so I went with George Peel—who with his father, Lord Peel, happened to be at my hotel—to Canterbury by the 9 a.m. train and mooned about the cathedral till 3 o'clock. It is unparalleled. In the afternoon I returned to Dover and called on retired officers—the 'upper-crust' who would be 'huffy' if I only attended to capital and labour and shop-keepers.

Monday I went to Babraham for the christening of Manenai's heir, on Tuesday. It was perfect. Our procession of 'Lady Libbet' with a crutch-handled stick—darling Chang and self as God-parents, dowager baby and four sisters was inimitable. Beyond the little stream there was another procession of all the babies in the parish in perambulators, silhouetted, beyond the cut-limes, against the green meadows. The church was full. I put in a morning at Cambridge, by motor, with Charlie; looked up Walter Durnford—Master of King's and Mayor of Cambridge, saw King's and John's library and the Templar's church.

I ran down here Wednesday night with Perf who had 'flitted' to London, for the day, to try on clothes.

All this is introduction. For the moment—though enchanted with C. B.'s folly at the Albert Hall, I am absorbed in hunting.

S. S. and I open our campaign at Dover at 7 p.m. on 28th with torchlight procession and speech from windows of the Carlton Club, Dover. But, till then, I merely hunt, every day. I suppose I ought to write my address on Sunday. All my 'followers' are clamouring for it and Colonel Haigh—the new man in Middleton's place—is besieging me to speak all over the country. But

—as I said—this is beer and skittles by comparison with hunting. So, let me write about that.

Perf, besides riding far, far better than I did at his age has developed a faculty for successful horse-coping. Besides the capital mare which he bought for £21 at Wrexham in September he has bought—with my money—a black thoroughbred near Aston for £70. He rode the black blood-horse with great distinction on Tuesday. They hunted fast all over the cream of south Cheshire and the first flight tell me that Perf went in front all the time.

To-day, we met at Holt, five miles from here. We had one of those days that make hunting a romance, comparable only to fighting. It was perfect. Shelagh Westminster and her uncle, Heremon FitzPatrick were out from Eaton; Perf and I, from Saighton: and I may say that we four will concede equality only to Cholmondeley and W. Jones, and Weaver—the horse-dealer—and *superiority*, only to Goswell, the Steeple-chase jockey and trainer. I admit that he beat us. Nobody else did. ‘A southerly wind and a cloudy sky’ with a rising glass—‘proclaimed a hunting morning.’

We found at ‘Royalty’ the best of Watkin Wynn’s coverts, in the pick of the vale, two and a half miles from Saighton. There was the scent which only comes once or twice in the few seasons which men remember. We ran our fox to ground—an eight and a quarter mile point—fourteen to fifteen miles, as we ran, over all the best country, in one hour and fifteen minutes. Royalty, Carden, Edge Park, Overton Scar, Broughton. Perf was the first man *at* the Carden River, and the *only* one who got over it. Wengy Jones nearly drowned himself and his horse. I had the best of the start. But, to my huge delight, Perf pounded me and the whole field at a ‘supposed’ unjumpable place. Excepting Goswell; Perf, Fitzpatrick, Shelagh and self, saw the whole run as well as anybody. And ‘anybody’ only means Wengy Jones, Maiden (the huntsman), Cholmondeley and Weaver. Indeed, the hounds beat us altogether the last twenty minutes of this *sublime* one hour and fifteen minutes.

I am glad to say that Weaver, Wengy, Jones and self jumped the paddock rails into Broughton Park after we had been running over the hour. In short, the hounds carried such a head that a horse could jump anything and *pull* after he ought to have been tired out.

But this was not nearly all. We changed horses and drew Carden Cliff. I viewed the fox away and, with 'Rock' (Cholmondeley) and Goswell, had the best of the first rush to the check (fifteen minutes). Then we hunted again, for about thirteen to fourteen miles—after a loop—right across the vale into the Cheshire country, and 'whipped off' in the dark at Tattenhall, four miles from home. There were divine bits of racing pace, three or four times, over the best of the Cheshire Vale.

It is not possible to describe this kind of thing. Putting the two hunts together we must have galloped and jumped for at least twenty-six miles—probably thirty. The hounds were never cast in either of the two runs. We hunt again to-morrow.

Perf, with his hat on the back of his head, sailing away, gives me undiluted joy. He has taken his place, straight away, in the very first flight of the seven or ten people who ride hard and see runs. The 'professionals'—like Weaver and Goswell—all mention him to me; and it is notable to 'pound' such a field over an unjumpable brook *and* to see two such hunts to their conclusion.

We rode back together in the dark, absolutely happy, and played a game of picquet together after dinner.

And so I wish you, and darling Mamma, and Ditchmouse, and Guy and Minnie, and all at Clouds a Merry Christmas and most Happy New Year.—Your loving son,

GEORGE WYNDHAM.

P.S.—You like accuracy. Perf, alone, jumped the Carden river and *cleared* it. But his horse would have slipped back with him. So he threw himself off, pulled the horse up the opposite bank, remounted, and sailed away.

P.S. 2.—When Wengy Jones got into the Carden River I saw that I could not get over it. So I shouted to Perf, as he remounted, 'You've got 'em to yourself, Go on!'

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To his Mother

SAIGHTON GRANGE.

CHESTER, *Christmas Eve*, 1905.

MOST DARLING,—This is to wish you a most Merry Christmas and Happy New Year, and to send you all my love.

Bendor is just back, very well and dear to everybody.

Cuckoo's children are staying with us. Perf and I are very happy. Give my love to Papa, and dear old Guy and Minnie, and Ditchmouse and all.

I am not writing other letters this year as I am hard at it to hunt and get plenty of oxygen into my blood and to put together papers, etc., for the election campaign.—

Your most loving son,

GEORGE.

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To Mrs. Hinkson

SAIGHTON,

CHESTER, *Christmas Eve*, 1905.

MY DEAR MRS. KATHARINE TYNAN,—I thank you for 'Innocencies.' Children explain the riddle of life. They are the only rest we know. And I thank you, too, for the 'Dedication.' For the sake of the children of the future a 'grown-up'—like myself—must follow the gleam; and, sometimes, through murky defiles in cumbrous armour.

But that is just when your song leads my own self out of its case and grime, beyond the sunless gorges, over the hills and far away 'Adown the pale green avenues' to where 'the wind ruffles the windflower.' I—and many, many more than you suppose—thank you for that deliverance.

As you have sent me so many songs, I will send you one which I wrote years ago—in 1891—because your poetry is to me what I felt then.

AFTER SICKNESS IN SPRINGTIME

Out in the air again,
 Over the downs ;
 How the wind drowns
 Body and brain !—
 Hums in my ears,
 Blinds me with tears,
 Washing the world of the dead winter's stain

Spring winds are here again,
 Scouring the world ;
 See the dust whirled
 Over the plain !—
 Cleansing the mind
 Fouly confined.
 Day after day in the prison of pain.

Listen ! The lark again
 Sings where the skies
 Dazzle our eyes.
 Oh ! How his strain,
 Sharper than sight,
 Pierces the height,
 Tingles from Heaven like glittering rain.

When I read 'Innocencies' I cry, 'Listen, the lark again !'

Was it your husband who wrote to the P. M. G. a letter about the 'Catholic Association' ? I hope so.

Late, on this Xmas eve, all my thanks and good wishes, go out to you.—Yours very sincerely,

GEORGE WYNDHAM.

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To Bertram Windle

SAUGHTON GRANGE,
 CHESTER, Christmas Eve, 1905.

MY DEAR DR. WINDLE,—I cannot resist writing to thank you for your good wishes, and to reciprocate them

most warmly. Lady Grosvenor, who joins me in wishing you a happy Christmas and *successful* New Year, is delighted with 'Ad Matrem.'

I am much struck by the passage in Dr. O'Dwyer's address, and, even more, by your Bishop's action in respect of the Students' sodality.

We are getting to work here to battle over a Home Rule proposal which may never be made.

These fights of 'Kites and Crows' would be grotesque if they did not mean the distraction of attention from practical work on which men of all political views can agree. As it is, they are tragic and to no one more so than to yours very sincerely,

GEORGE WYNDHAM.

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To his Sister, Pamela

SAIGHTON GRANGE,
CHESTER, *Xmastide*, 1905.

MOST DARLING PAMELO,—I have been thinking of you these days and send all love to you and real dynamic wishes that you shall be happy and blessed in the New Year. Give love to Eddy and much to the children.

You must tell me what good set of books Clare would really like from me. Bowdler's Shakespeare in 6 vols.; or all Walter Scott, or all Dickens. Or would she like a desk.

As for Bim, I think a desk? if he has not got one. Let me know at your leisure.

To-day 28th I start—now—for the Election; and shall scarcely be human for three weeks. It seems a silly way to govern a country for everybody to talk loud, and boast and bicker and malign during three weeks. The only thing that redeems it to my mind is that it resembles the conduct of dogs when suddenly surprised by a normal incident, such as the moon rising, or the dinner bell ringing.—Your devoted brother,

GEORGE.

559

To his Sister, Pamela

HOTEL BURLINGTON,
DOVER, 31st December 1905.

MOST DARLING PAM,—I love the Book of Peace and the quotation. I like one from Troilus (Chaucer):—

‘Let not this wretched woe thine hertë grieve.
But manly set the world on six and seven
And if thou die a martyr, go to Heaven.’

(Half the fun is to write on this outrageous paper. It gives the local colour of an Election.)

I am immensely amused by the numbers, enthusiasm and complete ignorance of Dover ladies, dying to help. I have armies of lady canvassers. But they are bowled out by the first question of the canvasee. Like irregular horse, they come back plunging through the ranks for support from Head Quarters. It is now decided that I am to give them a lecture. A ladies’ class will gather, and I shall explain Fiscals, Education and Licensing to them. They hope—after I have served out the ammunition—to do great execution. But I have my doubts.—
Your devoted brother, GEORGE.

560

To his Father

HOTEL BURLINGTON,
DOVER, January 9th, 1906.

MY DEAREST PAPA,—Sibell and self are both keeping very well. To-day I feel a little limp, partly owing to the weather, partly because last night one of those occasions came to me which make me speak far better than my form. I gave so much of my vitality to the audience that I feel the reaction; all the more as I spoke at a second meeting when I was very tired. But it was worth

it. My Chairman had tears in his eyes and I worked up the meeting to a frenzy of anger and enthusiasm.

So far I have always held, and sometimes 'swept' my audiences. But as they vote for me unanimously, or with only three to five dissentients, it is clear that they agree in the main.

You must not be disappointed even if I were beaten.

I have three difficulties. My friends are the supporters of the Conservative Corporation. They have burdened the rates, and are hated by many. So that my Army, though loyal, is a stage army, turning up every night and numbering? That is the rub! Is it 2000 or 2500?

My second difficulty is that all the Nonconformists have been, and are working against me with silent, but relentless, animosity.

My third difficulty is the one you note in your letter to S. S. The Trades Union leaders and socialists have issued orders to all the working-men.

The Railway Vote is shaky: Weetman Pearson, a Liberal, is employing 1500 on the Harbour works; the Flour mills; Paper mills and Gas works are all, I fear, doubtful. There are 2000 new Electors, who, like Brer Rabbit, 'lay low, and say nothink!' So we mustn't mind a beating if it comes.

I expected to win by 500. I now put it at 300, a slender margin on 6300 electors of whom 2000 are an unknown quantity.

But we have 'put up' a grand fight and, as I could not have done more, my mind is quite peaceful.

S. S. is a constant source of amusement to me. I wish I could remember all her sayings.

I want to win and figure in the 'little band' of Conservatives who will emerge from this tempest.

I have made seventeen speeches and have only four more. The 'Telegraph' reports a bit from Dover most days.

All love to darling Mamma and all at Clouds.—Your loving son,

GEORGE.

561

To his Mother

HOTEL BURLINGTON,
DOVER, January 10th, 1906.

MOST DARLING MAMMA,—We loved your letter. If I did not feel that you had all been very busy over ‘Red Riding Hood’¹ I should feel rather selfish for not having told you more of our contest. But I have been going ‘top pace’ every day, without a moment to spare. I have made 21 speeches. We have got the mob and the aristocracy with us. So I suppose we are Tories.

My chief amusement consists in S. S.’ gradual, but rapid, conversion into an out-and-out Electioneer-er. She now comes to all my meetings. A certain number of working-men—one a pale-faced enthusiast with blue eyes, another, a sort of Goblin who dances after every meeting—follow me wherever I go and take front places and watch me with gleaming, strained, attention. Well, S. S. and these demoniacs are now hand-in-glove, on the ‘Here we are again’ principle. As far as enthusiasm goes we are all demented. The climax of each night beats the night before. Any man who interrupted would have his neck broke. But last night in respect of S. S., beat all. I ‘swept’ the Harbour men at 4 p.m. Had a unanimous meeting (with the pale enthusiast and goblin at 7.30)—another mad meeting of enthusiasm at 8.45 to 10 o’clock. Then we went at my Chairman’s suggestion to the Town Hall. Our Ward Committees—three of them—were meeting in the Council Chamber, Mayor’s Parlour and another room, at the back. Bryce, my opponent, had a mass meeting in *front*, i.e. in the Town Hall itself. So we entered by the police door, crept like Guy Faux past the cells, and up a ladder *into the dock* in the court, and so got to our Ward meetings. We could hear the cheers and applause in the big hall—like sounds in a

¹ Children’s theatricals at Clouds.

phonograph. And suddenly, in went S. S. and self into the Council Chamber. There were 300 and more stalwarts working at the organization. It was a miracle to her. They took her on—whilst I spoke to that Ward—to the other in the Mayor's Parlour. There she made a speech !!! And, so on, to the third Ward Committee. All the time we heard the ghostly cheers and clapping from the enemy's mass meeting under the same roof.

Papa says I am more of a Chamberlain-ite than twelve months ago.

I have never mentioned Chamberlain, except in reference to the outrageous interruption at Derby.

I preach the 'official' programme. But I serve it up so 'piping hot'—hot with anger against the foreigners; hot with enthusiasm for our colonies—that the delirium grows.

It's a hard fight. I, myself, only hope to win by three hundred to five hundred. My workers talk of one thousand, but they are excited.

I see that one little gibe of mine has got into the London Press. I enclose cutting. It would have pleased dear Webber.

It comes from Henry VI and is a good parallel to C. B.'s fatuous vacillation. Henry VI. says 'For Margaret my Queen, and Warwick too,' I have only changed the names.

The Irish are polling for me on Religious Education and work done, in defiance of the National League. *That* makes me happy. I have the soldiers solid. I have about three quarters of the working-men on Fiscal Reform. Some who have always been Radical are with me.

On the other hand, every Nonconformist in the Town is voting against me.

They mean to hold back and vote in a solid army from 6 o'clock to 8 in the evening, in the hope of blocking the polling-booths against our working-men who generally delay.

There are 6300 voters. I have 3600 promises—in round numbers.

If you discount both figures, it comes to a near thing. But my people believe I shall win by a good majority.

Anyway we 'go in' on the first day and are straining every nerve to set an example.—Your most loving son,
GEORGE.

562

To his Mother

HOTEL BURLINGTON,
DOVER, January 12th, 1906.

MOST DARLING MAMMA,—S. S. did show me your letter, but only just now, after all the meetings, and roaring, and canvassing and trapesing are—Thank God!—over.

I am rather sorry I said I might be beaten. But it was right, really, to let you know. I am enthusiastic when anything can be done by 'having the God in you.' That is what enthusiasm means—in Greek. The literal English would be 'God-inside-of-us-ness.' But no one is cooler over chances. That is why I played at gambling when a boy, before I worked at things when a man.

Now, on the canvassing returns, if you take an 80 % Poll, that is, if you assume that only four will vote at all out of five on the register; and if you take 75 % of your promises, that is, that only three will vote out of four who say they will—I should only win by 270.

If I assume that the *Freemen* are in some cases entered twice on the Register; once as Freemen and again as occupiers, and write off half of them on that score:—then my majority would be 470.

These are narrow margins on 6730 electors.

A *wave* against you would play the Devil!

My opponents have tried every trick.

They got Sir Weetman Pearson, the Contractor for the Naval Harbour Works, to wire that he hoped Bryce would win. Well, 2000 men are employed on the Harbour. So there you are! at least let us hope so.

The great thing is to get the *wave* the other way.

If I have done that I may swell my 270, or my 470, up

to 700. I almost hope I have done it, or that S. S. and I, have done it between us.

We hunt down the 'doubtfuls,' for every vote counts. And we play right up to the 'Mob.'

The mob I have got and the soldiers.

You must not abuse dear Dover.

My people have worked splendidly, and we—S. S. and I—have the funniest friends, the landlady of a Public House, all the real working-men of Dover; and Army. On the other hand what will Pearson's men do? and the Railway men? and the Gas Works?

I shall know to-morrow night. We had a wild evening. There have never been such doings.

They tried to break up my meeting—far the largest ever held.

We stood at bay for fifteen or twenty minutes. I started twice, and then sat down and smoked a cigarette—(quite right for once) I got 'em at last and *spoke* for forty or fifty minutes.

Then I stood on a chair in the next Hall and addressed the overflow. Then S. S. and I were dragged round the town—without horses—Mrs. Rhodes, the landlady, at the door, and the funny man who dances on the box.

Then I spoke to them again from the carriage.

I *love* the real working-man and he loves us.—Your loving son,

GEORGE.

563

To his Mother

HOTEL BURLINGTON,

DOVER, *Midnight, 13th January 1906.*

MOST DARLING MAMMA,—We are all astounded at our victory. It upsets all reasonable, and received rules. I reckoned on getting $\frac{3}{4}$ —75 % of those who promised, that is, told the canvassers they were 'for Wyndham.' I sent my estimate up to the Central office in London; because they are very 'jumpy' there and had their eye on Dover. Our Chief—Colonel Haig—Middleton's successor, wrote

back that my estimate was the one he had found correct during sixteen years as chief Agent in Scotland.

Very well : I did the sum and it gave me a 470 majority. I felt I had the people, the mob, the men, women and children with me, and, towards the end, thought the 'wave' might carry me to '700.'

But we have upset all calculations. We have swept the board. Instead of polling three out of four promises, I polled seven out of eight. What Trojans they are!! I love them.

S. S. has been superb. What I love is that the working men love me. I won by their hearts.

My people were scared to-day when Sir Weatman Pearson, the contractor for the Admiralty telegraphed all to support Bryce and to go against Fiscal Reform.

I was quite overcome by the immense response.

Of course we have used our heads as well as our hearts. I think we have beaten all records of electioneering, initiative and ingenuity and dash.

Instead of six or seven nomination papers, I had 95 with ten names to each, representing all interests. When 3270 (?) people said 'Yes' to my canvassers, I wrote an autograph letter, had it lithographed and sent it to each, thanking them and asking them to increase my obligation and add to the value of their support of '*our principles*' by polling between 8 and 11 in the morning.

Last night I beat organized interruption and then spoke for fifty minutes; and then got on a chair and spoke to an overflow meeting; and then drove all round the town, horses taken out—spoke again here from the carriage.

To-day S. S. and I started at 9 o'clock and drove round till 6.30 and off again at 7.30 to the Town Hall. All the *children* were with me. They clustered like bees on my carriage singing electioneering songs.

I drove up the oldest sailors in our sociable. Men walked in six miles—labourers—to vote for me.

The sea of faces at the declaration remains bitten into my memory. Then we went to the Carlton Club and I

spoke from the window to a solid square of humanity filling the Market Square, and so on and so on.

My hand is crushed with hand-shakes. We all love each other.

My joy is that in spite of Pearson, and Trades Unions, I polled out the *Working-man* for the Empire.

I have never attacked my opponent or anyone else.

All my song has been the brotherhood of the Empire for us all, fair terms from the Foreigner, and the glory of Empire for our children—with a little straight talk for Christianity in our schools, as the birthright of English children.

Instead of being 'smart' at the expense of my opponents I have opened my heart to all their hearts and, we just love each other.

I won on Toryism, Empire and Fiscal Reform. The Irish voted for me; the Fishermen voted for me, the Soldiers voted for me, the Artisans voted for me! simply because we liked each other and love the traditions of the past and the Glory of the Future.—Your loving son,

GEORGE.

564

To his Mother

SAIGHTON GRANGE,
CHESTER, January 24th, 1906.

MOST DARLING MAMMA,—Your long, wonderful 'Mother's' letter, found me just at the right moment.

We are anxious about darling Cuckoo's little Mary. 'Satisfactory' wire this morning: but she has pneumonia, at Madresfield. S. S. is there.

So I am alone—just arrived—and Perf out hunting. Now you see how clever it was of you to write yesterday and address the letter here!

Sibell's letter which met me in the brougham made me anxious about little Mary—my God-daughter and such a sweet and, then, Cuckoo. . . . Then I found a wire to Perf, here, sent to-day which said it was *satisfactory*.

This touch of the actual would make me realize the insignificance of Electioneering; if I needed a reminder. But I do not.

I have felt a great deal and thought a great deal in the last year. I do not think with you, Darling, that I am an '*instrument*,' in the sense of being necessary or important. But I know I am an '*instrument*' in the sense that I have been made to feel more and, perhaps, to think more, than others. That gives me, or strengthens in me, the odd power that I certainly have—not of myself—over great masses of people.

They listen and believe. I have not always got it to the full. It fluctuates. But when I am really magnetic I can sweep crowd after crowd. It is not oratory. Because, when I have it, they do not wait for me to finish my sentences. I have it on alternate days. Monday, at Penarth, I only 'held' a huge meeting, and only argued. But Tuesday, at the blackest of the rout, I spoke better and exerted more influence than at any time in my life with the two exceptions of my speech on the War, and my speech on the Land Act in the House. It was almost frightening to be so intimate with so many. I know the symptoms. But they made me gasp at the end. They mobbed up to the platform and made me sign my name on cards and tickets, and bits of torn paper till my hand ached and then dragged me round the town.

I shall never forget my night, alone at the Royal Hotel, Cardiff. The 'Mail' office flashed Liberal wins with red lights *into* my room, all night till 1 a.m. amid hoarse cheers and shouts of execration. I was alone with those Danger Signals. Yet I had a great, intoxicated wave of humanity with me.

At Brigend on Wednesday I did very well—but without magic. On Saturday I again 'swept' my audience on Market day in the Shire Hall. On Monday I went to Bognor to help Edmund Talbot. They had the biggest meeting ever known in the Assembly Rooms. I spoke for an hour and did well—but no magic, and then spoke at an overflow with magic. Then I drove to Chichester

with his daughter, Magdalene. Yesterday, Tuesday, I had a hard day. Went to London, saw Ned Talbot for a moment, drove to St. Pancras, ten minutes lunch at the station, and long journey to Hyde in Cheshire. I arrived too late for Dinner, had some bread and butter and was delivered, worn-out and unprepared, to an audience of 4000 in the theatre. They did all I detest. Put up the Candidate who cannot speak. Asked me to wait and speak after Balcarres. He was at the 'overflow'; did not get back in time etc., etc. So that, tired, hungry, I suddenly had to speak. And once more, the power came to me. I made them delirious. Then they took me to the overflow and I spoke again. Then they took me to the Club and I made my third speech.

I refused to speak to-night. To-morrow I speak at Crewe, and on Friday at Rhyl.

I wish you had been there on Tuesday, or last night. But I cannot count on doing it. It happens to me.

Last night, when I had conquered all opposition and lit a light in many eyes, it was too late to argue. Some verses of Davidson, came into my head :—

‘The *Present* is a Dungeon Dark
Of Social Problems. Break the Jail!
Get out into the splendid *Past*
Or bid the splendid *Future* hail.’

To-day it seems silly to quote that.

Last night I quoted it, and applied it, and turned and twisted it up spirals of impassioned words, until as I shouted ‘Bid the more splendid Future hail! And go forward to meet it!!’ There was such a roar of cheering that I sat down; having ‘done it’ once more.

And, now, to-day comes the human touch of loneliness and little Mary’s danger.

I remember your saying, when Clouds was burnt, that it made you *feel* the truth of immortality. Papa dissented. But that is what I *feel*.

I never felt so sure that Conservatism and Imperialism are true and immortal, than to-day.

I am sorry that I am *not* speaking to-night.

I do not feel vindictive. I do look forward to the Debate on the Address.

Only one thing has persisted in this turmoil. That is the blatant, lower-middle-class, fraud, called Liberalism or 'Free Trade.'

Two things—that are real—emerge :—

Labour and Imperialism. They aim at the same goal : a better life for more of us.

I believe in my method. They believe in their method. We shall see.

But, whether we are Socialists or Imperialists, we are living men.

The others are old women and senile professors.

They have got to clear out of 'the ring' in which we are going to have a 'fight to the finish.'—Your ever loving son,

GEORGE.

565

To his Father

SAUGHTON GRANGE,
CHESTER, *January 24th, 1906.*

MY DEAREST PAPA,—I am much interested in your letter, but too tired to reply.

Melbourne's observation on 'fools' was in respect of Catholic Emancipation. He was right on *existing* facts. He was wrong on the facts that were to be. If the 'fools' who were *right* on existing facts had prevailed against the common sense of the Duke of Wellington we should have endured sixty years ago, what we now have to face, but the question would have been poisoned by religious enmity.

Conservatives who reverence, and believe in, the Past, can alone gaze at the Future.

The rotten mystification of Radicalism consists in fidgeting and fussing, about the *Present*.

My detachment from the present sometimes troubles me. But it gives me an immense power over mobs. They

feel that I do not worry over the *Present*. And, because they *feel* that, they listen to me when I applaud the *Past* and unfold the *Future*.

I have three talismans which help me in such a welter as we are now confronting.

1. *Pater*. 'The *Present*, is an apex between two hypothetical *Eternities*.'

2. *Bagehot*. 'A Romantic attachment to the *Past* is a very different thing from a *slavish* adoration of the *Present*.'

3. When the last Emperor of Eastern Rome, Constantine Palæologus, fell buried under a pyramid of Eastern chivalry in 1453, all seemed lost.

But he 'fought to a finish.' And that colossal overthrow created the Renaissance of Modern Europe.

Now, to-day in England, we are fighting to a finish—'damned badly'—I admit.

But in the course of the fight, the Education Act, and Home Rule, and Chinese Slavery, and 'Dear Food' are so much ammunition which has thinned our ranks but is, *now*, expended.

Two ideals, and only two, emerge from the vortex :—

(1) Imperialism, which demands Unity at Home, between classes, and Unity throughout the Empire; and which *prescribes* Fiscal Reform to secure both.

(2) *Insular Socialism* and Class Antagonism.

Both these ideals are intellectually reasonable. But the first is based on the past, on experience, and looks to the Future. The second looks only at the Present, through a microscope.

Between these two ideals a great battle will be fought. I do not know which will win. If Imperialism wins we shall go on and be a great Empire.

If Socialism wins we shall cease to be. The rich will be plundered. The poor will suffer. We shall perish with Babylon, Rome and Constantinople.

The fight is a 'square' fight.

As for the 'Liberals' and 'Unionist Free Traders'—the 'Whigs' of our day—Well! Their day is over.

It is they who are drowned.

The Imperialists and Socialists emerge.

That is the dividing line of future parties.

The Bankers and Hair-dressers and 'épiciers,' are out of the hunt.

It is a good fight for huge stakes.

As for C. B. and the remnants of 'Whiggery' there is no room for their subterfuges.

We, the Imperialists, using Fiscal Reform as our weapon, are only beginning.—Your affectionate son,

GEORGE WYNDHAM.

566

To Bertram Windle

SAIGHTON GRANGE,
CHESTER, *January 25th, 1906.*

MY DEAR DR. WINDLE,—It is always a pleasure to see your handwriting. I appreciated your kind letter of congratulations on Dover above almost all that reached me, and now we come to a business which I long to see concluded.

I am writing a brief note to Mr. Bryce by this post, directing his attention to the formal memo. which I sent to Mr. Long, and asking for an interview at an early date.

I wish we could both of us meet him soon. The *personal* obligation on my part to you is the only outstanding Irish Question which vexes me. But apart from, and beyond, that, I can enjoy no *public* peace of mind until something is done to get rid of the disparity in respect of opportunities for Education under which Ireland suffers.

That is outside the Home Rule controversy. I read Mr. Haldane's speech with pleasure and relief.

The Liberals have a chance which I never enjoyed. I hope they will use it for Irish Education. It is the *only* Irish question they can advance. I have suffered in that cause and am ready to suffer again. But they must drop 'step by step to constitutional Home Rule.' That spells ruin to all practical measures. I am fighting our 'lost

cause ' *de nocte in noctem*. But I have time for the things that I care about ; and Irish Education is one of them.—
Yours very sincerely, GEORGE WYNDHAM.

P.S.—I have marked this 'private.' But you may, of course, send it to the Chief Sec.

567

To his Mother

SAIGHTON GRANGE,
CHESTER, *January 27th*, 1906.

MOST DARLING MAMMA,—I found your two letters on arriving here at the end of my campaign.

I had neuralgia on Thursday. But I 'came to time' for the Crewe meeting that night. I slept in the train there, found the hotel full up for the Hunt Ball, but slept three-quarters of an hour on a sofa in the commercial travellers' room. My neuralgia was gone. And—to my pleasant surprise—I carried my audience away. You cannot imagine the wild enthusiasm. They hoisted me up on their shoulders and pitched me into the carriage. Then they took out the horses and dragged me to the Market-Square and made me speak to the cheering and yelling crowds. We have lost the seat. But over 5000 men are *mad* on the *revenge*. That night I worked on the contrast between the Albert Hall speech of C. B. and the smooth sedative of Haldane at the end—after the lies had done the trick. I took for my text the line in the Peers' chorus of *Iolanthe*, 'We did nothing in particular and did it very well.' I showed them the composite victory won by lies about slavery, lies about dear food etc., and then I said, there are only two parties that face facts—The Labour Party and our Party. I denounced them—the Labour Party's methods—alliance with Home Rule, *reliance* on Foreign socialists and *defiance* to our own Colonies. But I applauded their aim. I then held up our method to reach the same goal, interdependence instead of class antagonism, Union, Empire, fair play, etc., etc. When, for the third or fourth time I said, and

now, after all the Hullabaloo, it means that Haldane and Asquith are to do nothing in particular, but to do it *very* well, they yelled in derision of the most infamous swindle ever imposed on the public.

Last night I went to St. Asaph and spoke at Rhyl. There is no chance there. The Bishop's son is standing.

I can never speak except to persuade. How was I to do it at this last moment of a lost campaign? I had two '*motifs*.' (1) Comic—The Giant Majority—'Even real giants, that you see at a Fair, are not very strong—especially in the head (roars of laughter) and medical science teaches us that the head of the giant has a less perfect control over the limbs than in the case of ordinary persons. But *made up* giants, whom you see in a Pantomime always come to pieces before the end of the Performance!!!'

(2) My other—serious—motif—was that whether we won or lost—every vote for a Unionist had a meaning and a value, it meant fiscal Reform, it bought the application of the sound remedy a day nearer!

I am glad to say that I spoke better last night even than at Cardiff or Hyde or Crewe. I made their eyes glitter.

My campaign has not been futile. We have polled 2,300,000 votes for 'Facing Facts and finding a remedy in Fiscal Reform.'

The Liberals have polled 2,500,000. But of these how many are Nationalists and Labour—who detest the sham of 'profit sharing' liberalism?

By fighting on up-hill we have won a moral victory, 'There is a budding morrow in midnight.'

And now I am going to rest; hoping and believing, that on the Address, and after, I shall have much to say—to the point, without a button on it.

I am 'journalier' as you know. I am sorry that I did not 'come off' at Bognor on Monday. I am sorry that I have spoken better since Dover than at Dover.

But for reasons which I cannot understand, I have spoken at Cardiff, Brigend, Hyde, Crewe and Rhyl *far better* than when all went well in 1900.

And I am—at last—my own self again. I sleep sound. My tongue is as pink as a raspberry. And, after speaking thirty-five times, I have only just begun to unfold my argument.—Your loving son,
 GEORGE.

568

To Wilfrid Ward

SAIGHTON,
 January 28th, 1906.

MY DEAR WILFRID,—At last I have a moment to myself, and can thank you for your congratulations.

I have been speaking, all over the country to good audiences. It is a strange experience and, I imagine, a bad one on the whole. To be the centre of cheering and yelling for nearly five weeks cannot be good for the soul, the mind, or the body. The general impression to me is always barbaric and sometimes savage.

But it has a good side. All barriers of birth and wealth and education are cast down. You make real, intimate friends of men whom otherwise you would never have known. The intimacy of naked contention is bracing though primitive. And there are pretty touches; the election of Ned ¹ in his absence for example.

But, in the main, the whole business is blatant and barbaric.

With my kindest regards to your wife and children,—
 Yours ever,
 GEORGE WYNDHAM.

569

To his Sister, Pamela

SAIGHTON GRANGE,
 CHESTER, 28th January 1906.

DARLING PAMELO,—‘Now the hurly-burly’s done,’ I must write to congratulate on Eddy’s victory. I have been speaking continuously for over four weeks.

To-day I have been dealing with my correspondence—

¹ Lord Edmund Talbot.

a desolating experience. The phrase always suggests to my mind a smiling lunatic, with straws in his hair, dealing out his letters as if for Bridge, in fact I have got mine into four packets, marked 'Pressing,' 'Immediate,' 'Dover,' and 'Friends.' More, at present, I cannot attempt, so I just write to thank you for Eddy's victorious portrait, and to congratulate.

Let us enjoy the first part of the Session.—Ever your devoted brother,
GEORGE.

570

To his Sister, Madeline

SAIGHTON GRANGE,
 CHESTER, 28.i.06.

DARLING MANENAI,—I send one line of thanks for your dear congratulations.

'Whew!' what a licking we have taken.

I enjoy a losing fight and have taken 'delight of battle with my peers' for nearly five weeks.

My meetings have been glorious.

I am quite *sure* that we shall win on Fiscal Reform. I would not be on the other side for the fortune of an American millionaire. I am glad Charley is not of that camp of lying and hypocrisy.

Now—at last—we have a straight fight before us—(1) Tariff Reform and the Empire against (2) Cosmopolitan sentiment and parochial malice.

In the autumn I felt a longing to 'chuck the whole show.' Now I am ready to fight on, for years, in the sure confidence of victory. I have made 35 speeches and 'trained on' all the time. But my audiences have 'trained on' far better. As Buller said, 'the MEN are splendid.' We have no use for those who are not MEN.—
 Your loving brother,
GEORGE.

CHAPTER XI

JANUARY 1906 TO APRIL 7TH 1908

In Opposition—The Education Bill—Death of W. E. Henley—
Address on Walter Scott—The Fiscal Question—The Army—The
Licensing Bill.

571

To his Father

SAIGHTON GRANGE,
CHESTER, February 4th, 1906.

DEAREST PAPA,—Since I saw you I have been in the thick of ‘the Crisis.’ I had an hour and a quarter alone with Arthur just before he dined alone with Joe on Friday, and I return to-morrow, Monday, at his suggestion. A good deal is going on, if indeed ‘on’ is the right word to put after ‘going,’ that is what we shall see.

I had written to him a long letter the previous Sunday and was just off by the 4. p.m. (after seeing Wilfrid), luckily I looked in at ‘44’ and found two telegrams telling me to come to Arthur.

I caught the 7-30 after our talk, and was given on the platform a letter from the Archbishop of Canterbury, begging me to see him Monday, Tuesday or Wednesday on Education.

So I start early to-morrow on these quests. It seems impossible to hunt this year and Percy is benefitting to the extent of the amalgamated stud.

I have read Lord Masham’s obituary notice in the ‘Times’ of 3-2-06. I put it in a long envelope with this note. *N.B.*—This short life is (1) Best reply to the theory that all wealth is created by labour (2) Best argument for social reform.—Your loving son, GEORGE.

572

To his Father

44 BELGRAVE SQUARE, S.W.,
February 14th, 1906.

MY DEAREST PAPA,—I am here for 'swearing in' and now must stay over to-morrow for Party Meeting. I should like to return Saturday for Arthur Balfour's 'Opposition Dinner.' If really quite convenient I should also like to make '44' my headquarters for the fortnight of the Address *i.e.* till March 3rd. I then go to Dover. Sibell has let our house till March 9th, at twenty-five guineas a week—a sum we cannot afford to despise.

But apart from any other arrangements, Pamela would like me to stay at Lennox Gardens, so that if it is at all inconvenient for me to be here I can get board very easily.

I should very much like to be with you at '44' and indulge in constitutional comparisons between the present situation and those which you remember.

I can easily do my writing in your dressing-room upstairs without troubling Margaret to keep a fire in the boudoir or elsewhere.

I am very busy, I intend to take a line of my own on South Africa and the Education Bill.—Your loving son,
GEORGE.

573

To his Mother

44 BELGRAVE SQUARE, S.W.,
February 14th, 1906.

MOST DARLING MAMMA,—What a nice Valentine! Yes, these cross-loyalties make a teasing net. But I am not going to write now—after dinner—as I am really in training for the Future and determined not to excite my brain before going to bed.

I enclose the best substitute for a look! a snap-shot taken as I walked away from the House yesterday which

appears—I am told—in the ‘Daily Mirror.’ The man sent it me.

I, probably, go to Dover March 3rd to the 9th after the Address.

Now to bed ! I want to be fresh for the Party Meeting.
—Ever most loving son, GEORGE.

574

To his Mother

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
February 20th, 1906.

DARLING MAMMA,—Easter will be delightful. I am very busy and very well. ‘44’ is quite comfortable. I am in your room enjoying ‘Cupid and Psyche’: and using the dressing-room as an office.

The debates have been dull. I intend to take up Education and defend the Church. I keep quiet and wait. Education, South Africa, Army, Ireland;—on all these I have a great deal to say and then, Fiscals and Empire.

Unless I am dragged into debate on the Address I shall wait for the peremptory call of circumstance.—Your most loving son, GEORGE.

575

To his Mother

44 BELGRAVE SQUARE, S.W.,
February 28th, 1906.

MOST DARLING MAMMA,—I hardly think it would be worth while to come to Dover. I doubt if there would be any big functions; probably only a supper to Ward Committee and a dinner to the Carlton Club; in fact, I feel sure that the election fever is over. You must come to a big Meeting in the Autumn, I hope by then to have done something to make the Party grateful.

I was at Basingstoke the night of the division on Chinese Labour. Our leaders are in bed. Arthur and I ‘chipped

in ' this afternoon on Rules of Procedure. I wanted to make more row. But there is no backing at present.

I am anxious over South Africa. But the defensive forces are great and can be marshalled. Clouds will be delightful. Perf is very happy with Allen reading Euripides, Cicero, Burke, and Gibbon.

Love to all.—Your loving son,

GEORGE.

576

To his Father

GRAND HOTEL,
DOVER, March 3rd, 1906.

MY DEAREST PAPA,—I find that there will be even less going on at Dover than I expected, so that it certainly would not be worth Mamma's while to go there now.

Churchill only left me fourteen minutes for my reply before midnight. I had, therefore, to get my shots on the target very quickly, merely making my points without developing them.

The Government are playing the very Devil with South Africa.

Love to all.—Your loving son,

GEORGE.

577

To his Father

SAIGHTON GRANGE,
CHESTER, March 24th, 1906.

MY DEAREST PAPA,—We came here yesterday for a rest and breath of fresh air.

Bendor had a grand meeting of 'delegates' from all North Wales—gave lunch to five hundred and sat from 12 to 4.30. Telegraphed, and sent a message to Lord Milner and, on Tuesday, Bendor will speak in the Lords on Land Settlement in South Africa.

He is really a splendid fellow and is becoming a very great personage in these parts.

We all hunted to-day and had very good sport with

Watkin Wynn. First we went up into the hills, chopped a fox, and drove another into the vale. We had to get down a precipice and those who had climbed the hill and 'negotiated' the precipice enjoyed a capital hunting run, with a 'holding' scent. We ran to ground near the Wyches a point of from five to six miles.

In the afternoon we had a good gallop from one of the best vale coverts—about thirty-five minutes over the cream of the country. But for one check it would have been ideal. Bendor, Wengy Jones, and I 'cut out the work' to the check and enjoyed ourselves, hugely, over flying fences, rails and the Grafton brook.

Hunting is certainly the best 'stand-by' one can have. It requires no practice. After four weeks in the House one can just simply float away in the first flight.

Golf and shooting take more time and exact practice. But with hunting, given a scent, you have only got to enjoy yourself. There is no bother or anxiety about it.

I feel ten years younger after my ride.—Your loving son,

GEORGE.

578

To his Sister, Pamela

SAUGHTON,
Lady Day, 1906.

MOST DARLING PAMELO,—How would next Saturday suit for crossing the lintel? Sunday is the first of April, the real New Year's Day, so that I should begin the year with you in the new Wilsford. April, Avril the month of Aphrodite, is my favourite out of all the pomp. I want to be one of the first to cross the lintel, and hope that my little gifts for the children will be ready by then. But I must find something for Christopher and David.

I saw a silly joke in a shop window the other day; a picture of a fat man drowning in mid-stream and calling out 'help! help! I can't swim.' A lean American on the bank replies 'Wall, I can't swim either, but I don't make such a durned noise about it.'

We came here Friday, after much penting at Westminster, and on Saturday I had a good hunt—two capital gallops over the vale. To-day I played with my books and defied the North East wind.

The owls woke me at five o'clock. I could hear their wings as they brushed past our windows. They are paid, like old watchmen, to call the birds, for the dawn chorus began immediately. The garden is full of confiding thrushes with latticed breasts, looking sentimental out of round, liquid eyes. What with the east wind and over-eating, they are 'as sad as night for very wantonness,' sad, of course, in the comfortable, over-fed, sentimental way that makes for liquid eyes and liquid utterance. There is nothing austere about a thrush. Lyrical people are never austere.

Sibell, Percy and I go to Clouds for Easter, and I shall ride over to see you then. But I hope Saturday next will suit for I long to see the House whilst it is still self-conscious and appreciative of attention. Houses and children pass beyond that stage so soon, and hate being told that you remember them when they were so high.

Why have I written lintel twice instead of threshold? I can think of no reason except that I like the word better. Nobody threshes corn in the doorway now, and, if they ever did, I doubt if they gave a utilitarian name to such a mystical limit. I shall call it the door-sill and not the threshold, since I may not call it the lintel.—Your devoted brother,

GEORGE.

579

To his Mother

WILSFORD MANOR,
SALISBURY, April 1st, 1906.

MOST DARLING MAMMA,—It is too bad that darling Guy should be laid up. But Minnie's wire of yesterday to you is consoling.

This is a beautiful home full of peace and happy children. The architecture gives me positive joy and plenty of it. Pam is very well. Eddy,—Pam in Mouse cart—and I

walked up to the Stones yesterday and engaged in village humour with the policeman in charge, who was born at Newton Toney and served with dear old Guy at Canterbury in the 16th.

The desk I have given to Bim was a great success and also the set of Dickens to Clare.

I love this country. Love to all.—Your most loving
son, GEORGE.

580

To Wilfrid Ward

CLOUDS,

SALISBURY, April 11th, 1906.

MY DEAR WILFRID,—I devoted my first afternoon of holiday to the April 'Dublin Review.' It is a good number. I always want to cross-examine Barry; mainly because I want to accept the conclusions towards which he manoeuvres. But I have a sense that he is 'manoeuvring' and this increased by a style which has become more laboured. Contrast O'Dwyer! How direct he is, and with what sober gallantry his sentences march!

But, perhaps, I am influenced not only by his style but even more by his matter.

He has made me feel a fool and I am glad of it.

He is right. The next step is to endow and deliver the Senate of the Royal University. I feel a fool for not having thought of that. It is so obvious when stated. We were blinded by the true objections to an Examining University. But I agree with every word he has written. Aim at a teaching residential University; but find your constituent Assembly—ready to hand—for its construction in the Senate of the existing Examining University. That is sound conservative and constructive statemanship. But the Government might accept it on the plea of letting Irishmen settle the matter. But if it is to be done it must be done quickly. Birrell's Bill spells war to the knife for all English Churchmen.

Settle the Irish University question before English

elementary education develops—as it will—into the most savage fight since the seventeenth century.

On that issue I am content to fight for five, ten, or twenty years.

If the Catholics desert, we—the Church of England—shall fight for our own hand. But we shall not begin to do so, or even talk about it, until, and unless, the Catholics make a separate peace. I do not, for a moment, impute that to them. In any case we shall fight; with them for choice; without them if it must be so. And it's going to be the biggest fight since 1640.—Yours ever,

GEORGE WYNDHAM.

581

To his Father

HEWELL GRANGE,
REDDITCH, April 21st, 1906.

MY DEAREST PAPA,—I should like to keep the parable on Education for the present.

There is much in the suggestion that, if the Religious stimulus—or 'animus'—be withdrawn, little enthusiasm for pure knowledge will be left.

I enjoyed myself immensely at Clouds.

I am spending a quiet Sunday here. I have to speak against the Education Bill *twice* in the Albert Hall, on May 2nd for the Primrose League, and May 11th, at a Mass Meeting of the diocese of London.

This controversy will absorb all others for a year.—
Your loving son, GEORGE.

582

To Wilfrid Ward

35 PARK LANE, W.,
April 24th, 1906.

MY DEAR WILFRID,—Many thanks for letting me see the Bishop's letter. I am relieved to hear that there is a good chance of the Irish Party fighting the Education Bill. I am bracing myself for the battle. I feel that

this has come to me ; I did not seek it and now I rejoice over my resignation of last year. It has given me the right to be myself. I explained to A. J. B. the night before the Session began that, on this question I should fight 'in front of the line' ; and now I have got to do so. I have been asked to move the Resolution against the Bill at the annual gathering of the Primrose League in the Albert Hall on May 2nd, and also asked to speak on May 11th by our Bishop of London.

I accept your reproach on my Synthetic¹ lapses. I do mean to attend in future. But May 3rd was booked for Dover just after the Election.

All this is by the way. I write to-day because I must. I have not finished 'Out of due Time,'² but I want to say *now* that I am deeply interested, and even excited ; it is far away better than 'One Poor Scruple' and 'The Light Behind.' It is a book with a life before it.

Of course the 'ingredients' arrest my fancy ; the picture of Derwent is wonderful. I sometimes see that this or that model—including yourself—has sat for some of the characters. But where did the Count come from ? I have never met anyone like him, and yet I feel that he is real ; certainly real in the impression which he leaves on those who know him. Marcelle is astonishingly good. Where did her French thought in English language come from ?

I shall write again of this at length. Quite apart from the stage, the characters, the play and the purpose—all good—the Art of it all is good. Scores of touches delight me by their clean dexterity. I rejoice and lay my warm and profound respect at the feet of the author.—Yours ever,

GEORGE WYNDHAM.

¹ George Wyndham was one of the group of persons interested in the philosophy of religion, who in 1896 founded the Synthetic Society. Mr. Wilfrid Ward and he were for a time its honorary secretaries, and among their colleagues were Mr. Arthur Balfour ; the present Lord Haldane ; Mr. Henry Sidgwick ; Dr. Talbot, now Bishop of Winchester ; Father Tyrrell ; Baron von Hügel ; Sir Alfred Lyall ; and Sir Oliver Lodge, as well as two veterans who had helped to found the old Metaphysical Society in 1869, namely, R. H. Hutton and Dr. Martineau. See *Men and Matters*, by Wilfrid Ward.

² A novel by Mrs. Wilfrid Ward.

583

*To G. K. Chesterton**Private.*35 PARK LANE,
April 27th, 1906.

DEAR MR. CHESTERTON,—My excuse for writing is that I had the pleasure of meeting you at Taplow last summer, but my reason is to thank you for your letter in yesterday's 'Westminster Gazette.' The many who are grateful will not think of thanks, or dare to give them. But I feel constrained to say my thanks.

After four hundred years of battle, always with brains and sometimes with swords, it is a nightmare to watch the Holy Catholic Church being huddled off the stage of history and hope.

The people do not mean this, or understand it. I can't say it because I have not the gift of simple speech and, if I could say it, nobody would believe a Tory. Yet, for all I care, we may have Socialism to-morrow if future generations may still believe in the Divine Society here upon earth.

However . . . I only want to thank you as one, I think, of many who could not believe in Christianity until they grasped the idea of the Church.—Yours truly,

GEORGE WYNDHAM.

P.S.—Please do not trouble to acknowledge.

584

*To Wilfrid Ward*35 PARK LANE, W.,
May 2nd, 1906.

MY DEAR WILFRID,—Your letter gave me real pleasure. I am not greedy of applause but, as I once wrote in verse

‘After the thrill
Of onset every wind strikes chill.’

Even if I discount your friendship and keenness in the

cause, you would not have written as you did unless my speech had 'reached' you.

It is a great tax to speak in that Hall.¹ Two ladies who were there to-day told me that the echo made Balfour hard to follow and that it was a strain to hear me. One has to discard most of a speaker's devices. No one can see the speaker's expression and—if they have to listen intently—no one can be affected by inflections of the voice.

So the speaker has to aim at broad, simple, effects. But that entails severe mental concentration and, all the time, there is a dead weight to be lifted without much help from the audience. *Nobody* could speak to a *hostile* audience in that arena. To say that, is to say that a speaker has to discard his principal function *i.e.* 'pleading.' He must declaim and declare, *i.e.* physically make striking, and, mentally, make simple, what everybody is prepared to admit.

And yet, I agree with you about the concourse. The facts that so many people have come from so many places to be in one place for one purpose, make one great fact—of sense, and thought, and feeling.

The *ingredients* make the magic broth. The speaker has but to stir it with a *big wooden* spoon.

A demain! I like your enclosure. If only the Catholics hold firm I—*moi qui vous parle*—will answer—with my head—for the Anglicans.—Yours ever,

GEORGE WYNDHAM.

585

To Wilfrid Ward

WESTON,
SHIFNAL, May 13th, 1906.

MY DEAR WILFRID,—I return the proof, with these observations.

I prefer my own punctuation. The first three quatrains

¹ The Albert Hall.

are, really, one sentence ; though a long one. The effective verb is not reached till we get to ' yields ' in the tenth line.

This applies even more forcibly to the elimination of a full-stop and substitution of a colon after ' immensities.' ' Their love ' is the nominative of ' seems ' five lines lower down. If cut off by a full-stop no one will find it.

My only correction of substance is to omit the sixth stanza beginning ' And this their close reality.'

I propose the omission for these reasons :—

(1) A set of verses—like a speech—gains by excision.

(2) ' Reality ' and ' immortality ' are not good *English* rhymes. They are good French rhymes and were used, no doubt, under the influence of French poetry.

(3) The next stanza does the ' business ' more poetically.

(4) The total number of quatrains, without the omission, is 18, an unlucky and awkward number.

(5) With the omission the twelve quatrains fall into three symmetrical groups of four each.

The first four introduce the subject and strike a note of death.

The second four dwell on the walls and books with two for each.

The last four give the upward movement to life, persisting after life.

Symmetry is an antiseptic, like style.

I am sure I am right.—Yours ever,

GEORGE WYNDHAM.

P.S.—I must stick to initials ' G. W.' I cannot afford to show a target when so many are firing at me as the opponent of the Education Bill.

IN A LIBRARY

Long rows of books in figured backs
Of gleaming leather, dimly lit ;
A ticking clock, whose soft attacks
Upon the silence deepen it ;

No other sound in all the house
But the low fluttering of the fire ;
To stab the stillness and arouse
The ghosts of anger or desire :

Within the warmth of these four walls
Yields warrant, then, for quiet mirth ;
Without, the chasm of night appals,
The full moon grins upon the earth.

Her frozen signal of decay,
As a dead tree in summer, tells
That the whole universe one day
Shall speak of death and nothing else.

And all who wrote these books are dead,
Yet of their laughter and their tears
We are not disinherited ;
These walls have stood six hundred years.

Ancestral legends lichening
The parapets of long ago
Enchant them with strange dreams that sing
Of deeds our childhood seemed to know.

And from these books departed souls
Shoot out their radiance into mine,
As heat, incarcerate in coals,
From suns that ceased long since to shine.

Nor may I well believe that thus
In brute appliances alone,
Such souls communicate with us
From darkness, whither they are gone.

But, as the virtue of a star
Thrills through the ether to our eyes,
Their love, vibrating from afar,
Pierces our night's immensities ;

And here, where ancient wit and worth
Have still so much of life to tell,
Like blinder forces of the earth,
Seems also indestructible.

I feel their souls without a sound
 Growing and glowing nigh and nigher
 Within the shadows closing round
 The somnolencies of the fire :

Until, possessed by memories
 Of men who conquered lust and strife,
 I am persuaded that there is
 A life persisting after life.

G. W.

586

To his Mother

WESTON,
 SHIFNAL, May 13th, 1906.

MOST DARLING MAMMA,—Fancy my not having written to you, Beloved, till to-day. I meant to write in the House directly after speaking last Monday, as if I was making notes. But the whole week has been a rush and rather a burden, what with Railway Meetings, prize to Ambulance corps and speech, to Dover and speech, to Albert Hall and speech. I should like 'to come to old Khayam and leave the wise to talk' if—as I said to C. G. Gould 'it is the *wise* who talk.' I always doubt that after speaking myself.

We are here very quiet and happy with Ida and Newport, Aldred and Celia Scarborough, for Sunday. The house, spoilt outside by stucco, is very pleasant inside with plenty of good books and bad pictures that are, all the same, interesting and amusing. There are six delightful little hunting pictures by Morland. These are good and more interesting too than his pigs and straw-yards.

It was naughty of you to put out your shoulder! I have been thinking of you all the week. I have to speak at Chester Thursday and mean to rest at Saighton till Monday after and then we shall soon be at Whitsun, with Yeomanry for a change of thought and scene. I am longing for you to be in London.—Your most loving son,

GEORGE.

587

*To his Sister, Pamela*35 PARK LANE,
16th May '06.

DARLING PAMĒLO,—It was delicious to see your handwriting after fourth son. I have been trying to write to you often, but I am rather overworked just now.

Indeed I will asterisk 16th and 23rd of June. I never mind crystallizing for the very very few whom I love to be with. Apart from the positive merit, there is the negative merit of filling up one's book, so that one can say 'no' to the rest of the world, without rudeness or deceit. I shall need the water-meadows badly by then, for this Education Bill is going to be a severe strain.

Ronsard has come complete in pages, and looks very nice. Pp. 1-60, Introduction; 61-192, French; 193-254, my translations. I call it RONSARD'S LA PLÉIADE with selections from their Poetry and some translations in the original metre by George Wyndham.

Sibell and self are off to Chester to-morrow at 8.30, to speak at 2 p.m. Then I shall rest till Monday, correcting proofs.

It is delicious to think of my June Sunday with you. I like my fellow-guests. I hope Ronsard will be printed in time. I hate Politics.—Ever your devoted brother,

GEORGE.

588

*To his Mother*SAIGHTON GRANGE,
CHESTER, May 18th, 1906.

MOST DARLING MAMMA,—Supposing S. S. thought of letting 35 Park Lane, would you and Papa like me to come to 44 and would it be *quite* convenient? It is not at all important and you must not give it a thought unless it is really quite convenient in every way to you all. Sibell is offered a good deal for the House and will be away herself most of the time with Leffie.

I am concentrating on the Education Bill. If it really suited I should come about Monday, 11th June.

We came here yesterday by 8.30 to Chester; had some lunch at the Grosvenor Hotel and then a meeting at 2 o'clock. I went to sleep in the carriage driving back after the Meeting and have been sleeping most of the time since then. The Yeomanry will be a pleasant change from politics.

I am longing to see you and will look in on Monday. Would you like me to dine if I can get away? The new rules will be very severe during the Committee stage, four to eleven o'clock on end without a break. But I daresay it will be possible to slip out to dinner for a bite and sup occasionally.

The birds are singing here and the wall a blaze of Alpine plants and saxifrage.—Your most loving son,

GEORGE.

P.S.—Ronsard looks very nice in pages.

589

To his Mother

SAIGHTON,
May 20th, 1906.

MOST DARLING MAMMA,—I love the thought of coming to '44' and, really, prefer the room upstairs.

I have had a little chill and stayed in bed yesterday but am up again and shall be fit for the fray which begins to-morrow.

Guy has written me a capital, cheery, letter. He is going to Madrid for the wedding. General French unveils the memorial to the 16th in Canterbury Cathedral on Saturday, June 30th, and the 16th are going to Aldershot in October. All this pleases me. Guy and his regiment are *buried* at Colchester.

Don't count on me to-morrow. It may be best for me to keep in the house once I get there, until I have quite shaken off my chill.—Your devoted and most loving son,

GEORGE.

590

*To Wilfrid Scawen Blunt*HOUSE OF COMMONS,
13th June '06.

MY DEAR WILFRID,—I am sorry to say that I cannot get to you on Saturday. Sibell is staying at Putney with Lettice, who expects her baby to-morrow, and, as we have been separated for 3 weeks over Yeomanry, she wishes me to go there for Sunday.

Would the 30th June do? I go to Canterbury that day to see the memorial to Guy's regiment, 16th Lancers, unveiled, and could come on, either across country, or back by special train to Victoria and on to you on Saturday evening.

I must send you a copy of Guy's excellent letter about the Madrid bomb.¹ He was on the spot, helped the Queen, and made her courtly speeches.—Yours affectionately,

GEORGE WYNDHAM.

591

*To Mrs. Drew*BELGRAVE SQUARE,
June 28th, 1906.

I THINK I can undertake to do what you ask in September, and gladly, because you ask it.

A better Clause 4,² applicable to the future: teachers to teach, and equal facilities all round, is the irreducible minimum without which there cannot be peace.

I hope to bring Hugh Cecil to Saughton directly after the Session, so please be at Hawarden first and second weeks in August. We will ride over to see you with Percy, and you shall, will and must come to stay.

The idea is a few Churchmen (very few), say Masterman and Gore—some 'bloods' for Percy—ponies—horses—books—and conversation—flowers and trees.

¹ The bomb thrown by the anarchist Morales at the carriage of the King and Queen of Spain on the way from the Cathedral to the Palace after the wedding ceremony. The King of Spain was colonel-in-chief of his brother's regiment the 16th (the Queen's) Lancers.

² Of the Education Bill.

592

To Mrs. Drew

BELGRAVE SQUARE,
June 29th, 1906.

WHAT a blow! But in September we will oscillate between Hawarden and Saughton.

I wish I knew what the Lords will do. I fear Devonshire and others. I am therefore certain that we ought to keep on insisting on the just solution and do nothing to complicate the approach towards it. But all this takes time to explain, and I am sleepy after a long but deeply interesting day at Canterbury that stirred my heart.

General French unveiled a monument to those of my brother's regiment, the 16th Lancers, who died in S. Africa.

The Cathedral, a perfect service, with, at appropriate moments, the 'Last Post' and the 'Reveille' on trumpets, and nothing else of the pomp of war, assured me of how right it is to fight for the Church.

I *want* your three Angels for Bruera. Do send their names to Sibell.

593

To his Father

SAUGHTON,
August 9th, 1906.

MY DEAREST PAPA,—I enjoyed your interesting letter. Percy is very good at polo. The three Millers, who are at the top of the polo tree, want him to stay with them for a fortnight's tuition. I shall give him your message. I am very fairly confident that all he wants is to go into a cavalry regiment, play polo and hunt.

I have ordered what you want from the Vote Office.

I send Friday's programme of the Polo Tournament. Percy's team—not in this programme—won the Consolation Handicap on Saturday.

I have entered in ink the final result of the Ladies' Nomination Tournament. In this kind of tournament

each of the five teams plays the other four in turn and the team which has at the end the greatest nett number of goals *i.e.* goals won, minus goals lost, wins. By this means the excitement in every match is maintained to the end.

The feature of the whole business was Percy, as number 1 of his team, tackling John Watson (Master of Meath) as back. They are great friends.

The final of the Eaton Cup, won by Eaton v. Tatten-Hall by six to four, was a magnificent display.

Besides polo, we hunted two mornings with beagles and had a Gymkhana on another.

My Harbour difficulties are adjourned till the House meets again. So I am resting. For example I definitely refused to take part in the East Denbigh contest hard by. Hugh Cecil went from here to speak—and spoke very well—last night in a motor with Sibell, who is quite a politician now.

This week I do nothing but lazy summer rides with Hugh Cecil, and talk about books and politics.

I shall probably look in at Clouds in the course of the next two or three weeks, with a horse and inspect the Hunkerman's ¹ regiment on the plain.

Best love to Mamma and Ditch.—Your loving son,
GEORGE.

594

To his Sister, Pamela

SAIGHTON,
3rd September 1906.

BELOVED PAM,—I have felt very mischievous the last few days. Some of my friends, and sweet enemies, have been punching at me politically. I gasp at the torrid exuberance of their controversial methods, which remind me of an old French farce, called '90° in the Shade.' It seems that I am a political salamander. But when my friends cast me for that part, as if each were a Benvenuto

¹ His brother.

Cellini (see autobiography) I feel mischievous. I give them the private retort courteous, await events, and burst into the fantastic for my own behoof.—Your devoted brother,
 GEORGE.

595

To his Mother

WILSFORD MANOR,
 SALISBURY, September 12th, 1906.

MOST DARLING MAMMA,—Yes, it was a pity just to miss on Monday, but I shall be with you before this time next week.

The life here is delightful. I breakfast with Guy at 7.30, start 'riding horsebag' at 8.15.¹ pick up the regiment beyond 'the stones'¹ at 9 o'clock; play at soldiers for two hours or more, and then ride home across the downs; in at noon. Yesterday we did three 'attacks.' In the afternoon there is the river. In the evening we rode again, hunting the hare. We had a fine course with Annie and Welcome and killed. For the rest the only book I am reading is *Pickwick* and all is Peace . . . pour le moment! but not, I imagine for long [Long].² This turns out to be a joke!

I am glad you liked what I said at Birmingham.—Ever your most loving son,
 GEORGE.

596

To his Sister, Pamela

SAIGHTON,
 15th September 1906.

BELOVED PAMĒLO,—Wilsford was delicious. That bit, or slip, of the river-valley and down, and the wideness of sky and earth it commands, is a bit, or slip, of my larger dream-life. It plucks at my own heart-strings! A sudden intimate aspect of loose hedge-rows, a keen, known, smell of chalk-dust and sheep, the little triangle of grass and trees where we branch from Amesbury to

¹ Stonehenge.

² Mr. Walter Long.

Wilsford, the 'stones.' Fargo;¹ . . . all these are eternal to me. I find that I am the same person who rode there thirty years ago. They have not changed and I have not changed. And what they were 30 years ago, they were 60 years before that. And so was I, 600 years before that. Therefore, I give to you eternal life.

I made a little tune to my song, in the mode of 600, or 6000, years ago. The little air of it tries to sing how every day is new, and, at the same time, a day of the days.

Perf and I had a great day to-day; we rode at 7.15 for two hours and have been together all day. He is just beginning to love Poetry. Imagine my delight at recognizing another aspect of eternity in heritage. We have pretty well gutted Keats to-day, all the Odes and 'St. Agnes Eve,' with a plenty of soldiering talk, and riding talk, and political talk, thrown in, to throw up the supremacy of the fantastic.

That is the river of life; the surface that reflects Heaven and derived from far sources in the hills, and goes out at last to sea, to foregather again and reflect Heaven once more. The drudgery of turning the mill, the party-political mill, of hatred, malice and all uncharitableness is but an incident. So, 'Heyday! and grey day. But every day is new' and yet, thank God, as old as the hills, and secure as the stars.

Send me back my little barbaric air.—Your devoted brother,

GEORGE.

597

To Moreton Frewen

35 PARK LANE, W.,
September 27th, 1906.

MY DEAR MORETON,²—Your letter gave me real pleasure. Not that I needed any evidence of your friendship;

¹ Name of a wood near Stonehenge.

² When forwarding this letter Mr. Moreton Frewen wrote in explanation: 'I had got George to lunch at Tim's house to discuss 'Devolution' (which seems destined to invade history as the 'Wyndham Policy'), but George would not have it at any price. When the Orange party and the 'Times' made the fuss I offered to write and get Tim to write and say so—hence the reply.'

but because there are times when it does one good to hear from a friend who is not too much engrossed in the spectacle of politics to realise that some of the actors in that 'National pastime' are fighting for things that are precious to them.

I have always thought 'Devolution' a vague, and therefore foolish, name for an unworkable, and therefore silly, thing; upon which no two Irishmen would ever agree.

I have often said so, and never said anything else. You remind me that I said so to you.

It would interest me if you can remember *when* I said it.

As for writing to the Press, I am disposed to think that anybody, who *knows* me and does not believe me, will not believe 'though one rose from the dead.'

You would only get damned for your pains. I should be damned by the 'Times' for meeting Tim, and Tim damned by the 'Freeman' for meeting me.

To all this I am impervious, nothing would please me more than to walk arm-in-arm with Tim Healy in front of 'Printing House Square.' He was 'human' to a Chief Secretary—and that is rare. I shall never forget it.—Yours ever,

GEORGE WYNDHAM.

598

To his Mother

35 PARK LANE, W.,

September 28th, 1906.

MOST DARLING MAMMA,—I was very happy at Clouds and am glad I talked to Papa. I felt from the way you all spoiled me that you thoroughly understood the situation.

I dined alone at the Travellers', went to bed at 11 o'clock and slept for 9½ hours like a stone at the bottom of a deep well. I did not know where I was when I woke; or why I was here when I recognized the room.

I hope to make a good speech out of my refreshment. I enclose a cutting or two about my Hawarden speech.

Give a great deal of love to Ditchmouse. I was very sorry to miss her.

A certain number of people are beginning to go out of their way to please me ; writing me letters and so forth. Among them Colin Campbell [a cousin] sent me a dear letter with a copy of the earliest picture of Lord Edward ¹ and a good quotation from Walt Whitman,

‘ Me Imperturbe . . .
 . . . Aplomb in the midst of
 irrational things . . .
 Me wherever my life is lived,
 O to be self-balanced for contingencies,
 To confront night, storms, hunger,
 ridicule, accidents, rebuffs,
 As the Trees and Animals do.’

I am all for the Animals but, as I pointed out in my reply, they have not to make a speech at Canterbury to-night, and I have. So here goes ! All love to you darling, and to Papa.—Your loving son,
GEORGE.

599

To Rudyard Kipling

SAUGHTON,
 5th October 1906.

MY DEAR KIPLING,—Last night, on finishing ‘ Puck of Pook’s Hill ’—with sharp regret, because I shall never read it again for the first time, and huge delight because so many will have that joy—I felt that I must say ‘ Thank you.’

This morning, out cub-hunting, I felt that I was a cub for presuming to distinguish myself from the dear many who never say ‘ Thank you.’ But, remembering some talks at Rottingdean, and your father, and your uncle, I will say ‘ Thank you.’

I thank you for every page of it. I thank you, specially, for C. Aquila, Maximus, and ‘ one man’s work.’ I thank

¹ Lord Edward Fitzgerald, great-grandfather of George Wyndham.

you, above all, for Maximus. I read my Gibbon again this afternoon, and measured the amount of your creation. It is stupendous. Knowing Maximus intimately, as I do—since yesterday—I may say that he will not thank you when you meet him in the Elysian fields.

But I thank you most for him. I am not unmindful of THE WALL, and the snake along the Wall; nor ungrateful to you for declaring—better than it has been shown before—how that the sun really rose, every day, at the usual hour, in the 4th, and 11th, centuries just as he does in the 20th century. And he knows how to rise. Such is his Conservatism.

I always knew that and, also, that men and women and children, who lived from one to ten thousand years ago, were as like men and women and children of to-day as any million peas, or two suns. But you can shew this, and we can't. That is much—genius and so forth. The two officers in charge of The Wall, and Maximus, and the Rescue, are more.

That parable tells the men and women and children what they have got to do in the everlasting sunlight, and, even, why they have got to do it. They may now understand that the world rots in everlasting sunlight; and that they must delay the rot, year in and year out, on the chance that, once in 100 years, a saviour, and once in 500 years, a creator, may—or may not—appear. That is their glory. Your glory is that you have told them so !

600

To his Sister, Pamela

SAIGHTON,
5th October 1906.

BELOVED PAM,—I got back to Saughton late last night after a month's racket, more or less, and am alone in my tower; and alone in many ways. When one is alone, all the other lonely people begin to talk. The Psalmist, shouting out against his enemies in the night, becomes a

pal. And everything that has been said well becomes a masonic grip of secret fraternity. I read 'Puck of Pook's Hill' yesterday, and I will be bound to say that nobody has enjoyed it, or will ever enjoy it, more than I did. It will—I daresay—strike you from the children, governess, tea-time, fairy-tale point of view. And, quite possibly, you will feel that, from that point of view, you know a great deal more than Rudyard Kipling. But anyway that is only the envelope of his letter. His letter—what he meant—was written to me. Because I am alone in my Tower. So I thanked him.

Few of the lonely ones, who confabulate, have ever understood better all the time, and shewn better some of the time, than Browning; for example, this is all that I could wish to hear about my work in Ireland—and afterwards . . .

'So with this thought of yours that fain would work
Free in the world: it wants just what it finds—
The ignorance, stupidity, the hate,
Envy and malice and uncharitableness
That bar your passage, break the flow of you
Down from those happy heights where many a cloud
Combined to give you birth and bid you be
The roughest of rivers: on you glide
Silverly till you reach the summit-edge,
Then over, on to all that ignorance,
Stupidity, hate, envy, bluffs and blocks,
Posted to fret you into form and noise.
What of it? Up you mount in minute mist,
And bridge the chasm that crushed your quietude,
A spirit-rainbow, earthborn jewelry
Outsparkling the insipid firmament,
Blue above Terni and its orange-trees.'

All I could wish to hear; I should think so! But I do hear it now in my tower and know it is far more than I deserve. But that is the way of the lonely people. They are generous. Wasn't it jolly of Browning, only two pages after that, to tell a story of some cognoscenti who hid all the group of the Laocoon, and then invited the

critics to say what his agony expressed. Then Browning—(I feel I may call him Robert)—says this :—

‘ One—
And may he live to write my history—
Only One, said “ I think the gesture strives
Against an obstacle we cannot see.” ’

No more room, except to add that the lonely ones are uncommon good company.—Your devoted brother,
GEORGE.

601

To Mrs. Drew

SAUGHTON,
October 1906.

DEAREST MARY,—I am rather jealous of Sibell because you were here when I was not. For a good Patriot and Imperialist, prepared to hear that Portsmouth has been raided by Torpedo Boats—German for choice—with comparative equanimity, perhaps it would do if the Chairman of my Banquet—an ex-Lord Mayor who looked the part—shared the fate of the Burgomaster of Köpenick. I think I shall subscribe to a press-cutting agency in the name of the Burgomaster of Köpenick, for I want to read, and engross in an Album, all about him. This wholly delightful event adds one more to the forty good stories which have been told since the Stone Age. And it is fit for ears polite. It beats the thief in the Rhamsonites of Herodotus. It beats the Golden Ass of Apuleius. It beats Don Quixote, it beats Banagher. It is good to live when such things happen.

And why did not B. J. live to read it ? But I can feel him laughing and rumpling Morris’ hair, and hear the ‘ Limerick ’ which Rossetti would have composed—perhaps not fit for ears polite.

It has done me good, as the ladies say in advertisements of Bile Beans. For I have had a bother—not of my own

—lately which has disposed me to laugh at the grotesque side of the soldier 'as such.' What a moral it conveys, never to do what you are told to do.

I hear that you 'reneged' at 'Puck of Pook's Hill' and were, more or less, converted by Sibell's report of my enthusiasm.

I broke out and wrote to Rudyard Kipling. I backed 'De Aquila,' but I plumped for 'Maximus' and 'The Wall. So I was pleased when R. K. wrote back a 'Thank you very much for your letter, and especially for what you say about Maximus, which makes me proud as well as pleased. Yes—Gibbon was the fat heifer I ploughed with: but all those 'decline-and-fall' officers are so amazingly modern that as soon as I got him started I went on as easily as Mr. Wegg did: they being mellowing to the organ. I swear I didn't mean to write parables—much—but when situations are so ludicrously, or terribly, parallel, what can one do?'

That raises a question. What Rudyard Kipling does is to wrap up two perfect peep-shows into the past—and *therefore*—into all time, in a machinery of children in Sussex and Puck and the rest of it.

This nearly stopped me and did stop you, for a time: which is bad. It did not stop the reviewers. But it baffled them and revealed their—well—revealed what they are, and, specially, how many people they are *not*. But this 'machinery' is only the 'Walk up' of the Showman, his 'Boniment,' as the French say. It isn't bad *boniment* either. But the peep-shows are what I see all the time (better lighted and grouped by R. K.) and piercing through the ages with that flashing main of Eternity which is the Halcyon home of all those sea-blue birds of the Spring who keep a careless heart as they fly over the foam flowers.

Perhaps you will feel nothing of this. And then you will tell me so. But tell me whether or No. And *then* I will tell you what I wrote to Kipling.

The soldiers who arrested the Burgomaster made me think of De Aquila and Maximus: R. K.'s. Mr. Wegg

leads me to say that I have just finished reading 'Little Dorrit' again. I can't bear to think that I must wait 5 or 10 years—5 if greedy, 10 if prudent, before reading it yet once more.

What a great man Dickens is! And how are the 'Tite Barnacles' avenged by the Ulster Party. With what avidity the 'Times' returns to the vomit of the Circumlocution Office. How readily the dear stupid English folk believe in 'How not to do it.' How intensely they suspect and hate anybody who does anything or might conceivably do anything, arrogating to their dear muddled heads and dear little hearts the right of scolding everybody because nothing is done. And then majestically assassinating anybody who presumes to do anything.

This they call 'common sense.' I have often pondered on the linguistic freak—or revelation?—which led the Greeks and the French to talk of 'good sense' and the English to talk of 'common sense.' And the worst of it is that when, now and again, an Englishman is sick of 'common' sense, he does not deviate gracefully into 'good' sense. He bursts out into 'uncommon *nonsense*' and calls it paradox; as a protest against a commercial education.

But this is our Country. And I love it: as a man loves a brutal woman.—Yours affectionately, G. W.

P.S.—But having effected a 'judicial'—on my part—'separation' from my country, I do not think that I would ever 'marry' her again in the Registry Office of a Cabinet. I do not seek divorce 'a vinculis.' But I revel in separation 'a mensâ et thoro.'

602

To his Mother

SAUGHTON GRANGE,
CHESTER, October 19th, 1906.

MOST DARLING MAMMA,—I thought so much of you and Aunt Emily, first in your anxiety, and then in your relief over dear Uncle Charlie.

Send them my fond love.

Thank Papa for cutting on 'compulsory mathematics.'

My Portsmouth Banquet was a great success. I spoke for fifty-five minutes.

I have been very busy of late—too busy.

I speak at Birmingham on the 25th, Dover the 7th November, and Liverpool, 5th December.

Ronsard ought to be out 'anywhen.' I have passed the 'make up' in 'Dummy.' That *is* the last act in producing a book. There are only two agreeable moments in this tedious operation. One, when the MS. is sent off; the other, when you pass the 'Dummy' and know what clothes your child is to wear. All the rest is sheer labour; and the labour on 'Proofs' is more exacting—to me—than the labour of writing in the first instance. I go up to London Monday or Tuesday for Parliament, 'to be there' which Dizzy called the first condition of parliamentary success and to talk over Lords' amendments with Lansdowne.—Your most loving son,

GEORGE.

603

To Mrs. Drew

PARK LANE,
November 9th, 1906.

I took full advantage of your leave to 'ponder' and heard yesterday from Mr. Frowde. I will think over books. . . . My life has become a scurry. When I get back to Saighton, we must have a good day in the Tower as a companion picture in memory to the morning under the poplar. It is these little bits of happy serenity that shine out from the past—the day in the garden I read you the 'Wood beyond the World' and half a morning in Shelagh's garden. I have been speaking too much. To-day I broke out with Sibell and saw Holman Hunt's pictures. Silence ought to be imposed in a gallery. When I was taking in the wind-swung lilt of rose cloudlets from Magdelene Tower on the May morning, this is what I heard :

Old Lady (deaf): 'But how wonderful it is to see the way it's lasted!'

Young Lady (shrill): 'Some of them are not very old.'
Pause.

Young Lady: 'It's rather pretty.'

They move on to the 'Two Gentlemen of Verona.'

Old Lady: 'That *looks* very modern.'

Young Lady: 'Oh no! that was painted in 1857.'
And so on.

To-day I go to Wilfrid Blunt for two days of poetry.

604

To his Mother

35 PARK LANE, W.,
November 16th, 1906.

MOST DARLING MAMMA,—Enclosed came back to me through Dead Letter Office. You know Miss Hamilton's address. Will you send it on—as it is—to show that I did answer her letter.

'Fairy' King and I are having a great rummage among papers to-day. For I have reached a pause in work.

I almost believe that I have finished Dover Harbour. But I shall not send my wire to you till after the 3rd Reading. Next week I am busy; speaking London on 21st, Dover 22nd, and Oxford 23rd. Shall I come to Clouds, Saturday, 24th, if free?

I have another bunch of speeches on 5th, 6th, and 10th December in Liverpool and Glasgow. So—if tired—shall rest in London on 24th-26th. But if not, Clouds would be delicious and I long to see you.

My new battle-horse is the Navy.

We made a grand fight on Land Tenure and the Squires of England ought to be obliged to us. The opposition knew nothing about Rural life and we banged 'em from pillar to post.—Your most loving son,

GEORGE.

605

To Wilfrid Ward

35 PARK LANE, W.,
November 16th, 1906.

MY DEAR WILFRID,—I cannot find time to *write* anything. But—if possible—I will dine on 28th from the House.

A suggestion occurs to me as I write—rude and crude. Let me put it in this way :—

1. Historical exegesis has—so far—mainly rejected certain books from canonical books—the Bible, as some call the collection.

But it has rejected them—to be more precise—in respect, not of their ecclesiastical authority, but of their *traditional* ascription to certain authors and dates.

2. Reverse the process. Let historical exegesis examine the traditional value of non-canonical books and legends. What does history make of 'Domine, quo vadis?' Of the apostolic conversion of Britain? of the peregrinations of St. James?

Conclusion. Historical exegesis belittles the Canon by demonstrating that Tradition which has grown up round it is irreconcilable with historical results. But these traditions mean something. They are not pure inventions. Therefore let historical exegesis appraise *all* traditions and see what happens.

This suggests another track which I once sketched in a walk we took together. Assuming Revelation, of any kind, it had to be conveyed in a known language but also, with a like necessity, in a familiar order of religious and metaphysical thought. To collate the 'Book of the Dead' or the sacramental rites of a Zagreus or an Adonis with canonical scriptures does not diminish the authority of Christianity. It only shows that two great ideas in Christianity: (1) reward and punishment after death, (2) the mystery of regeneration by sacrifice were the religious, or metaphysical, medium in which the truths of Christianity had perforce to be stated if they were to be

understood ; just as Aramaic or Alexandrian Greek, were the linguistic media in which they had, similarly, to be stated, if they were to be intelligible.—Yours ever,

GEORGE WYNDHAM.

606

To his Father

35 PARK LANE, W.,
November 19th, 1906.

MY DEAREST PAPA,—Many thanks for transferring the securities. I am sure you are right to do so. We shall certainly have some form of graduated income tax the operation of which, combined with Death Duties, must dissipate any fortune in the course of three generations. Unless the Landed Gentry treat their personal estates on the lines of men in business ; *i.e.* hold it divided—as you propose—among capable living members of the family, each one of whom should take advice on re-investment from time to time.

But you need have no fears of speculation on my part.

I merely hold that a little time and attention ought to secure three and three quarters per cent on capital and that unless this is done incomes must perish.

A judicious re-investment of Railway securities, even ten years ago, would have increased many private incomes and made them safer at the same time.

You will save income tax on my £1800. But I ought to be able to re-invest to cover the payment which will now fall on me.—Your loving son,

GEORGE.

P.S.—Tell Mamma that my Land Bill books are found. The Ronsard file will be sent to her when complete—Reviews are still coming in.

607

To Mrs. Drew

35 PARK LANE,
November 24th, 1906.

I want to tell you that the ' Young Squire of Hawarden ' did very well (my Oxford Union was the third of three

consecutive speeches). He was by far the best of the four speakers. Talbot was good; straight, burly and in earnest. Villiers gave a polished, fluent little discourse.

But the 'Young Squire'¹ has the root of the matter in him. He debated, put his case, came into contact with reality, was at ease and without mannerism of any kind.

I 'debated' his speech and we are embalmed together in the 'Times.'

The whole thing was a pleasant experience and made me wish I was 20 years younger.

608

To Wilfrid Ward

35 PARK LANE, W.,
December 20th, 1906.

MY DEAR WILFRID,—Many thanks for your letter and Eccles' review. It is very good. I read it with delight and sounded his praise to a small gathering of 'notables' last night—Robert Cecil, Seely, Masterman, Butcher and Rawlinson. He is not a 'barren rascal'! He is not your mere battledore Reviewer returning to the author his shuttlecock, a little frayed. He has fecundity and ripe sayings—'an arsenal of glory and a granary of vital sorrows.'

At last, to-night I finish this working year. We buried the Education Bill this afternoon. I have won my election, made speeches, published my little book, made new friends, fought old enemies. I have lived and life is wonderful.

I shall wait impatiently for your 'XIXth Century' article on France. I spent Sunday at Arundel. Norfolk makes little account of French Catholics. Among new friends I have Belloc. But towards Christmas the heart turns to old friends, to you and your wife. And I send you greetings.—Yours ever, GEORGE WYNDHAM.

¹ William Gladstone, the President of the Union.

609

To his Mother

SAIGHTON GRANGE,
CHESTER, December 22nd, 1906.

MOST DARLING MAMMA,—This is to wish you a merry Christmas and happy New Year and to send you mountains of love. This has been a year of work and—at times—of anxiety. But it is over. I have enjoyed Guy at 35, Park Lane, immensely. I hope to get to Clouds later on.

I was ‘in at the death’ of the Education Bill on Thursday.

The last three days Monday-Wednesday, were very tense. I was dug out of the Westminster Latin Play Monday night. We conferred in Arthur’s room from 9-30 to past midnight, again on Tuesday from 5 to 8 o’clock, and on Wednesday from 12 to 2 o’clock. It was interesting.

S. S. and I got here last night. To-day I hunted and had a good gallop which made me very hot and will make me very stiff.

Now I am going to hunt and amuse myself.

I shall—for pleasure—begin reading all Walter Scott, as I have to deliver an address on him next November in Edinburgh, which will, afterwards, serve as a little essay.

Can you lend me Lockhart’s *Life* from your East Room?

It will make a pleasant holiday task and fit in with my general literary work as another aspect of the Romantic Revival.

I am longing to see you.—Your most loving son,
GEORGE.

610

To his Brother

SAIGHTON GRANGE,
Christmas Eve, 1906.

DEAREST OLD GUY,—Let me hear from time to time what you do in the way of hunting.

We had good sport to-day with the South Cheshire—Reggie Corbett's—forty-five minutes, rather moderate, to ground; and then a capital fox-chase. Found at Broom-hall, ran fast 20 minutes to a covert, dwelt there six or seven minutes, viewed him away, slower hunting, and a fast finish, killed in the open. One hour and fifteen minutes in all.

We were quite the 'Huntbatches'—Bendor, Shelagh, 'Pat,'¹ Mrs. Malone, Madge, John Fowler, Arthur Grosvenor, Gerry Grosvenor, Perf and self, Ivor Guest and 'uncle Tom Codley and all.'

There was a large field out but plenty of room to ride and lots of 'lepping.' I enjoyed myself hugely.

The sun-dial² has been erected 'with all military precautions.' Sibell knows nothing of it, nor Percy either.

I visited it after coming in from hunting. The rain poured down. The gardeners gave me glimpses of it with a bull's-eye lantern. 'Mum was the word.' And we separated in the darkness before Sibell got back from her last—I hope—shopping expedition to Chester. Love to all.—Your devoted brother,

GEORGE.

611

To his Nephew, George Wyndham

SAIGHTON GRANGE,
CHESTER, *January 4th, 1907.*

MY DEAR LITTLE GEORGE,—I think I must write to you my Fox-hunting letter this time. I told your father of the good day we had on Wednesday.

To-day, again, we had very good sport: first, a run of about fifty minutes, with lots of jumping; second, forty-five minutes and a kill in the open and third, about twenty-five minutes, not so good.

We all enjoyed ourselves. Percy rode a new horse

¹ Heremon Lindsay Fitzpatrick.

² He had bought an old sun-dial and erected it in the garden as a surprise Christmas gift to his wife.

that jumped well. Bendor and I both took mild tosses in the second run. Your uncle Pat was out too and Mrs. Malone.

I am glad that my whip brought you luck and that you got the brush.—Your affectionate uncle, GEORGE.

612

To Monsieur Auguste Rodin

SAIGHTON GRANGE,
CHESTER, 7 Janvier 1907.

MON CHER AMI,—J'ai eu tant à faire ces jours-ci que je n'ai pu répondre à votre lettre jusqu'aujourd'hui. Je vous demande mille pardons de ce délai. Ne songez pas que votre lettre ne m'a pas réjoui le coeur. Je suis toujours enchanté d'entendre d'un de mes meilleurs amis. Et, encore, je suis plein de reconnaissance pour votre bonne intention de m'envoyer un bronze de mon buste. C'est un vrai cadeau d'amitié que je chérirai pendant toute ma vie. Egalemeut pour sa valeur artistique et en souvenance de nos entretiens d'autour. Qu'ils soient bientôt renouvelés est mon ardent désir.

Je vous donne d'accord ma permission de placer une troisième épreuve dans un musée de l'Etat. En vérité je vous remercie d'un tel honneur, quelque indigne que je suis d'être tant soit peu 'immortalisé' d'une manière si imprévue.

N'oubliez jamais, cher Monsieur Rodin, que je suis votre ami,
GEORGE WYNDHAM.

M. AUGUSTE RODIN.

613

To Mrs. Drew

SAIGHTON,
January 15th, 1907.

We had all kinds of adventures with our motor after leaving your Hawarden haven. It could not go up-hill

and was not safe going down, having no 'sprag,' whatever that may be. We got lunch at 3.15, and only just caught the train at Chester at 6.17. The motor, which had stopped at every gradient, finished its performance by running up on to the pavement at the station. We were patient from good-fellowship and brave from ignorance, with the exception of Charlie Adeane, who has a motor of his own and talked ominously of 'sprags.' The pale-faced chauffeur maintained a harassed silence. I give him the prize for patience and courage.

614

To his Brother

SAIGHTON GRANGE,
CHESTER, January 16th, 1907.

DEAREST OLD GUY,—I am delighted to hear that Wellington can take little George, all the more as everyone tells me that it is—bar Eton—the best of all public schools.

I have been idle over writing hunting news, for the pleasant reason that our good sport is quite continuous. Excepting New Year's day we have enjoyed ourselves on each day, galloping and jumping to our heart's content. We had two good gallops, Thursday, two good gallops, Friday. The North had a great day Monday; Watkyn a capital day yesterday and to-day—Wednesday—we are just in from hunting all round here. (1) Found in Saighton Drives and ran 50 minutes, slow to ground. (2) Found Saighton Gorse and ran very fast forty-seven minutes over the vale and killed. (3) Viewed a fox and ran across the vale through Eaton and nearly to Chester. We whip off every day in the dark, Benny, Shelagh, Perf, Pat and I crack along in front all the time. Apart from the rare sport the weather is so delicious. I sweat through everything twice a day, and the country looks beautiful and smells sweet of moist earth. Perf is a recognized exponent of the Art, always in front flight, and often 'cutting out the work.'

It seems a shame to make you work for the W. O. But I suppose you will be able to get some hunting. Perf and I have six horses between us that all 'know to jump.' The seventh we are selling as he falls from old age.—Your devoted brother,

GEORGE.

615

To his Mother

SAUGHTON GRANGE,
CHESTER, January 16th, 1907.

MOST DARLING MAMMA,—I have been so occupied with a Railway Board in London each week and hunting on all other days that I have not had time to write.

I will have a search for the Rossetti; but do not remember him.

As for the seal—his fine disc, as well as his venetian glass handle ask for some rare device. I have G. W. on the old Fox-Pad seal of the 5th January 1880! You remember the run from Everleigh to West Woods, one hour and thirty minutes.

I don't like imitating Morris' motto.

I have taken for my motto a Latin line, Virgil, 'Tu ne cede malis, sed contra audentior ito' which means, 'Do not yield to misfortunes but rather meet them more boldly.' The last two words would do—as thus:—

A U D
E N T I O R
I T O

or else 'ne quid timide,' Cicero.

or else 'optima quæque dies' which means, 'Each best day.'

But do not let us decide in a hurry. You might look into the little book of Emblems I gave you, there were some good tags in that.

For the rest, do not trouble over cigarettes etc. I am in much better trim in all those ways. Hunting makes it very easy not to smoke much.—Your most loving son,

GEORGE.

616

*To his Sister, Pamela*SAIGHTON,
18th January 1907.

MOST DARLING PAMELO,—It was a great joy to get your letter. My answer to your question is that I am hunting with Percy—just as if nothing had happened. I skip details. We are merely happy. We have 7 hunters and odd mounts from Bendor and bust along and perspire and leave all letters unanswered, except your letter and pressing invitations to speak, which we reject with scorn.

In the evenings we read ‘Antony and Cleopatra’ and old books about Cheshire and England :—Fuller’s Worthies, The Vale Royal of England, Camden’s Britannia, and Froissart. For it is our pleasure, after riding over the country, to retrieve the renown of great men who came from here and fought in France and Spain, under the Black Prince—for 40 years Earl of Chester.

Thus, we love the horsemanship of the folk we spring from ; and cherish every rise and fall in the ground that nurtured them. We, also, cherish their marksmanship with the Bow. I opened a miniature rifle range last Wednesday week. I made a speech that has made them all think ; quoting from ancient annals. Then, by good fortune, I put up my miniature rifle and beat them all to blazes. 110 shot, and I won by 6 points. It was very lucky as I had said in my speech that shooting—like skating and swimming—once learned was never forgot.

But, in the main, we merely hunt the fox ; and get very hot, and sleep like stones and prepare for the next call to enterprise by tiring our body and resting our head.

All this sounds very brutal, and in the mode of Squire Western. But—say what you will—it gives me rest and pleasure, it is jolly to find that 20 years cannot abate one’s huge delight in riding to hounds ; and the added joy of seeing Perf always in the first flight and often cutting out the work is exquisite. If I can keep my place of old days

I am pleased—like a boy. If he beats me I am in the seventh heaven.

Meanwhile I am at last really resting my brain. I sleep like a stone. I weigh half a stone less and I nurse a glorious contempt for all the little people who fuss about nothing.

But, occasionally, I write verse again, and I read nothing except Virgil, Catullus, Shakespeare, Walter Scott and Boccacio.

So I live, getting younger and younger, loathing the thought of going back into the pig-stye of Politics. But, therefore, preparing to take on Devolution or the Army Scheme with a maximum of refreshed detachment, it is jolly to weigh half a stone less and to sleep and feel free.

I rejoice in Bim's poem, it is delightful. But never instigate him. If he writes that now, leave him alone. Encourage him to ride and sail a boat or shoot birds. His brain will dart out only too soon. Muffle it in hardy fatigue.

I speak from knowledge. As a boy, and once or twice since, I have been near the precipice of abnormal cerebration. But the whole truth is, if you have a brain that works at lightning speed when stimulated, to drug it with wholesome fatigue, involving courage and initiative. It will shoot out, fast enough, at any Cabinet Council which he may condescend to illuminate.—Your devoted brother

GEORGE.

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To his Father

SAUGHTON,

January 19th, 1907.

DEAREST PAPA,—Yes, that is what I mean. The increased volume of Trade stated in terms of £.s.d. does not prove any great increase in income; *i.e.* profits; of the ten per cent increase of total trade one half—five per cent—is attributable to a general rise in prices. The materials cost more as well as the products. Apart from

that minor consideration, I maintain that no probable increase in taxable income will meet the probable demand for increased revenue.

The Government will try to cut down Army and Navy. But they cannot go far enough to make any material difference. Even if they save five million—which I think impossible—the reaction will set in. We shall have a revival of complaints that barracks are not kept in sanitary repair and of scares that our guns and rifles are not the best, etc. If the Government go on against these storm signals, men like Haldane and Sir John Fisher will resign.

On the other hand the Government must find money to meet the growing and excessive demands of their supporters. Some day old age pensions will be voted.

Apart from these direct payments from the State the time is coming when the Imperial Exchequer will have to help County Councils with grants in aid.

Apart from that, they will be driven—in order to assist ‘Reforms’ without paying cash—to ‘guarantee’ more loans; and to lower the rate of interest in existing loans, *e.g.* Local Loan Stock, or rather Housing Loans based on that stock.

All this tends to lower our credit; *i.e.* the borrowing power of the *Exchequer*.

The time will, therefore, come when the Government cannot meet the demands made on it unless it restores the credit of the *Exchequer*. And that can only be done—in the long run—by paying off debt, *i.e.* raising revenue another twenty million a year to increase the sinking fund.

If the Government try to do this by direct taxation *e.g.* violent graduation of Income Tax, they will increase the mischief. The City will not lend them money; or float their loans; and private persons will invest more and more abroad and ultimately, if they feel they are being unfairly treated, will evade income tax by lodging their securities in banks abroad, say, Switzerland.

If the population increases—as it does—and, at the same time insists on state-aid, as it does, by way of costly

education, costly Poor Law ; perhaps direct pensions ; and by way of Housing Schemes, and Small Holding Schemes, guaranteed by the State at low interest and long periods of repayment, there is no possible ultimate solution except that the people should pay for all this. And there is no way in which they can pay except by broadening the basis of taxation.

That alone yields a sufficient *amount* of revenue to restore credit, and that alone affords an effective system of graduation *i.e.* the ' automatic ' graduation—as I have called it—which proceeds from the relatively poor not buying as many luxuries as the relatively rich.

The English delight in discussing these problems in terms of Justice. Even, on that basis, it is absurd to tax a man with £2000 a year and ten children at the same rate of graduation as a bachelor with the same income.

It is more reasonable to discuss the problem in terms of common sense and to determine as the old financiers did (1) How much money do we want ? and (2) How can we get it with the least annoyance and disturbance ?

Our present system is not sound. It is not effective to depend as largely as we do on taxes of three kinds

(1) Taxes on Beer, Spirits, and Tobacco, which hit the poor.

(2) Taxes on Stamps which hit the makers of wealth.

(3) Death Duties and Income Tax which hit the owners of wealth *i.e.* the savers and investors.

Besides all this, there is another cloud on the financial horizon. I mean the Savings Banks. There is, I think, £200,000,000 in the Savings Banks and *no* securities. If the Labour Party organised a scare and run on the Savings Banks they could smash our existing system of Finance.

Some day a Chancellor of the Exchequer will have the courage to tell the truth.

He will have to consolidate the Debt again ; on a two-and-three-quarter per cent basis : including all our Debt, *i.e.*, all the loans we guarantee as well as Consols.

He will have to assist the low rateable arrears.

He will have to increase the sinking fund. He will have also to restrict the borrowing power of Local Bodies.

And to do this, without destroying the Navy and Army (which in turn are necessary for our credit) he will have to increase largely the number of articles on which duty is paid; so largely, that he may as well go in for an all-round Tariff and use part of it for bargaining with other countries.

That is the way in which Fiscal Reform will come.

I see that I have not given a plain answer to your question 'How do Consols at 86 affect the Government?'

The answer is that they cannot get the money they need on reasonable terms; and sometimes that they cannot get it at all.

As things are they cannot get the money for Irish Land Purchase.

Very well. They have now got to get the money for Irish labourers.

Then their English supporters want Housing Schemes. What is that to be? Five millions a year would be a flea-bite. But they would have to borrow it. And so on with Small-holdings; and, of course, with Old Age Pensions.

For these purposes they must either borrow, issuing a loan themselves; or, they must get the City to issue the loan and guarantee the interest.

Apart from these larger transactions, a Government has to borrow in the course of every year. The income tax does not come in 'pat' to the day; nor do the proceeds of other taxes. But the Government has to pay soldiers and sailors, and postmen once a week, and to pay for ships and public buildings 'on the nail.'

With Consols at 86—*i.e.*, with a low credit, they have to borrow at high interest. The Bank rate was six per cent, it is now five per cent. So they cannot get 'cheap' money for a short period, any more than you can, or a Railway Company.

I do not for a moment believe that Arthur will resign

the Leadership. There is plenty of intrigue against him ; but it is confined to a minority of men in the House, and of men who are likely to get into the House.

In a Democracy politicians have to be ' Vote-hunters.' But they can hunt for them in a proper, as well as in an improper, fashion. They can appeal to Patriotism as well as to Pockets, and to common interests as well as to Class jealousies.

Bendor, Percy and self, with Cecil Parker and Colonel Lloyd had an interesting shoot to-day, second time over. I have not got the exact bag. But it was pleasantly varied by 7 woodcock, 8 snipe, 6 teal, 1 jay, 1 magpie and one pigeon with, I suppose about 170 pheasants, and a few hares and rabbits.—Your loving son, GEORGE.

618

To his Father

SAIGHTON GRANGE,
CHESTER, January 20th, 1907.

MY DEAREST PAPA,—I posted my answer last night.

The Navy. The Government did diminish the building programme. But Lord Brassey may be right in saying that the Two-Power standard is maintained ; for the Government declare that they reduced their programme because other countries will not complete some ships they are building as soon as we expected ; that other countries are not ' laying down ' new ships and that, in any case, as we build faster we can out-pace them if they do suddenly lay down new ships.

Without fuller knowledge it is not wise to attack the Government for not laying down more ships.

The case I make against them is that they are (1) taking Battleships out of full commission (2) putting them into the Reserve and simply christening the Reserve ' The Home Fleet ' and (3) Then recreating the bad type of Reserve which we abolished.

This shows it :—

BATTLESHIPS

| | 1905 | 1907 |
|---|-----------------|-----------------|
| In full commission, <i>i.e.</i> at sea all the year round | 32 | 26 |
| At sea with full crews only for part of the year | 14 ¹ | 14 ² |
| | — | — |
| | 46 | 40 |

Having taken six Battleships out of full commission and put them down into the Reserves now called 'Home Fleet.'

They have taken six out of that Reserve and, practically, put them into harbour, permanently, with only men to oil the guns etc.—sort of caretakers, and a vague promise to take them out sometimes.

Now a ship does not 'find herself' till she has been two months at sea with all the ranks on board that will navigate and fight her in war. Again, by taking ships out of full commission, they keep officers and men ashore who ought to be at sea; and allow many 'repairs' to accumulate, the need of which would only be discovered after the ships had been at sea.

Besides this they are scamping repairs everywhere.

'Ready, aye, ready' ought to be our motto for the Navy. Nothing is worse than to have ships laid up in time of Peace that would require over-hauling at the outbreak of War. It was precisely that system which we abolished: and now they are bringing it back by degrees to save the cost, in coal, wages and repairs of keeping our First Line at sea, all the year round.

We have let our house till about the 10th of March. Would it be quite convenient to give me a bed at 44 during the first three weeks of the session?—Your loving son,

GEORGE.

¹ We called this the Reserve, of the new kind, with nucleus crews.

² They call it the Home Fleet!

619

*To his Sister, Mary*SAIGHTON,
1.ii.07.

MOST DARLING CHANG,—I gauged the situation on Monday night and saw that it did not present the elements of a good talk except by going to supper together. I should have liked that. But Sibell was looking white and tired, so I whipped her off to be out of reach of temptation. Had I stayed and supped, I should have cheered up and not gone to bed till 3.

The first simmer of excitement, the fun of seeing you all, and Pamela and 'notables,' the restless enthusiasm of Blow, the thrill of the 'Drums of Oude,' the intolerable twaddle of 'Toddles,' the yawning distance between our chairs, the gnawing pangs of hunger, after a long journey, and 20 minutes' dinner, all pointed either to a large and leisurely supper or else to bed on the principle of 'qui dort dine.' I decided rightly, for as it was Sibell did not get to bed till 1.30 and began again at 6 a.m. to catch the 8.30.

I snatched a pretty good hunt between two frosts on Wednesday. The Eaton Party had many casualties. Shelagh fell and got a bruise, but nothing of consequence. Lady Chesterfield and Tullibardine also fell. I picked up Lady C. and we did not lose our places in the first flight. At the end we heard Shelagh was hurt, but soon met her walking and laughing and sent her home safe and warm in a motor which Benny had galloped for to Eaton and driven out himself.

Yesterday we shot, a lovely day. Then I had to go again to London last night for Railway Meeting, and back to-day, and here I am with a blazing fire in my room and my books round me. Perf, who went yesterday to the Bicester Ball, got into my carriage at Bletchley.

I am eager for a good talk with you.

I am interested to read A. J. B.'s speech. I gather

that he is going to 'put his foot down.' I feel more and more that it is very noble of him—and rather noble of *me*!—to bother about politics at all. I look forward to the session with disgust approaching to nausea. Since Christmas I have for the first time since I took office felt young and happy; hunting, reading good books, enjoying Percy, and living, in short.

To go back to the House, its dust and dullness and littleness, is like a bad dream. It makes me sick to think of Herbert Gladstone backing an iniquitous Licensing Bill. It makes me sorry to think of poor Birrell talking clever rubbish about Ireland; and dear Haldane reeling off his 'continuous band' of undistinguished, but grammatical, English, in which he ties up and strangles what little of life is left in the Army on which St. John sat heavily, and A. F. stamped furiously.

Our own crew are most depressing and peevish. They have no heart in them and no pride of race. There is nothing magnanimous or generous in the whole show of petty intrigue and sheepish cowardice. But for my affection for Arthur and admiration of his tenacity, I doubt whether a waning sense of duty would be strong enough to prevent me from quietly dropping my odious trade before the 'Dyer's hand' is quite 'subdued to what it works in.'

Democracy is a disease for which there is no cure, or, at best, a normal form of senile decay in States. When I was young I read cheerfully such platitudes as that States are like trees, with their periods of growth, maturity and decay. But, as life goes on, the *truth* of platitudes becomes poignant enough to pierce through their used envelopes. Instead of laughing at them for being stale, one is shocked by them for being true. Age in States, or men, or, above all, in women, is no joke.

But at this point in my melancholy reflection the waning sense of duty begins to perk up a little. I despise the French aristocracy for having thrown up the sponge; and any man or woman who declines into a praiser of past days.

So I conclude with Dr. Johnson's robust assertion :—
 ' If the changes that we fear be thus irresistible, what remains but to acquiesce with silence, as in other insurmountable distresses of humanity ? It remains that we retard what we cannot repel, that we palliate what we cannot cure.'

But I go further—being now on the upward track—and say once more, that the Empire is a new State—among other new States. And that—if we will realise that—there may be two or three centuries still ahead of the glorious indiscretions and rapt visions of youth ; the tumbles and victories.

We ought to fight for this. So I suppose I shall go up to London on the 11th and ' peg away ' as usual. But personally I detest the job, and prefer hunting and the society of the people I am fond of, whether dead and embalmed in books, or alive and pleasant for their beauty and keen wits.—Your loving brother, GEORGE.

620

To his Father

SAIGHTON GRANGE,
 February 2nd, 1907.

DEAREST PAPA,—If you look in to-day's 'Times' you will find that—' P. L. Wyndham, gent.' is gazetted a 2nd Lieutenant, on probation to the Coldstream Guards.—
 Your loving son, GEORGE.

621

To his Mother

SAIGHTON GRANGE,
 CHESTER, February 6th, 1907.

MOST DARLING MAMMA,—It is just possible that we might not be able to get to you till the Wednesday after Easter Sunday, 3rd April ; for I have to do Yeomanry Musketry here on the 2nd and Sibell would like to do her Easter Festival here. But that ought to leave me a

week or two as—with an early Easter, I do not suppose the House will rise till the last moment.

I, too, have been thinking a great deal over old days. I feel the 'epoch' of Perf taking the plunge. He is 'posted' to my old battalion, the 1st. I am glad of that for old sake's sake and because he will be in London this summer and under Billy Lambton as his C.O.

The frost has been a disappointment. But I am keeping myself idle and fit in spite of it. Yesterday I walked to Chester, round the walls and all the sights, and back by Eccleston, quite twelve miles.

I am very glad that Papa is helping Guy. It will make all the difference to his success that he should not have cares, or feel that Minnie is worried.

I am longing to see you and will come for a Sunday, pretty soon.

The Government are, apparently, going to 'shunt' their legislation in order to attack the House of Lords. I liked Arthur's speech at Hull.—Loving and devoted son,

GEORGE.

622

To his Father

SAUGHTON GRANGE,
CHESTER, February 7th, 1907.

DEAREST PAPA,—To-night we had what Sibell calls her 'Social Gathering' in the School. It is not an Entertainment. There is no host and hostess. We merely all go—selves, farmers, parson and labourers. We provide tea, etc., and put out games, photographs and anything likely to interest or amuse. Anybody sings or plays; who can. And, when the ice is broken, they push away the table and dance to a concertina.

It is amusing to watch Sibell playing some desperate game, such as the 'Counties of England' with a party of five or six. Lettice came over from Eaton and grinned and beamed at everybody.

I felt that they were nearly all out and out Tories and

Protectionists. One wife of a farmer—Mrs. Fernall—would please you. She is a remarkable woman. They now have 150 cows and make eight cheeses a day. She has been married 36 years; and milked herself from the age of fourteen to last year. Her ‘maids’—‘milk-maids’—were dancing. She was surprised that they could do it so well. Her one ambition is to present a cheese to the King. She is running the politics of the district and asks me to get ‘The Duke’ to take a more active part. For her part, she denounces the ‘Land Tenure’ Bill and all Radicalism, saying ‘I want nothing better than to be the Duke’s Tenant.’ She does not say this to *me*; but to the local Radical agitator.

Last week I went to our ‘Eaton,’ Yeomanry, Squadron dance, as C.O. of the squadron. Eighty-two men in my squadron rode their own, or their father’s horses at the last training. The wife of one N.C.O. Mrs. Moore—née Partington—has three brothers, a husband, and brother-in-law in the Yeomanry. She, again, is a most capable person and good company—runs the farm, backs the Yeomanry, is herself and at her ease. Now, she went to London for the first, and only time, in her life last year. But she is somebody. Most of the people in London are not anybody. All these country people detest and fear the present Government.

This interests me in connexion with the general elections.

Our people will rally to a traditional, organic England and ‘play-up’ for Empire if we will lead them.

But we must be Conservatives who love the past and Imperialists who believe in the Future. Given that we can enroll battalions.

The Midland Conservative Club have asked me to be President for a second year, and I have accepted. I am a Vice-President of the National Union in Kent and, by special request, here in Cheshire and, to-day, I got Bendor to accept the office of President.

The vice of the moment consists in natural leaders being swayed by the London Press. ‘The only way’ is for each man who can lead to ‘hoe his own’ row’ in

his own district. If we do that we shall win the next election.

Perf has written me two letters since he was trapped like a mouse the moment he shewed his nose in barracks after the gazette. 'Billy Lambton' his C.O. said, 'Have you done any drills?' Perf answered 'No.' Billy replied, 'Then you had better begin at two o'clock to-day.' So there he is touching his toes from 8 to 5 per diem.

He is taking two horses to Windsor for the Drag and I think I shall follow his example, and get hot twice a week.

With Lettice, Guy and self in Belgrave Square and Perf at Chelsea Barracks, we shall be quite a colony in Belgravia.

The frost has been a cruel disappointment. But, having got very fit by hunting four or five days a week I am keeping fit by walking to Eaton and back and playing hockey on the ice and then squash rackets, by electric light.

I hope, in consequence, to take a burly view of the King's speech and to express it bluntly to his 'faithful Commons.'—Your loving son,

GEORGE.

623

To Mrs. Drew

SAIGHTON,

February 8th, 1907.

I AM crestfallen and really distressed about the article. But also I am burning with curiosity to read it. What does it contain which has scared Wilfrid Ward? He evidently thinks the patrons of the 'Dublin Review' would be deeply exercised by its contents.

Percy has joined the Coldstream Guards—this is to realise middle age with a vengeance; but I make no complaint. I like middle age, or, rather, enjoy many quiet things that I used to neglect, and can—on occasion—enjoy all the unquiet things also.

I am off to London for the Session, and staying a month with my father at 44 B. Square.

624

To his Mother

44 BELGRAVE SQUARE,
St. Valentine's Day, 1907.

MOST DARLING MAMMA,—I opened one of your bills by mistake. I am in your dear room and with old Guy where I was last year.

Perf is very busy and happy over his soldiering and has lost his voice shouting at drill.

I dined with Pamela last night in her house of pictures and the day before I got a glimpse of Lettie in silver and emeralds after opening of Parliament. She was dressed to match her new house, which is all white and green.

I am only sending this as a line of great love, on the pretext of the bill I opened.—Most loving son,

GEORGE.

625

To Wilfrid Ward

44 BELGRAVE SQUARE, S.W.,
February 21st, 1907.

MY DEAR WILFRID,—I am glad you met brother Guy. We are curiously complementary persons. He has more obstinacy and less imagination than I have. But we have much in common and, as far as nearness in affection can go—are regular ‘Corsican brothers.’ We slept in the same room for fifteen out of the first seventeen years of my life. Since then ‘the seas between us braid ha’ roared.’ But I have, more than once, felt his adventures telepathically.

I am grinding at the Army question. My mind is a chaos of Regulars and Auxiliaries; Effectives and non-Effectives. But I hope to be terser than Haldane.—
Yours ever,

GEORGE WYNDHAM.

626

*To his Mother**Lady Day, 1907.*

MOST DARLING MAMMA,—We have just celebrated S. S.'s birthday. Guy, Minnie and Lily Zetland dined. I 'bunched' S. S. and gave her a new—wonderful—reproduction of Botticelli's Madonna. My 'Bunch' also was of roses and lilies. And now, for plans.

I am coming to Clouds on Wednesday or Thursday and Perf comes on Saturday. We can sleep in one room or do any amount of 'campaigning' if you are full up.

Our great intent is to hunt on Saturday—somewhere.

I am bringing three horses on Wednesday. But I do not expect a real holiday. I have to 'open the ball' on Haldane's scheme on the 9th. That means *work*, and I suppose that Popsy¹ will put me through my paces into the bargain.

'Quand même' it will be glorious.—Loving son,

GEORGE.

627

To Wilfrid Ward

35 PARK LANE, W.,

Midnight, April 9th-10th, 1907.

MY DEAR WILFRID,—You were elected unanimously to *The Club*.² I was much concerned over your candidature. As Salisbury wrote to me saying he could not be there and Hugh Cecil who ought to have been in the Chair. But that was in your letter. I was much overdriven, as I had to open the Debate and bound by custom to remain on the bench. However, I decided that Friend-

¹ Lord Wemyss.

² A dining club founded by Johnson, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Burke in 1764. Its members included besides those mentioned in the letter—Sir Edward Grey, Lord Haldane, Mr. Arthur Balfour, Sir George Murray, Mr. Alfred Lyttelton, Mr. Spencer Lyttelton and Lord Rosebery.

ship belongs to Eternity and Army Debates to Time. So I broke out, and went to 'The Club,' made the 7th necessary to a quorum and proposed you in the absence of your proposer.

All this is a reasoned apology for not having answered your letter. I proceeded 'par voie de faits'; for a friend my bite is better than my bark.—Yours ever,

GEORGE WYNDHAM.

P.S.—The seven present were Arthur Elliot, Lord Kelvin, Asquith, Lord Welby, Spencer Walpole, Sir Alfred Lyall and self.

628

To his Sister, Pamela

35 PARK LANE, W.,
28th April 1907.

DARLING PAM,—Your letter gave me a thrill of pleasure. I am glad that the book ¹ is going to be, and more glad that you are making it. I got your letter just as I was off to make a speech, and I envied your more permanent offspring and the serene atmosphere of its creation.

The best books, of all kinds, are not only each a part of its author. The author, in making each, must play his usual part. Shakespeare puts parts of himself in every one of his characters. And, as he lived by the stage, he writes Plays. You are a mother with delightful children and interesting pictures, so you tell the child which is in every man and woman about those pictures.

The really good books, big or little, are written by only two classes of authors. In the first, is the author with many parts of humanity in him, who, also, plays many parts in the world. In the second, is the author with one part principally developed in him or her, who keeps, in the main, to one rôle in the play of life. In the first are Chaucer and Shakespeare; in the second Borrow and Jane Austen. The literary authors, however great, do

¹ 'The Children and the Pictures.'

not make such good books. They only approach that when, like Ben Jonson, Dryden, or Dr. Johnson, their parts are books and their world a library. You have a fair chance of writing a little classic. The thing is to write a classic, however little, rather than a book, however big.

Send for Walter Raleigh's 'Shakespeare.' What a comfort that man is! What a discomfort, in the long run, is a Gosse or, even, an Andrew Lang.

The Lyric Poet is a bird apart—like the thrush. He just sings all that matters to all who live in a peculiar trill which no one can imitate. If others are sparrows and feel the Spring, let them say 'cheep, cheep' and be done with it. I like that. It is good as far as it goes. But they try to go further and make ocarinas. I once heard an ocarina played in an Earl's Court Exhibition, and recognized the 'Spectator's' minor poet; just a bit of mechanicism in a shabby arcade. But I must stop here.
—Your loving brother, GEORGE.

629

To his Mother

Wednesday, July 9th, 1907.

MOST DARLING MAMMA,—I feel sure I can dine Thursday and shall love to. At 3 o'clock on Thursday, to-morrow afternoon, we have a little ceremony in the crypt of St. Paul's, *i.e.* handing over Rodin's monument of dear Henley formally to the charge of the Chapter.

I shall have to make a little speech—what the French call 'éloge.'

Lord Plymouth unveils the bust. Do come. All friends and admirers were invited by Plymouth's letter to the Press and by notice in the Press. You would enjoy it down there with the tombs of Nelson and Wellington, Poets and Musicians.—Your most loving son,

GEORGE.

630

*To Mrs. Drew**July 14th, 1907.*

Reading Rodin in St. Paul's made my 'knees chatter,' as Pamela says. But I wanted to honour my dead friend, and succeeded, more or less, in being monumental without being sepulchral.

'The promise of wistful hills' is Henley. It is beautiful. 'Promise' to Henley was never more than expectancy based on the goodness of the known past and unlimited possibility of the unknown future. He saw that the naked realities of life were good: Why, then, he asked, should not the vague, iridescent horizon enfold something better to be perhaps unfolded?

631

To Philip Hanson

35 PARK LANE, W.,
18.vii.07.

MY DEAR P. H.,—I know you are abroad. But I indite these few lines on the 'Preference' Vote of Censure.

I have read 'Bowley.' He merely stimulates my curiosity.

But, even if it were satiated after 30 years of investigation, I believe that capable men would still take sides *instinctively* either for (1) a Cosmopolitan view, supported by the idea of setting an example, or for (2) the Imperial view, supported by the idea of fighting for more freedom in all protected markets, and getting it in our growing Colonial markets.

To descend—abruptly—to the particular. The best speech was a 'maiden' by Simon, a Fellow of All Souls and barrister, on the Government, Free Trade, side. It was nearly perfect; indeed, perfect, but for a faint touch of the 'superior person.'

Yet he—and this is interesting, perhaps significant—founded his best attack on preference (as you did in 1903) on the incompatibility of varying colonial products, sup-

ported by ridicule of any system which taxed food, with a preference, and which did not tax raw material. Here he was excellent. He took the Australian sheep—‘meat inside and wool outside.’

But his excellence—as ever—suggested retort.

It suggested—to me—a reply, confined to the concrete, as per invitation, and limited to a contrast of Sheep and Sugar :—as thus

(i) Sheep and sugar are alike in being, each of them, both food and raw material for industry.

(ii) In the case of sheep the two can be—and *are*—discriminated. The sheep is meat inside and wool outside. But the two come—as a rule—in separate ships, to wit, as ‘Canterbury lamb’ and as wool.

Sugar, per contra, though soluble, cannot be melted into food and raw material.

(iii) Both contravene the postulate that it is inexpedient for us to tax food and raw material.

(iv) But in the case of sheep you can—if you choose—only tax food ; in the case of sugar, if you tax at all, you must tax both.

(v) In the case of sheep—taxing only food—you can by ‘preference’ do a deal with a growing market.

In the case of sugar—taxing both food and raw material—you can only do a deal with Jamaica and are debarred from that by the Convention.

So we get back to the fundamental dichotomy—Imperialism or Cosmopolitanism, with this further observation, that a tax on meat, with preference, falls in with the first, and that a tax on sugar does not fall in with the second, and is plainly a bad tax from any point of view.—Yours ever,

G. W.

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To Lieut.-Col. Stephen Frewen

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
July 20th, 1907.

DEAR OLD STE.,—I am a real villain in having left you for so long without a letter, and specially one after your

illness. But you are often in my thoughts and Lady Grosvenor's, and we are often talking of you and your wife.

I pass Tarvin Sands, hunting and with Yeomanry, and never without a regret for old happy days. The old days were happier both for good soldiers and respectable politicians.

I put in my share of the work on Haldane's Bill. But we are a feeble folk like the conies in the Bible. And this Government is, at once, the most tyrannical and the most incompetent ever known.

My chief quarrel with them (may be compared to yours with the present W. O.) is that they never keep a pledge. The old idea that an honourable man ought to stick by what he says and fulfils his promises, is openly abandoned. This knocks the bottom out of Political and Military life. What is the use of obtaining pledges in Parliament or earning promises of employment in the Army, when both are given merely to delay and deceive ?

I agree with what you say about the Army as a profession. Men will work only on one out of three conditions : for (1) a market salary, or (2) prestige, or (3) a good time.

But now the pay of an officer is contemptible by comparison with the emoluments of any other walk in life. So far from prestige being accorded, there is no Under-Secretary or penny-a-liner in the Press so obscure as not to feel at liberty to scold the officers of the British Army, day after day and year after year, as if they were mere encumbrances to the State. And, as for a good time !—a subaltern now has to do the combined work of a clerk, a navvy and an usher in a school.

But, for all that, I am glad that your boy is joining. Percy joined the Coldstreams in February and is going strong. He was beaten only by a neck in the regimental Point-to-Point within three weeks of joining ; plays in their first Polo team out of three teams, and rows for them in their ' Eight.' As they have night marches most nights, he never gets to bed.

I must go and look at your battle-picture. But you

must not think of giving me a 'proof.' I will get one and give it to Guy.

I look forward to riding with you again and forgetting in the chase all the cares and disappointments of middle age. So good luck and my love to you.—Yours ever,
GEORGE WYNDHAM.

633

To G. K. Chesterton

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
Aug. 2nd, 1907.

MY DEAR MR. CHESTERTON,—This is not a mere invitation to dine here—of all places—and at short notice, viz : on Monday next, August 5th, at 8 p.m.

I must adopt the historic method to persuade you.

Last year, when feeling ran high during the last gasps of the Education Bill, Bob Cecil gave a dinner here to Masterman, Jack Seely, Butcher, Rawlinson and myself.

We all remember it. And now I have asked the other five. All have said 'yes,' and all six of us want you, if you will, to come too and make the mystic seven.

I hope you can manage this.—Yours very sincerely,
GEORGE WYNDHAM.

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To Philip Hanson

35 PARK LANE,
The Twelfth of Pious and Immortal Memory, 1907.

MY DEAR P. H.,—You are, maybe, in France ; but no matter. This is to thank you for the Bowley book of figures. It shall be guarded and returned. I spent all to-day at Dover, 'assisting' at the first County Match played there—Kent v. Gloucester—on the Athletic Ground. It is a huge success—nearly 8,000 people yesterday and, they say, more to-day. So here we have another vindica-

tion of ideas. The original promoters of the ground lost their £10,000. The Corporation bought for £5,000, and have rated the people for upkeep. The people murmured. Now the people are happy. Everybody would have been happy long ago but for the fact—always to be remembered—that it takes 10 years to get an idea into the head of Englishmen.

Incidentally I saw Jessop knock up 74 in no time—an exhilarating experience.

In 10 years my Revenue argument will begin to attract attention as a paradox. By this easy transition I arrive at the Manchester speech.

It is fairly well reported in the 'Guardian,' and got a leader in that intelligent—though hostile—publication; but, Lord! how flat it fell! The conditions were of the kind that almost kill me: a long journey, a reception by uncongenial persons who drank whiskey at the Club, a show drive—funereal—for three miles up an East wind to Bellevue, a late start, a large audience—4,000 they said, almost entirely composed of many women and a few boys in a large auditorium that would easily hold 10,000. It was intolerable. So I spoke badly. But all the bones of a good speech are in the 'Guardian' report, and they are being disinterred from day to day in newspapers and by Alfred Lyttelton, who thought it novel and excellent and proposes to reproduce parts in his Vote of Censure. But to me it was a strain.

Per contra the Henley memorial in the crypt of St. Paul's was the best I have yet done. I was horribly frightened; had to read a long MS. in French by Rodin, and then launch out on my own. Yet I 'did it on my head,' giving my whole philosophy of Life and Death, Art and Nature, War and Peace, France and England, within the compass of 15 minutes in a style that was monumental without being sepulchral—and this in a crypt! *Do* look me up on your way back!—Yours ever,
G. W.

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To his Sister, Pamela

SAUGHTON, 20th August 1907.

DARLING PAMELA,—I feel inclined to write to you to-night, but not of the 'Polo Week' at Eaton. That is past, and has already taken its place—a small one—in the perspective of Time. Percy played well. I hurt my leg, not even at polo, but at racquets. And that is all; and enough, of such pleasant, and unpleasant, trifles.

Hugh Cecil stayed on from Saturday till to-day and Mary Drew joined us. We read and talked gossip—comparative ethics—as the late Lord Salisbury had it. And we cultivated the Muses. Now they are all gone; I mean the guests, not the Nine. Though Terpsichore left last Wednesday, when I hurt my leg, so far as I was concerned, and there are only eight little muses for me.

I bought a book the other day, of XVIIIth Century children's stories; partly because you, too, emulate de Genlis; partly because some of them are called 'Stories of the Wyndham family.' It amuses me. The Preface begins 'To publish a work with the title borne by this, may, perhaps, by some, be thought presumption, when it is recollected that Madame de Genlis has already occupied the Dramatic line, in a manner to be imitated by few, and, probably, to be equalled by none.' Observe her commas! But the writer is modest and explains:—'This short explanation the Authoress thought due to herself, lest she should be suspected of endeavouring to imitate one of the first Authors the Age has produced.' Her Dialogues, she pleads, should 'be considered as an additional barrier against the encroachment of error, and an additional support to the efforts of Virtue.' With a nice discrimination 'Virtue' has a capital, 'error,' only a little 'e.' In conclusion, she trusts them, 'not without hope, to the candour of a generous Public, who at least will give her credit for purity of intention.' The name of 'Wyndham' is taken—I hope not in vain, but still taken. And Mr.

Wyndham plays a subsidiary part in the Dialogues of his offspring. 'Mr. Wyndham' as the talented authoress puts it, 'will appear in a more amiable light as their father than any other.' This amuses me, and there are two pleasant engravings.

But, my Dear! how different it all is from ourselves; and first I maintain because it was written in a stirring Age, and we live in dull days:—'Age,' with a capital 'A,' and 'days' with a little 'd.' They hardly deserve a Big, Big 'D.' Tho' they are very annoying.

What with my lame leg, and the weather, and a middle-aged walk round the garden, and the receipt of a volume of verse called 'The Robin's Song,' and much else of the like order; I wrote a protest last night. It represents a disillusion which I ever detected in August, and have lately found confirmed by a Cheshire August and Middle Age. It gives a mood, but, for all that, an aspect of truth, and thus it goes:—

I

In August fields there are no wild-flowers,
 The robin sings without a fellow.
 The trees are dark and their leaves tired.
 All the meadows are shorn and yellow,
 The hope of the year has expired.
 The robin sings alone for hours.
 Nothing is young, and nothing mellow.

II

Cart wheels creak and robins sing.
 But no thrush flutes of before and after.
 Rust in the wood and dust on the road
 Choke defiance and love and laughter.
 Nothing is won. All has been shewed.
 There are no mysteries of the Spring,
 And lofts are bare from floor to rafter.

Your devoted brother,

GEORGE.

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To his Sister, Pamela

ST. FAGAN'S, 26th August 1907.

DARLING PAM,¹—Your letter amused me very much. It is lucky I can crawl out of the discomfiture of your criticism on my creaking cart-wheels. Permit a brief retort. I said nothing of the corn-fields, if for no other reason, then because there are none round Saughton, 'the meadows are shorn and yellow' observe! Summer does say 'it is finished' with a sense of satiety and rest. I object to both; particularly when my leg is lame and I am afraid of getting fat.

I will come to you if I can, perhaps third week of September, perhaps on my way to Perth in October, for a speech on the 18th.

Punctuation is the devil. I can do it in my own way. A comma means that something is omitted which would be included in a legal document. Except in a legal document we never rehearse all that must be said in order to avoid any ambiguity of interpretation. They ought not to be used to indicate rhythm.

I am pickling away at my address on Sir Walter Scott. I have six or seven things to say about him. As an address is delivered each year it is unnecessary to repeat the obvious. I shall avoid the 'good Sir Walter' business. Except, perhaps, just to note that his works gain a reflected charm from our knowledge of a personality which he was at such pains to dissemble. I am very vague at present. Probably the essay will form round two aspects. I. His Art. He was a romantic. That is how he saw things and said them—this, with all pertinent comparisons and contrasts, etc. The romantic revival in England and France. Here I am on my native heath.

¹ On receipt of the previous letter his sister had chaffingly written the following criticism: 'Why did the cart wheels creak when the carts were so empty? The poet tells us "The lofts were bare from floor to rafter." What had happened to the harvest?'

II. His meaning. What was it that he saw and said ? So I lead up to the last motif, which is Reconciliation—reconciliation of Highlands to Lowlands ; of England to Scotland ; of Jacobite to Hanoverian ; of servant to master ; of the present with the past.

I sketched a conclusion on those lines which may do. In any case, it is well to have a goal to work up to. In getting there one may diverge to another and a better goal. But here is my sketch of the end :—

By these reconciliations, by searching for recondite chords of human experience, he feels his way towards the supreme reconciliation of man to man's fate. His 'diapason closes full on man.' This is the work, often unconscious, of great masters. But for their magical counterpoint the present would be all to each of us ; 'an apex,' Pater calls it, 'between two hypothetical eternities' ;—a masked note, so poignant that it pierces. All this has been said, better than I can say it. Only the other day a friend pointed out to me this phrase in Landor's 'Imaginary Conversations,' 'the present, like a note in music, is nothing but as it appertains to what is past and what is to come.' But how few among writers, Classic, Romantic, or Realist, have known this, and shewn it.

Walter Scott is of those few. He extracted secrets from oblivion so to endow what is with the charm of what has been, and to put us in case to expect the future. He strikes a full chord upon the keys of Time. It is only the greatest musicians of humanity who thus enrich the present by fealty to the past and make it a herald of eternal harmonies.

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To his Mother

ST. FAGAN'S CASTLE,
CARDIFF, August 28th, 1907.

MOST DARLING MAMMA,—I love your birthday letter. We had a wonderful expedition to Caldey Island. Some of Sibell's friends have started—or re-started—there a

monastery of Benedictines; but Anglican, not Roman. I had read of it in one of her books, and found it was off Tenby, between ninety and one hundred miles from here.

So she, Gay¹ and I set out at a quarter to nine yesterday in the motor. S. S. had written to the Abbot and the Island was reported to be at no great distance from the shore. We ate some sandwiches in a field by a little brook between wooded cliffs between Coermarten and Tenby and reached Tenby at a quarter to 2 o'clock. The Abbot owns the Island and a little steamer which we were told was to start at 2 o'clock. We did not get under way till 2.30. The day was divine, sea sky-blue and many medusæ pulsating past us. Tenby is like an Italian town and the scenery is lovely.

As we drew near the Island we saw the Abbot in his white and black habit waiting to receive us on the sand. The tide was out. We had to get into a little row-boat and be *carried* out of that by two sailors apiece.

Then we made the 'tour de propriétaire' with the Abbot who was delightful. There were monks there for over a 1000 years down to the dissolution of the monasteries—first Celtic and then Benedictines.

The beach is grown over with long dried grass—as in our Costa picture. Sea-thistles were lovely, beyond are low cliffs, pine-woods, and sycamores growing thick up a chine to the old monastery.

On one cliff is a 9th century Watch Tower against pirates and further on a 7th century church. The remains of the old monastery are now surrounded by farm buildings but there are good 13th century bits and a carved stone of the 6th century, with inscriptions in Latin and Celtic, asking all to pray for the soul of somebody 'the son of the otter'! We did not disembark till 5.30, and only got back, after wonderful sunset and moon-rise at a quarter to ten o'clock.

I want to come and ride at Clouds very much. But I fear it must be a little later. I have a vague idea that you have said you will be away the third week in September

¹ Lady Plymouth.

Anyhow I am away the week beginning the 23rd September. We shall stay at Saughton till S. S. goes to Leffy on 15th September. So I might come on the 15th or on the 28th for a day or two and bring you on with me to Saughton. Or both! Phyllis¹ and Gay would perhaps like to ride, but they could only come 28th or 30th, just for two days. Anyhow, you and Papa come to us early in October and I would not shorten your visit. We go North on the 17th of October.

All love to you darling.—Your most loving son,

GEORGE.

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To Mrs. Drew

August 28th, 1907.

. . . We went with motor all the way, more than 90 miles, to Tenby, and then took the Abbot's little steamer and set out to sea for Caldey Island, to visit the Benedictine Monastery that is being revived there by Dom Aelred Carlyle. It was a divine day, the sea was sky-blue and the scenery wonderful. As we approached the shore, we could see the Abbot in his black and white habit awaiting us on the sand. The tide was out, and we were carried ashore by two sailors. The Abbot was perfect, and all he is doing is right. He first showed us the Guest House, built of their own stone, for there are rocky cliffs on the Island. Near it, on a knoll, is a 9th Century tower built by the old Monks to look out for pirates. Further back is a 7th Century Church. The Monks were there for more than 1000 years, first Celtic and then Benedictine. The Church is two cubes of stone with a Celtic arch between. Then we saw two of the Brothers at work in a long row of white cottages, red-roofed, which are to be let to mothers, relations and friends of the Monks. The new Monastery is to be built on a height near a pinewood. We had tea with the Abbot's Mother and went into the old Monastery buildings. The Chapel is 13th Century. It was excavated out of the ground and there is the old 13th Century Gate-

¹ Lady Phyllis Clive.

house and Dovecot. There they dug up a strange stone inscribed in Latin and Celtic of the 6th Century, asking our prayers for the soul of 'the son of the otter.' The old fish-ponds are there and the carp are in them still.

The Abbot walked us down to embark, looking exactly like a 14th Century picture with his tonsured head against the Mantegna rocks. He blessed us as we took leave; after a brilliant sunset and magical moonrise, we got back at 9.45. The simplicity of the new buildings and the mystery of the old are beyond admiration. It is a perfect thing.

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To his Mother

SAUGHTON GRANGE,
CHESTER, September 9th, 1907.

MOST DARLING MAMMA,—I hope 'no more visits' does not mean that you and Papa are not coming here in October. I shall come to you about the 27th of September for some rides—anyhow. And perhaps—only perhaps—for a day or two next week. But I fear not. I am hard at it on Walter Scott and arranging book, and papers for political campaign. It will be a bit of a miracle if I can get away and serenity during the Autumn will depend on having finished Walter Scott and laid a solid foundation for speeches in the course of the next fortnight. It is the only clear time I shall have till the 13th of December. I want to think, and read, and arrange my subjects. I am very happy over Sir Walter. It does one good to live in his company, as I am. I have read again the four volumes, of his Journal two, and of letters two, and skimmed Lockhart and plunged into the period in England, Scotland and France. The little address will be a 'ridiculous mouse' from such a 'mountain.' But the task has given excuse and energy for reading all my old loves, Shelley, Keats, right through—bits of Byron, and he is much better as one gets older; early Victor Hugo and his prefaces which are excellent as *e.g.* 'Revolutions change

everything except the human heart.' That knocks out the socialists except as barren rascals and disturbers of humanity; mere mules—'without pride of ancestry or hope of posterity.' I am also at Jane Austen and Peacock and Raleigh's 'History of the English Novel' and Nassau Senior's criticisms in the 'Quarterly' on the 'Waverleys' as they appeared. 'How it strikes a Contemporary' may give me a good start. I think I shall bring in Papa's governess being run away with into the laurels at Petworth whilst reading 'Marmion' to illustrate the vogue.

Jack Mackail sent me an excellent lecture of his on William Morris and his circle 'and that goes in too.' 'Put it in the bag' as we used to say with the clown in the Pantomime, Robinson Crusoe. Walter Scott worked in that way, sticking all that came along into his work.

But what giants they were; and how degenerate are these days! It is wonderful to think of 1814,—Napoleon's last great campaign—'Waverley' an anonymous novel in a sea-side book box—Byron blazing. Even the prices make one jump, £3000 for 'Lady of the Lake' and £3000 for 'Lalla Rookh,' and £8000 for 'Woodstock,' and £12,000 for the 'Life of Napoleon.'

I was offered £1000 the day before yesterday to begin a short History of England. But I am married to that cursed shrew—Politics, and must say 'No.' I should be more 'healthy, *wealthy* and wise' if she died and I married her sister, Literature, in spite of the Bishops.

And consider the marvellous year 1820—two novels from Scott; some of the best Shelley—*all* the best of Keats—some Coleridge, third Canto of 'Childe Harold,' and now, Bernard Shaw!—Your most loving son,

GEORGE.

P.S.—My reference to Mackail's lecture is too brief to be intelligible. I mean something like this—Walter Scott the greatest force in the Romantic Movement; that Movement the mother of the Oxford Movement; and that Movement—at least—the aunt of the Morris' Movement. And there are now no movements: only stagnation. We

live in a phase of indolent mediocrity. I remember the seventies and eighties and declare that this is Autumn; but an Autumn of more mist than usual and no mellow fruit. This is a parable. There is so much mist, so little fruit, such a portentous quietness, that some people think that this is no usual Autumn at all, but the dull blight that broods before an earthquake.

For my part—as an optimist—I hope it is merely Autumn, with rottenness dripping through fogs, only more so. I am still disposed to sing, ‘If Winter come, can Spring be far behind.’ But we want a ‘West Wind’ badly.

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*To Philip Hanson*35 PARK LANE, W.,
17.ix.07.

MY DEAR P. H.,—I wish it had been possible for you to look in at Saighton during these last glorious days of sunshine. Lady Grosvenor went to Lady Beauchamp yesterday to welcome another grandchild, and I came here to have my leg electrified. To-morrow I go to Derwent, then Hornby Castle, then Clouds, on Thursday or Friday next week. I am writing after a day of happy solitude in a London, neither swept nor garnished, but empty and exhilarated by serene September sunlight. I feel brisk. And the feeling, long lost, chimes with the outward aspect and reminds me of early days at the W. O. in '98 and '99. So my thoughts turn to you.

I have ‘broken the back’ of my address on ‘Walter Scott’: written the first half and the end and sketched the rest of the second half. This has given me stimulus and excuse for wide reading over 1798-1832. What a time! Napoleon, Wellington, Pitt, Canning, Goethe, Victor Hugo, Byron, Scott—and meanwhile such quintennial flowers as Keats and Shelley blossoming unseen.

And here we are, rather ‘now’ we are, still unravelling the meaning of the so-called Romantic Revival. I see Politics by the light of Art.

If I do see anything, I see that they—the ‘makers’ in Politics or Poetry were puzzled by a mistaken, and false, antagonism between the ‘Classic’ and ‘Romantic.’ I see that the ‘Classic’ is not an original, or primary, mode of the mind’s energy to express the need of the heart. There are two original modes, the Romantic and Realist, based respectively on imagination and observation. Either, or both, become ‘Classic.’ But that is a secondary mode of either. You choose and polish your imagination or your observation, until the element of Wonder disappears from your image of life. The ‘Classic’ becomes a statue at Chatsworth: the Realistic a clerk at his desk.

Then the passion for Wonder revives in man the wonderer. And the little try to gratify it for pence. The school of Horror substitutes a Hobgoblin for the statue. The school of Scandal substitutes a Profligate for the clerk. Each tries to tickle or shock.

Scott’s huge performance was to hark back to first springs. He was lucky, like all conquerors. He happened to have read and liked the old Romances—and imitated them. He happened to have read and understood the new Realists—and analysed Defoe.

Then—and that is the supreme thing which he did—he merged the two in Waverley, anno 1814. He canalised the welter of cross-currents and drew off the power in a stream of literary energy which turned the mills of the Oxford Movement, the Young England Movement, and, last of all, the Morris-Rossetti Movement. Keats and Shelley were beautiful flowers that grew by the brim: Hugo and Byron, tumultuous currents, deep or surface, that never got out of the whirlpool. He did in Literature what Disraeli meant to do in Politics.

The literary stream is now almost lost in sand. The Political stream never was canalised. Napoleon nearly did it for the Continent. Here, in our Island, Canning died; Wellington became ‘The Duke’; and Disraeli . . . I can’t finish this sentence because I don’t know what exactly happened to him. He would have rounded it off with an epigram. But there is nothing epigram-

matic about a man who starts with observing British institutions: the Peerage, the Church, the Gentry, Labour; and imagining World History in terms of Oriental Empire; who despises the first and postpones the second; and ends by becoming the senile slave of both.

It is odd that 'Joe,' with acute observation in a succession of limited fields, and impulse as a 'substitute for imagination,' still went so much nearer combining observation and imagination than Balfour or even Gladstone—that many have a soft place in their heart for him—as they had for Randolph.

But that—the coupling of imagination and observation, those two engines of the mind to minister to the needs of the heart, is the job of our political giant; when we get him.

Meanwhile, it *is* meanwhile: a long while and very mean.

If only poets would sing, meanwhile! But they never do, any more than birds, in a mist which optimists, like myself, declare to be mere mists of Autumn, heralds of Winter's lean alacrity, and Spring's exuberance: and pessimists declare to be abnormal vapours brooding before an earthquake. 'The sedge is withered from the lake and no birds sing.'

Indeed, a writer in the 'Outlook' maintains that birds-poets—will never sing again. He is chronicling the death of Sully-Prudhomme as the last of those birds. This, says he, is a 'practical' age. But what 'in the name of glory' do we practise?—Yours ever,

GEORGE WYNDHAM.

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To his Mother

HORNBY CASTLE,
BEDALE, YORKSHIRE, September 23rd, 1907.

MOST DARLING MAMMA,—S. S. sent me your letter. I am glad that you are not anxious about Robert¹ and

¹ His nephew, Robert Adeane.

delighted to hear that Papa is much better. Give him my love. I hope to get to you before Saturday and will let you know. I am sending two horses to Clouds on Thursday or Wednesday. Perf's leave begins on October 1st, so I want him to come to Clouds and ride about with me. I hope that Gay and Phyllis will come to ride on Monday. I am hard at old Sir Walter Scott and at politics—with a small travelling library. There are interesting books here, specially a beautiful illuminated 'Roman de la Rose' MS. of about 1450, bound in old cramoisie velvet with letters pounced alternately on the outside covers. When you find out how to read them, they spell this :—see below,

| | |
|-------|-------|
| A O R | M U R |
| E R | G E |
| T E I | D S R |
| E P | S O |
| I E D | R T O |
| U T | B E |

that is Amour Regret Désir Espoir et Doubte.

I hope to be with you Friday, at latest; perhaps Thursday.—Your most loving son, GEORGE.

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To Charles Whibley

CLOUDS,

EAST KNOYLE, 4th October 1907.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—I have corrected a few 'literals' in the proof herewith returned. It omits a passage which I cannot recall. But it is an excellent report.

I am well. I wish that we met more often. This autumn I 'addict' myself to Politics, beginning at Perth, on October 18th, and continuing at Hexham, Birmingham, Dover, Manchester, York and Leicester, not to mention an address on Walter Scott at Edinburgh.

I do this from a sense of duty. The Gentry of England must not abdicate. But I have little belief in the usefulness of platform discourse. Nothing will serve but

terror of Germany and a further collapse in Funds at the prospect of Socialism.

Something might be done with the pen. A 'tongue with a tang' will not convince those who like to be scratched where'er they do itch.

Still I must 'tang' away, on the off-chance that the English do not wish to be relieved of all responsibility—and liberty.—Yours ever, GEORGE WYNDHAM.

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To Mrs. Drew

CLOUDS, October 6th, 1907.

. . . The gloom of impending speeches begins to descend on my heart. I mean political speeches—I like the others. But political speeches, and in Scotland, is almost more than I can bear. It is no consolation that everybody on all sides—Government, Opposition, Irish, Noncons., Labour, Protectionists, Free Traders, Individualists, Socialists, Churchmen, Temperance Advocates, Brewers, Soldiers, Sailors, Railway Employees, Directors, Bankers, 'Uncle Tom Codley and all and all'—seem equally disgusted with things in general, except C. B.¹ He 'sits on a stile and continues to smile' . . .

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To Wilfrid Ward

35 PARK LANE, W.,
October 10th, 1907.

MY DEAR WILFRID,—If I do not answer your letter now I doubt doing so for many days. I have a very heavy political programme before me which will tax my time and vitality.

So I give you an 'Ave Cæsar': not that I expect to die in the arena but that I am certain to be swallowed by its dust, for many days.

I took your letter with me to Dover yesterday and am

¹ Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman.

off north to-morrow. May I say that it needed careful deciphering? What has become of your type-writer?

Though too absorbed to exchange written signals of Amity, I have followed the Encyclical with a personal, almost poignant, interest in its relation to yourself. I half guessed that all the arrows were not drawn at a venture.

The 'crux' is that every shot at you is a shot at Newman, and a shot at all that his apologetics and reconciliations have meant, not only to you and yours, but to others, including myself.

It is a bad business. Rather I ought to say a 'tragic' business. And, having said that, I ought to add that Tragedy is the note of man's endeavour to comprehend the Divine; just as it was the note of the Divine's condescension to penetrate man's intelligence through his sympathy.

But you are more happy than any non-Catholic can be. For you are instructed in the necessity of *waiting* and drilled to support the waiting with patience. You are an Army with Generals who may be dilatory, or retrograde. We are a mob, with individuals who may be brilliant and impulsive. Still, when your Army moves, it moves as a whole. And that is much; perhaps all. For what else are the 'sæcula sæculorum'?

To alter my image:—the complement of 'securus judicat orbis terrarum,' is, that the mountain-tops are not to shout when tipped with the rosy light of Dawn. But, rather, to be still in hush'd altitudes till the darkest valleys are steeped by noon-day.

To compare small things with great—you cannot guess how difficult the 'Protestantism' of Britain makes Politics.

Any man who sees starts on his -ism; his Socialism or his Individualism, his Imperialism or his Cosmopolitanism. Each one who sees has *his* point of view and his focus of vision.

But very few see. Still fewer see together. And the multitude, who don't see, are distracted by the dissen-

sions of confident seers. The 'Genus irritabile vatum' becomes more irritable; the herd, more lethargic.

Pisgah is the peak from which one man in isolation *sees* the promised land. The others wander and halt and retire and advance and grumble and rebel, in a crowd with all its drawbacks. But, in a crowd, they get to the Promised Land, at last.

What an intolerable Apologue I have inflicted! It only means that I should be content with a hush'd altitude at Dawn if I were sure of the sun at Noon. I should not fret over the creeping shadows.—Yours ever,

GEORGE WYNDHAM.

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To Charles Boyd

SAIGHTON GRANGE,
CHESTER, 14.x.07.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—Many thanks for a most opportune letter on Socialism, and for another opportune in all but my lack of leisure to reply.

I agree that wild hitting is worse than useless. But I am sure that *some* hitting there must be.

I am off to Perth for an orgy of speaking, and on to other places for the same.

I mean, at the risk of boring my audience and failing completely, to tackle Socialism and all the -isms. My chain of thought is

(1) Individualism—the real Cobdenite theory to which Lord B. of B.¹ asks me to revert,—

Ignored the State. Pretended the world was, or would be cosmopolitan, which it is not and will not be.

Asserted Capital would go anywhere, which is true—too true!—and that Labour would follow, which is false.

Under that system, even as it is, we have Cosmopolitan Capital and 'Stranded' Labour.

(2) *Hence* the demand for Socialism.

But that is out of the frying-pan into the fire.

¹ Lord Balfour of Burleigh.

Criticism of Socialism.

But there *is* a great Problem. Penury—over-population, depopulation, unemployment. To defeat false remedy and find a true one, we need a Policy based on Principle and supported by a united Party.

(3) Is that to be found in Government ?

Obviously not.

(4) In Unionism ? *yes*.

It grasps the reality of the 'State' in all its bearings ; in its external relations and, not less, in its relations to the Individual, not as an individual in a cosmopolitan world, but as a citizen of the State.

And for this must accept legitimate development of Unionist Principles, *i.e.* Tariff Reform.

Them 's my sentiments.—Yours ever,

G. W.

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To Charles T. Gatty

SAIGHTON GRANGE,
CHESTER, 23.X.07.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—I have just seen a characteristic letter from the Hon^{ble} P.¹ to Percy. It begins simply and suddenly as follows :—

'MY DEAR PERF,—There are 3 things which I hope you will not do :

(1) Become a Roman Catholic ; (2) Marry an American girl ;

(3) Go into the House of Commons.'

Certainly there is much to be said against Politics.

I hope you are not tiring yourself out over Industries. I got back here, with Sibell, this afternoon and walked back most of the way from Chester. After a fortnight's politics it was refreshing to see Percy come in from hunting without a care.

I hope to hunt next week till Friday, when I go to Edinburgh to talk about Walter Scott.—Yours ever,

G. W.

¹ His father.

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To his Sister, Pamela

SAIGHTON GRANGE,
CHESTER, 30th October 1907.

BELOVED PAMĒLO,—I found your book ¹ here Monday and have read it all. It is very good. The structure works out well. The conclusion is excellent, and must have been very difficult. What a lot you have put into it and what a lot of yourself. I think it is a little classic ; not that it is little in size ! I long to hear of the reviews. But I cannot review it in a letter to you. It is very allegorical to me ; full of deep sayings that find an echo. The lively bits of observation, the phrases clean-cut and polished, the quips and cranks are all needed to prevent the deep sayings from sounding too sad. But they are all there to amuse and soothe and delight. That is the office of Art to mankind, they are like the twisted ropes of flowering creepers used in some lands for bridges over rivers in chasms. In any true work of Art we need both the bridges and the chasms. And for all the grace of your garland-bridges I can hear the ‘muffled tremulous roar.’ Sometimes the chasms of hopes that fail, and love, and departing youth in all around, yawn below one. They cannot be bridged by Politics.—Your devoted brother,

GEORGE.

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To Charles T. Gatty

SAIGHTON GRANGE,
CHESTER, 2.xi.07.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—A thousand thanks for the photograph of the Picture. I like it better than the Picture. Also—as they say in Germany—I hold you to the promise of a visit before, or after, Christmas.

You will marvel at the excavations which Sibell and the

¹ ‘The Children and the Pictures,’ published by William Heinemann.

gardener have made at the entrance here on the left after coming in by the gate. It was a bank thickly crowded with shrubs. But—and here is the point—the wall which you remember on the top of the rock along the road from Chester outside, turns sharp to the left at the gate and runs along the top of the live rock inside. Well, we have excavated and disclosed both, leaving three bastions, revetted with stone, to retain the best of the flowering trees, as lilac, cornel and maple. This enhances the ‘rock and fortress’ note of the ancient Abbots’ country seat.

The work reminded me of old days along the ‘Abbot’s Walk,’ and lends force to my insistence on a visit from you. I understand the weariness of your enterprise. So am I weary to death of my politics. All the more reason is there for re-affirming old days and old ways. One phrase of Walter Scott struck me hard. He is writing to one of a band of early companions, and speaks of the others as ‘all now sequestered or squandered.’ So it is. Some go to the Empire’s extremities and others toil in tunnels at home.

And now I must toil. ‘Man goeth forth to his labour.’
—Yours ever,

GEORGE WYNDHAM.

P.S.—Sibell is very well and we expect Perkins to-day on leave from his military duties.

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To Philip Hanson

35 PARK LANE, W.,
5.xi.07.

MY DEAR P. H.,—I got your letter yesterday before starting for London. I return to Saighton to-night. I came up for the Railway ‘crisis.’ But of that later on.

The only good report—fair report—of the speech we discussed was in the ‘Aberdeen Journal’ of 19.x.

Your letter interests and impresses me. It is difficult—as Joe discovered—to propose a policy without detail, and impossible to go into detail on the platform.

The aspect of Finance which interests me most is the

hardest to handle—I mean Credit. And it is overlooked most frequently. I come across it over Railway work. Let me use it as an illustration. Railway servants want higher wages and shorter hours. Anyone can sympathise with that. To do anything in that direction you must choose between two alternatives. The first is to pay the shareholders less. Now the reason why you cannot pay the shareholders less is *not* that they have a *right* to $3\frac{1}{2}\%$. It is that until you give them 4% they won't lend you any more money; and that you cannot proceed unless you can borrow.

That being so, *if* railway servants are to have higher wages and shorter hours, the public must have fewer trains and higher fares. This is an apologue. The general trend of opinion in this country is still Cobdenite. Opinion holds that the remedy for any evil is to have more things at lower prices. I do not believe that this opinion was ever altogether sound. I am sure it is false when opinion, illogically, inclines also and at the same time towards higher wages and shorter hours.

Now let me jump to general Fiscals.

I differ from you to this extent. You hold that I ought not to 'attack' without an alternative, in some detail.

I hold that Asquith's conundrums are irrelevant unless he can say that the present system is sound.

My arguments against the present system are:

I. *Revenue Argument.*

(a) Present system is inadequate; even for Defence and Education; apart from Housing, Land, Rating; and hopelessly inadequate if anything is to be done for those three in addition.

Increase on Defence and Education during our ten years was 60% on each—an increase monstrously in excess of the growth of population.

(b) Present system is *inelastic*.

(i) *Direct*. If you could have 2/- income tax, 20% instead of 10% Death duty on large properties, well and good. But you *can't*. It drives capital abroad and destroys credit. Asquith *before* the Election said 1/-

was altogether too high if income tax was to be what it ought to be in any sound system, *i.e.* a Reserve, 3d. on earned incomes under £2000 total—is right enough; but does not touch question of reserve.

(ii). *Indirect* on articles of ordinary consumption we take 63 millions as against 53 for MacKinley Tariff.

Therefore, if you are to subserve the 5 objects named without destroying credit, you must 'broaden basis,' *i.e.* have more taxes on more articles.

II. Argument from Retaliation and Preference. If you do I., you are then free to attempt II. But your attempt must be tentative and experimental.

The first tax that can be put on is a *Corn tax*. The 1/- till Low abolished it on pedantic grounds brought in some revenue. When Beach reimposed it, it bid fair to bring in more, and price of bread fell. In order to give preference we advocated 2/-. Price of corn, etc., has gone up from 10/- to 16/-, and price of loaf has only risen 1d. in some few places and has not risen in others.

It is clear, therefore, that some revenue can be got without raising price.

But, then, I advocate a preference. I would not give Canada the whole 2/-. I would give her 1/-.

I believe that such a plan would have a large *sentimental* effect. Its tendency would be to foster what is already going on, *i.e.* labour—(all she needs) going to Canada instead of U.S.A.

But I do not believe that U.S.A. would sit down and acquiesce. She would try to pour in corn, and it is not improbable that Canada paying 1/- and U.S.A. paying 2/- would increase supplies and cheapen.

But now I must catch my train.

III. Argument is *Humanitarian Standard*.

We cannot have inspectors as well as Consuls abroad, and therefore it is sense to have a low duty on most manufactured articles.

If you are interested, I will deal with Asquith's conundrums about meat and wool in another letter.—Yours ever,

G. W.

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To his Father

SAIGHTON GRANGE,
CHESTER, November 5th, 1907.

MY DEAREST PAPA,—I am not going to buy the Queen's letter. I think it very likely that you will be able to get it for 30/- in six months' or a year's time.

I was up in London to-day for the Railway crisis but had not a moment in which to look you up.

I quite understand what you feel about politics; I think that I, too, am getting politically old. For I dislike politics more and more and care less and less for any issues before the country, or likely to come before it in my time.

If I can get a good report of my speeches I will send it to you.

I shall look up the article on 'Trees' in the 'Times.'

Pam's book is very good. The Dreams frighten me and would have given me a fit when I was Clare's age. Poor Pam is worried about her baby ill in Scotland but going on well. I was pleased by the Review in the 'Times' Literary Supplement' of last Friday; chiefly because her book—supposed a book for children—was *reviewed* and reviewed second, under 'Fiction,' to a work by the man who wrote 'Number (something) John Street'; a book that made a great splash.

The other works of fiction are reviewed later; or relegated—in shoals—to the advertisement column.

Perf arrived here Sunday night and was telegraphed for Monday night for a Court Martial. But we both got back this evening, he from the Army, I from the Railway crisis. And now we shall get a hunt or two together.

I had two good days last week and enjoyed them immensely. I should like to hunt a provincial pack of hounds, command a Yeomanry Regiment and write a book once in five years; and let politics 'go hang.'

In politics it is impossible to do more than one thing

at a time ; and difficult to do one thing since, to do that, you must interest and control a great number of different classes, and traditions and theories.

The whole theory of Cobdenism is wrong. Even in the minor matter of the Railway crisis, the practical difficulty arises entirely from a pursuit of cheapness and competition. The hours are long and the wages low, if not for those hours then, certainly, for the amount of work done in them.

If you stood on the platform at Crewe for twelve hours you would see an almost continuous procession of trains, coming in and being broken up into sections, going out in different directions to the North. This is a great strain. It arises from four lines racing North, pandering to the lower middle-class and ' blackmailed ' by Parliament and the Press.

The only practical way of relieving the strain is to have fewer trains and higher fares. This applies chiefly to the Northern lines. Our men are satisfied and solidly loyal. But then we are a butt of scorn because we do not run an express every half hour at less than cost price.
—Your loving son,

GEORGE.

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To his Mother

THE GRAND HOTEL,
DOVER, November 16th, 1907.

MOST DARLING MAMMA,—I return Pam's letters. It is a relief to know—as I do from later ones—that she is no longer anxious.

S. S. and I are comfortable here. We both felt dear Chesham's death. It prevented S. S. from going to Birmingham. But I had to go, not only to be present at the Conference and Mass Meeting but, as President—for a second year—of the Midland Conservative Club. I had to take the chair there, after Arthur's big speech, to introduce him to the members. It was a heavy day. We started at 10 a.m. and got back after 12.30 at night. I

then talked to Chang in her room till 2 o'clock. Yesterday I returned to London, dashed across and picking up S. S. I slept all the way in the train to Dover. Last night was our Mayor's banquet. I made two speeches; proposing the Mayor and returning thanks for self. Now we are doing Dover quietly till Wednesday when I speak on politics. It is a dreary day of fog and rain.

Arthur's speech was a complete success. He spoke well with scarcely a note and no hesitation. It was his best chance and, almost, his last chance. But he took it and we are all happy.

Best love to papa.—Your most loving son, GEORGE.

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To Philip Hanson

GRAND HOTEL,
DOVER, 17.xi.07.

MY DEAR P. H.,—This, the 17th, represents my first blow at the air-hole of leisure since yours of the 6th. I cannot, without an effort, remember all that has happened since, and I am too idle to fetch a diary. Now, I remember. I had two great days hunting with Percy, 7th and 8th, enjoyed myself hugely and took two rattling falls. I was, of course, saddened by Chesham's death.¹ But it was a good death, of a kind, brave, sensible man. I dashed off to meet Lady Grosvenor at Madresfield last Monday, to reconstruct plans. We agreed I must not give up the Birmingham Conference. Thursday was a full, interesting day. I sat at the Conference from eleven onward. Banqueted with A. J. B. at six. Heard him speak at eight. He spoke very well; hardly looked at a note (on *one* sheet) and never hesitated for one hour and twenty minutes. He did the trick. We told him it was his best chance; and his last. So he took it. I sometimes wish that extremity was not the only 'jumping-board' from which he can jump. After the mass meet-

¹ Lord Chesham was killed by a fall when hunting in Cheshire.

ing I took the chair as President of the Midland Conservative Club, introduced him, etc. 'The old Tory Fortress of the Midlands,' and so forth. He made another nice speech. I got back at twenty to one, and sat up talking to my sister, Lady Elcho, in her bedroom, till any hour. She, rightly, observed that the occasion bespoke anything but prudence. Started early Friday, just caught the train in London, slept like a stone to Dover and made two bright speeches at the Mayor's banquet.

Between whiles I have corrected and polished my 'Scott.' Sent off the typed copy corrected and touched up, to-night. Some of the last touches amused me: as thus, for the Richardson business 'any party of nobodies seated round a table'—and then the added touch, 'and applying a delicate seismometer to any tremor, however faint, with which the heart responds to any fact, however trivial.' And this other touch: 'The Romantic smoothed to the inane, had to be galvanised to the diabolic. The Realistic sweetened with sentiment, had to be salted with satire.' And that, my dear P. H., is 'the kind of hair-pins we are.'

But what the Burgesses and Literary gents of the Modern Athens will make of it all I leave you to surmise.

It is now too late to begin preparing my speech for Wednesday, and too early to go to bed, so I am talking to you. It is only 10 o'clock! But I am too idle to continue my last letter in grim earnest. I will sketch in the faintest outline what I mean by tackling Asquith's conundrum.

He says 'what about (1) Corn, (2) Meat, (3) Wool, (4) Wood?'

There are, at least, Four lines of reply.

I. The colonies have never asked for 'distributive justice' from us, and don't give it to each other.

II. They want their production stimulated; but on what? Canada on Corn, but *not* on Wood. Australia on Meat and Corn, but *not* on Wool (*pace* that old fat, red-faced donkey Sir ——).

III. Looking homewards—our appetite for food is

relatively limited by comparison with our appetite for raw material.

IV. Anyway, if we are to compare Fiscal systems, will you weigh the comparative merits of 'Sheep and Sugar?'

I take this comparison because Simon, M.P., made a speech on the Budget about Australian *sheep* which was taken to be mighty clever and conclusive. He is one of the 'rising lights.' Son of Rev. E. Simon, Congregational Minister, Barrister-at-law, Fellow of All Souls—'nec-non and the deuce knows what' (Browning). Well, says he, look at 'the Australian sheep, meat inside and wool outside.' (Roars of laughter.) 'How are you going to tax one and not the other?' (Loud cheers.)

Now that is the kind of clever nonsense which I won't stand.

I retort: Look at Sheep and Sugar. Each is both food and raw material. But, with this distinction: that the food is the sheep and the raw material, come here separately and can be separately dealt with. The sugar comes solid. If I tax sugar as a food, I must tax sugar as a raw material. If I tax Australian meat, I need not—and shall not—tax Australian wool.

But, waiving the raw material side to the argument (having scored that trick) what of the Food side?

If the tax is on meat, which we produce, and if we give Australia a preference, one of two things must happen, either the Foreigner will pay the tax, or else he will desist from importing because, and when, the Empire becomes self-sufficient. Why not have two good things one after the other, instead of neither at any time? Personally I believe you will get both. This, I know, makes the Free Traders scream. But that is because he lives in the abstract. In the concrete world sentiment plays a huge part. Sentiment will stimulate the Australian, and, for that matter, Charlie Adeane, to have rather more sheep the next year after the Tariff. And *sentiment* will stimulate the Foreigner not to be beat. He will pay a small tax rather than surrender a market. The price of meat will not go up. That is a miracle in the abstract. But a probability,

verging on a certainty, in the concrete. At any rate I mean to try it.

And now I shall go to bed at 10.40.

To-morrow I start at 9.30 to go all over the Harbour, and drink the sea breeze, and marvel at the ingenuity with which mind manœuvres masses, and defies 'the mighty Being' who

'doth with his eternal motion make
A sound like thunder—everlastingly.'

Whiles, the 'mighty Being' puts in one. The other day he put a ship into the Mole, and moved all those 80 ton blocks, pushing a hole through them as if they were bricks. They had not settled down on their concrete beds to their everlasting job. My dear old friend, Mr. Heyn, in charge of the works, multiplied the mass of the ship into her 'velocity'—she was only making 9 knots—and found that she knocked the Mole to the tune of a 60,000 ton blow. It is a pleasure to consider these arguments after Simon's windlestraws and Asquith's powder-puffs. But the Harbour is not finished, and Tariff Reform is still in the offing. I spare you 'Tantæ molis erat.'—Yours ever, G. W.

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To his Father

35 PARK LANE, W.,
December 5th, 1907.

MY DEAREST PAPA,—This is Perf's birthday—20 years old !

I thought I had sent you a report of my speech on Walter Scott. But Sibell writes that I did not. Even the 'Scotsman' left out the bit I like best. So I send that report *and* the 'Irish Times.'

Read the 'Scotsman' till you get to (A). Then read the bit marked (A) in the 'Irish Times.'

I was pleased to find from the Press cuttings that the Irish papers report me very fully whenever I speak.

The English 'Times' boycotts me. That is because

Macmillan—the publisher's protagonist against the Times Book Club—published my Ronsard last year.

I had a splendid meeting at Dartford last night. There is a short report in 'Standard' and 'Morning Post.' And to-morrow I go—as a Tariff Reformer—into the Lions' Den. For I have to speak in Manchester.

Love to darling Mamma.—Your loving son,

GEORGE.

P.S.—All the papers omit from my 'Scott' a rather amusing exordium. Hanson came from Ireland to hear. A good 'Dog Tray.'

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To Lieut.-Col. Stephen Frewen

SAUGHTON,

CHESTER, December 15th, 1907.

DEAR OLD STE.,—What a brick you are to write such long, interesting letters to an old pal. The mistake over the Battle picture¹ is mine, or rather it is properly to be charged to an excellent young lady who helps me with correspondence, type-writing, etc. I remember nothing about it. But I am sure that she said 'Here is a picture' just when I was preparing a speech and starting off to catch the train. I shall buy the picture and give it to Guy for Christmas. . . . I must add that—quâ speaking—I have been galloped pretty near to a standstill this Autumn. I totted up and find that since October 9th I have made 12 big and 7 little speeches.

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Between all these speeches I have put in some hunts. . . . On Tuesday we had a 'topper'; 5 mile point, 7 miles as they ran or more; in 35 minutes. Yesterday, at Darnhall, we had a fair turn over the Paradise-Wellenhall, Darnhall country. I remember you on your old grey showing us how to do that. I had a superb toss over wire; floated over a 'Leicestershire' fence, and

¹ 'The Charge at Klipfontein' that was led by the 16th Lancers under command of Lieut.-Col. Frewen, and brought about the relief of Kimberley.

was turned head over heels with my horse by a wire on the landing side. It is pleasant to find that, in spite of politics, I am not stiff from the fall. I cut my face and had to be 'stitched,' but otherwise am none the worse. Tried a horse to-day and bought him.

I only put in all this prattle to revive your memories of old days. Percy is on leave, here, and 'going' well. He, too, took a toss over rails. In fact, we are all tumbling a good deal this year. It was very blind at the start, and is now very deep. We all felt dear Chesham's death. But it was a good way to end a good life.

You must not let your disappointment weigh on your mind. Maybe it can be righted. Maybe it cannot. But what does it matter to an English gentleman who has led a charge in war and can hold his own with the youngsters out hunting? It matters nothing. In my little Political way I have not received much thanks. But I don't care a damn.

And they may want us both, yet. And if they don't want us, we can be ourselves, and ride straight.—Yours
ever,

GEORGE WYNDHAM.

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To Philip Hanson

35 PARK LANE, W.,
19.xii.07.

MY DEAR P. H.,—I enclose E. Tennant's letter written on same day as yours.

I am hard pressed just in front of the last fence—Leicester—of my long course. They suddenly shot me for a speech last night at 'The United Empire Club.' I spoke well. There is a report in the 'Morning Post.'

To-day I felt tired as the Dinner was long, and the room hot. It was a fine gathering. I am fighting hard to keep January clear of speeches.

They want me to be guest of evening at '1900 Club,' but I have said February.

I am quite happy in my *mind* about politics. Whether I

should ever be happy in any conceivable Government is another affair. For I mean business over Social Reform and cannot allow myself to be 'jobbed off' again. *If* we get in on T. R. and S. R.¹ and drop the latter, I take a line of my own. Rather, I will not go in without assurances.

To-morrow I shall try something like this.

Prelude. *The reawakened interest in Politics.*

(*N.B.*—You are right about that. Why were there so few speeches last year? Because nobody asked us to speak. Why so many now? Because everybody is clamouring for them.)

So—next Election of great and, perhaps, decisive importance.

Will reveal temper and purpose of British people. Strain of the 20 years—'85 to '05, on the new democracy.

What a lot of questions settled. *Ireland*; Partition of Africa; Egypt; Navy. Beginning of { Empire
Social Reform. No wonder a collapse. *But* were we *old* and *spent*, or only *tired* and *irritable*? I *hope* the latter.

If so, take up burden of Empire and Social Reform. But for that must not be *distracted*—must concentrate.

My quarrel with Government that they *distract* by *unsettling* Navy 2 power standard.

Ireland: Union and order to be maintained.

These 2 must be held to be settled.

House of Lords useful for that.

Education can be settled only on basis of State's impartiality. It must be settled and added to the long list of settled policies outside Party conflict—India, Asia, Foreign Office, Ireland, Africa, Egypt, Navy.

Then can attack Empire and Social Reform.

Which—'me judice'—are what interest; can only be tackled by Tariff Reform, and are outside scope of House of Lords.

Very well then :—

Power of Empire and Welfare of People are closely connected, but must begin somewhere. I will begin at

¹ Tariff Reform and Social Reform.

beginning, not with Empire, or U. K., or Leicester, but with a slum and a child in that slum, returning on a dark winter afternoon from school, without having had a meal, to an insanitary home. What are you going to do? Something you must do (*à la* Carlyle).

There are only 2 plans, Socialistic and Imperialistic. Look at first.

Increase direct taxation and rates, to feed and clothe the child and to pension his parents.

Borrow money to build them a better and more expensive house. What happens?

Higher taxes drive capital abroad.

Higher rates prevent erection of factories and workshops, etc., etc.

Ends in turning England into the Poplar and West Ham of Europe.

The plan is bad, because you tried to find out *How* to remedy the evil, without asking, first, *Why* it is there.

Why was the child hungry?

Because his father was *unemployed*.

Why?

Because of

Pauper aliens

Dumped goods

Sweated goods

High rates

High direct taxes.

And into it I go with gusto and glee, and work right up the keyboard to the crashing harmonies of Empire and Employment with a lovely leit-motif of the 'Sister States'—bless 'em—carolling like birds through the strumming of Statistics and bugle-calls of the higher Patriotism.

This exuberance is due to the fact that I have just been to sleep like a stone from 3 to 5, and am refreshed by a cup of tea.

Also, I find it easier to write a letter to you than to work at a speech. But incidentally I have made one. So hey! for Leicester and the Lions' Den of Radical Nonconformity.—Yours ever,

G. W.

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To his Mother

SAIGHTON GRANGE,
CHESTER, December 22nd, 1907.

MOST DARLING MAMMA,—So as to be sure of hitting off Christmas I am writing to-night to send you all love and all wishes for a merry Christmas and happy new year. Give my best love to Papa.

I finished my speaking campaign at Leicester on Friday. It was an immense relief to get it all over. I spoke at a mass meeting and again later at a working-man's club. Yesterday in the train I felt like a boy coming home for the holidays. And last night I slept for eleven hours on end! after sleeping for an hour in the afternoon—twelve in all.

And now I am going to hunt and read good old books. Whilst I was away last week Perf entertained four brother-officers here—all hunting with many horses and a motor car. Sibell wrote that they were 'as quiet as mice.' I don't know what she expected!

My 'Scott' speech is being printed as a pamphlet, and I will send you a copy.—Your most loving son,

GEORGE.

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To his Father

SAIGHTON GRANGE,
CHESTER, Christmas, 1907.

MY DEAREST PAPA,—The hounds meet here to-morrow. Twenty-eight persons are coming out from Eaton. This is, I think, the record of 'Hunt-batches.' With Percy and self it makes a party of thirty. I wonder if Badminton ever put such a 'posse comitatus' in the field. The competition will be keen. For most of Bendor's guests are 'artists'—Ikey Bell, 'Greepy' de Crespigny, Rivy Grenfell, Fitzpatrick, Ivor Guest and many more.

And the local lights will try to hold their own against the paladins of Leicestershire and Meath. It is interesting—apart from the fun of it and the sport—to see this when political changes may abolish the gentry and their pursuits.

Personally, I back the gentry. In addition to hunting, Bendor and I are going to start a political revival in Cheshire. He has asked everybody with a name and a shilling to lunch at the Grosvenor Hotel on January 4th and we are going to tell them that unless they subscribe to and work for our Party they are useless and doomed. We put Tariff Reform in the front and ask for a guarantee of £1000 a year for four years in addition to all subscriptions in separate constituencies. Our object is to win back all the seats in Cheshire.—Your loving son,

GEORGE.

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To his Father

SAIGHTON GRANGE,
CHESTER, December 28th, 1907.

MY DEAREST PAPA,—We are having great fun here after all the grind and wretchedness of a platform campaign. On Christmas night we sat down thirty-nine to dinner, and thirty of forty-five hunted Thursday. To-day we were all out again and had three hunts; the last perfect and the others good. I had great luck all day. In the first run I was third over a hunting-bridge which broke with the tenth man. So nine of us had the hounds to ourselves. And in the evening we had a *perfect* thirty-five minutes; after a good thirty minutes in the afternoon.

I got a glorious start over a river, after we had been running for ten minutes and then had a divine seventeen or eighteen minutes, leading and ‘cutting out the work.’

That is the joy of hunting. There is nothing like it. Three of us—Hornby, a whip and self—sailed away fifty lengths in front of Bendor, Mrs. Tom Calley and the Grenfell ‘Twins.’ The rest were nowhere. We ‘spread-eagled’ the field. The pace was too hot to choose your

place by a yard. We just took everything as it came with the hounds screaming by our side. Nobody could gain an inch. These are the moments that justify fox-hunting. At the end we forded the river again and had to ' whip-off ' at 4-12 p.m. in the dark.—Your loving son, GEORGE.

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To his Father

SAIGHTON GRANGE,
CHESTER, January 1st, 1908.

MY DEAREST PAPA,—A happy New Year to you ! I am afraid I cannot shoot on the 21st. I have a Railway Board Meeting on that day at 11 o'clock and another at 10-30 on the 22nd. I am shirking two meetings next week and those on the 21st and 22nd are important as we settle everything at them before the half-yearly meeting of the shareholders. But I should love to start the New Year fairly early with you at Clouds and would come on the Saturday, 18th and stay till late Monday night. If, which Heaven avert, it was freezing, I could come on the Friday.

I hunted four days last week and Monday and to-day. But now it is over till we get a south-west wind. To-day was impossible. We did some necessary, though belated ' cubbing ' in a little wood where there are eleven foxes and killed one of them. But the gateways and ploughs were too hard to let the hounds go away. I rode back here with de Crespigny over ' the Gap ' in the Cheshire hills. The sun was shining and the view is wonderful. At the ' Gap,' a ' Col ' over the range, you see the whole expanse of the vale to Crewe and, then, directly you cross it, the whole expanse of our vale to Chester. I gave him lunch and got on another horse and rode him over to Eaton. Then I walked the line of our first hunt last Thursday and looked at the jumps. So I got six or seven hours' exercise in what the ' Globe Leader ' describes as ' The biting blasts that blow round the death-bed of the departing year.'

Like 'Mobled Queen' that is a good phrase.

Bendor, who is indefatigable, whipped over, after dinner, in his motor, to discuss our last moves in the campaign which we open on Saturday. I think he will make a good speech.

Most of the really rich men who hunt five days a week and subscribe only £25 to the Hounds and £1-1-0 to politics, have refused his invitation. But seventeen are coming. You must make a beginning. And in politics, as in hunting, it is useless to ride up and down the fence. We are off! And we mean to make the Palatinate of Cheshire a pattern for the Unionist Revival.

Bendor and de Crespigny think the photographs of Orpen's pictures the best they have ever seen. De Crespigny means to have his father, and Bendor his children painted in the same way.

Perf left us last night to resume duty on January 1st, and we miss him very much. He is a glorious sunbeam in the house and an exhilarating companion in the chase.—
Your loving son, GEORGE.

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To his Mother

SAUGHTON GRANGE,
CHESTER, January 1st, 1908.

MOST DARLING MAMMA,—We loved your telegram and I must send a word of all love to you on this first day of another year.

It is strange to recall that I was here twenty years ago, married and hunting with Percy two months old, but so it is! But not, as Manenai—(Bless her from me!)—had it in her solitary contribution to English literature;¹ not 'sad to say'; but 'glad to say.'

Here we are! All loving each other in a wonderful world, full of colour and movement and structure and purpose: brothers or sisters of the sun and moon and milky

¹ 'The Sad Story of a Pig and a little Girl.' Written by Madeline Wyndham (aged 6 years) and illustrated by Richard Doyle.

way : all, as dear Henley wrote, ' going to the same glad golden time ' : all going with ' the scheme of things,' and therefore, obviously, all coming towards his—' the end I know, is the best of all ! '

These sentiments, like Manenai's masque, and Peck-sniff's (Chuzzlewit) reflections on a syren are ' Pagan, I fear.' But that kind of Paganism is a sound basis for Christianity.—Your most loving son,

GEORGE.

661

To Charles T. Gatty

35 PARK LANE, W.

2.ii.08.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—' Carmina Gadelica ' are despatched to-day. I had ordered a new copy, but found yet a third in my bookcase. I must have laid them down like Port.

So you need give no thought to their price, or cost, but you must, rather, consider their value and worth. Their value is their own. Their worth consists in adding solemnity and point to our hilarious divagations over the Springs of Romance and the Macaronic sermons.

The introduction should be noted for two reasons : First, because puritanism is there shewn to have made an old fiddler sell his fiddle and break his heart ; secondly, because confirmation is lent to my theory that popular poetry was written by the learned and handed down by the lewd, or unlearned.

All songs derive from the Sanctuary or the Court. The Court was the great invention of Barbarism, and marks its triumph over savagery. In the Court, the Barbarian reconciled strength and justice : a startling paradox in his day. In the Sanctuary the Church unveiled Mercy and Peace, and, so, turned the paradox into a platitude.

The rivers from each origin flash and mingle in the Poetry of the Middle Age. It is a fair stream reflecting all the personages of the Court of Heaven. It is filled with the water of life—in every sense—and not choked with the dust of ages.

I have read 'Carmina Gadelica' through this afternoon. They are full of life and lore, of wisdom and, therefore, of repose. We can repose on the Past.

In fine, my gift is the recording stele of our exploration to discover the springs of Romance and their foam-bow of Rhyme.—Yours ever, GEORGE WYNDHAM.

P.S.—'High are the Peaks and shadow-gloom'd and Huge !'¹

P.S. (2).—Please send me the name and number of the Hymn which may give me a model for my Pageant chorus—and an air.

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To Charles Boyd

SAUGHTON GRANGE,
CHESTER, 23.ii.08.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—Precisely ! But if you infest a cottage in a wood by Woking ? What then ? We have both become too truly rural for urbanity.

I am all for your dining with us at 35 on a day in the week which begins on Sunday March 1st. Why not that day, if we can secure and fix the now volatile Percy ? Observe. You frequent Woking, (moralising in the necropolis) no less insistently than I harbour myself here. I kept what is called 'the establishment' here, with the purpose, fulfilled, of hunting after the Session began and spending my Saturdays and Sundays like Cato major, 'seething parsnips by my fireside.'

The speeches you commend were excursions 'into the enemy's country.' I prefer—as a staple of living—to hunt with Percy and dine off roast mutton with my lady wife. By this absence of device, in despite of falsely supposed artistic divagation, I push and eat my way to a thorough understanding of the English. As thus : on Monday I spoke at Birmingham ; on Tuesday I attended the House and dined at 'the' Club ; on Wednesday I attended the House closely ; but, on Thursday I came

¹ Translation of a line from the Chanson de Roland.

here and, so, hunted with Percy Friday and Saturday; 'walked' a point-to-point race course with him and Bendor to-day (after attending Church in the morning), dined with Percy and Sibell à trois for the 4th evening in succession, and to-morrow go back for a hideous week of the House and Railway Boards. So repulsive is that week, ending as it does with responding for 'Literature' to Whitefriars on Friday—and may they be fried!—so grim is it, that I adjourn our reunion until it is well or ill over.

I am now in middle life. That means (1) that I enjoy being at home and riding to hounds, and (2) that in all human likelihood—nay, in inevitable certainty—I cannot have these joys for much longer. In ten years Percy will be 31, and, too probably, married. In ten years I may be fat or busy. Very well. Am I to forego the very marrow of life when I have its thighbone between my teeth? Am I to parade at Westminster and intrigue in its purlieus? No! The answer is 'No.'

I have a wife, a son, a home, six good hunters and a library of Romance literature. I mean to enjoy them. If I am wanted, I can be found. I spare you Cincinnatus and Cato major (bis).

In this part of the world I am known as 'The Colonel' quâ Yeomanry; as a subscriber to the Cheshire Hounds; and, politically, as a robust 'true-blue' with honest leanings towards Protection. And besides I love to hear the thrushes sing and to watch a pair of lesser-spotted woodpeckers that are building in our garden.—Yours in the bond,

G. W.

P.S.—What is a letter without a postscript? Let me add that I am 10 lbs. lighter than I was; that I have made 29 speeches since October 18th and hunted on 26 days; that I have read a good deal of Virgil, and much early French both of the Trouvères and, in smaller quantities, of the Troubadours. That I have studied the trade returns; Dizzy's 'Sibell'; Charlotte Bronte's 'Shirley'; some Carlyle and Ruskin, to get the reflexion in literature

of the political ineptitudes that *must* be remedied. That is 'the kind of hairpins we are.' To balance Dizzy (early) and Carlyle, I also read Bagehot and Lord Avebury in 'The Times.' But they don't balance, anything, but their ledgers; or discount, anything, but bills.

It is clear to me, now, that the British Race has one foe—Cosmopolitan Finance with an oriental complexion. 'Delenda est Carthago' is all my song. I have twice repaired to the crest of the Cheshire hills and looked at the fat, fair expanse of English fields with their smouldering girdle of chimneys around the far horizon. And I have sworn that they shall not be sucked like eggs by the weasels of pure finance. No, nor the plains of Ireland either! I have sworn and it shall be in accordance with my oath.

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To his Mother

35 PARK LANE, W.,
February 26th, 1908.

MOST DARLING MAMMA,—You and Papa will be interested to hear that I shall probably have to follow Asquith on Monday in full-dress debate on Armaments.

It is short notice—as I have to speak on 'Literature' Friday night. But I shall dine with Manenai and, perhaps, if she agrees, bring dear Hanson with me. He is here and can help me over the old track.—Your most loving son,
GEORGE.

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To Philip Hanson

10.iii.08.

MY DEAR P. H.,—The 'little Gods' are against me. Thanks to your letter, I have, now, a speech. But I also have a cold—a bad cold—and I may not be able to make the speech. That will be a pity.

But, even so, I shall not mourn.

For I have got to the heart of this mystery of the British Army.

The answer to the Sphinx is :

(1) I *reject* your Artillery—Special Reserve.

(2) I amend your Infantry S. R. into *our*¹ reserve battalions.

I say, at the end, you are for Cardwell; Sir P. Mac-Dougall said two things :

(a) Identify Militia with *dépôt*.

You have done it with a vengeance.

(b) Don't make the *Dépôt* a battalion in 'the hurry and rush of a great war.'

Very well—*Perge modo*—

Make them what you *call* them—BATTALIONS, and for 2,000,000 a year cheaper than was possible before you had 'IDENTIFIED' the Militia.

These people can't do it. But I will. And you must be my Mowatt at the Treasury, for the achievement. It's worth doing.

What pleases me most is that the glacier-like progression of *facts* (the French '*La chute des choses*' reduced to the speed of the English illogical glacier-progression) does indicate a *standard* for our Army which is self-contained. It is that the Home Regular Army, with colours or in Reserve, must be our old 3 Army Corps or Haldane's re-christened 6 divisions (same thing) if we are to

1. *Maintain Garrisons.*

2. *Liberate Fleet, reinforce Garrisons, deliver counter-attack—*

Any or all, and that for

3. *Liberate expeditions, Expand and support it, Maintain confidence at home.*

You must (i) avoid *chasm* between regular and citizen soldiers in peace, if you hope to avoid *chaos* in war; and (ii) *therefore*, in peace, have enough '*cadres*' with enough variety of design to *cater for tastes*.

With this observation, if fewer *cadres* in peace more important they should be filled.

¹ (Yours and mine of 1900.)

If of uniform shape, less likely that they will be filled.

There was more to be said for the old affair—in Infantry

156 battalions Regulars

123 „ Militia

? „ Volunteers,

than Brodrick, or Forster, or Haldane have discovered.

But, if you absorb the Militia, you must make your Special Reserve of Infantry into a short-service Army, and *not* into a shelter, competing with the Salvation and Church Army for the manufacture of Unemployed.—
Yours ever, G. W.

P.S.—11.iii.08.

I made the speech—very shortly—I suppose because I was not fit. But I think it was quite clear in outline. It only took just over 40 minutes.

The ‘lay’ mind in the person of Harry Chaplin, pronounced that I had exploded Haldane’s scheme.

He, Haldane, is going to ‘sleep on it’ and reply to-morrow. I shall have to sleep too, if I am to ‘toe the line’ again.

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To his Father

35 PARK LANE, W.,
March 13th, 1908.

MY DEAREST PAPA,—I am sorry to say that we have people dining here on Saturday, so I cannot get away.

We have been ‘dusting’ the Government well during the last fortnight, their supporters are quarrelling and the House looks quite dead.

We shall get the ships out of them and I hope to get the Field Artillery. I spoke well last night; but am badly reported. Haldane got very short and our men were pleased. It is madness to break up thirty-three batteries of Field Artillery in order to train civilians for ammunition

columns. And the special Reserve of Infantry is a danger : all the more since it cannot be tested. Nobody will know how bad it is till the war comes. I fear it will prove little better than a 'shelter' for the unemployed competing with the Salvation Army's efforts.

All love to darling Mamma.—Your loving son,

GEORGE.

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To his Sister, Pamela

35 PARK LANE, W.,
March 16th, 1908.

MOST DARLING PAMELA,¹—I have been thinking of you constantly and taking comfort from scraps of news. And I have been meaning to write news to you, since that is all I can do whilst you are imprisoned by this detestable scourge and worried by the baby's illness. But, first, I had to give *anything* the chance of happening, either to me, or in me, which I could conceivably write about. It was inconceivable that I should write about the House of Commons ; and I *lived* there till last Saturday. Then I broke out.

In the afternoon I went to the Zoo with Sibell, after lunching with darling Manenai. I chose the 'Zoo.' There were other suggestions, as, a performance of 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and a concert at the Queen's Hall. But I needed air and life, preferably of a primitive kind. So I chose the Zoo in spite of Sibell's remark that we ought to wait until we could go with children. I wanted to go for myself and specially to look at *Birds*. When flying from men, I avoid monkeys 'and addict myself' to birds. (Parrots are *not* birds ; and are useless to one escaped from the House of Commons. 'O ! for the wings of a dove' is an aspiration that does not waft me to the voices of parrots.)

I went to the real, bird-like birds, who live in a row,

¹ His sister and children were in quarantine for scarlet fever.

just to the right, after entering the gardens. These birds are like our birds—in a dream, or a Grimm's fairy story. Naturally, many of them are blue; others are green, or orange, or earth-colour, and one was crimson. Yet they are not Macaws or Toucans or other monstrosities. They are thrushes, starlings, pigeons, doves, robins, partridges and quails; but of slimmer shape and brighter colour than our birds. And some are mixtures of these, and some are distinct—but comparable—such as minas, bower-birds and weaver birds. But all are alert and happy and vocal!! as they said in the XVIIIth century.

In front of the first cage was a Kate Greenaway tree of box—the stem three feet six inches high, the spreading top four feet wide. I stepped round the corner and in the heart of the green there sat and looked at me, a thrush, the colour of an orange. There he sits and sings: as yellow as a Walter Crane's 'Yellow Dwarf.'

There were miniature doves and quails no larger than wood-wrens, or small pebbles in the desert. And there was one mina—not the plump, fat, Indian sort of mina—but slim as a shuttle and parti-coloured, black and yellow. His name is 'George.' He loves mankind. He—like Lord Nelson—never knew fear. He sat on my fingers and the keeper put him into his pocket. As I walked away I saw him in close conversation through the wire with two little red-haired girls, who had walked straight out of an Holman Hunt picture. He does all this from love or mere absence of fear. But these two gifts are almost one. Mere absence of fear carries a delicacy denied to the appetite of gazelles, however graciously embellished by melting eyes and insinuating approach.

Now the keeper of these birds has a great contempt for America. 'They call that a "blue bird"—the common "blue-bird" of America; but it's a robin.' And, looking at the profile and beak one sees that it is a robin. Or, again, 'They call that a robin, but it is a thrush.' And one sees that it is a thrush; only with a red breast and very big and, so, called a robin, by Americans. This keeper pierced the facile deceit of the large and obvious.

He made a profound observation of Americans—apologetically—‘But they were very ignorant when they went there.’ Thus, did he dismiss, and forgive, the pilgrim fathers, with an ‘*Ite, missa est.*’ So much and no more for the ‘Pilgrim Fathers’ who landed on the Plymouth rock. But what of their descendants? They are still ignorant. They class by superficial resemblance and claim because of size. Some day they will produce an American Bible, much bigger than our Bible and as like it as a thrush is to a robin.

From the birds I went to the elephants. I detest half measures:—after a fortnight in the House of Commons. The birds are beside man’s life. This the Romans knew when they wrote ‘*ubi aves ite angeli*’—‘where there are birds there are angels.’ But the elephants are before man’s life. They are primeval and sacrosanct. Yet they like to be fed; even on biscuits. A due attention to Birds and Elephants, to the volatile and monumental, innures one to time and prepares one for Eternity. *We* have the elephant’s glacier-like progression towards a Geological museum, and the bird’s swift-dip and high quiver of ‘indomitable song.’ Both are for ever falling, at different paces and angles; as ‘*Lucretius*’ declared in six books; crystallised by the French in one phrase—‘*La chute des choses.*’ But, for me, the yellow thrush singing in the green bush and the fearlessness of ‘*George*’ are immortal. And, if for me, then for everybody, for ever. I say to both

‘Thou wast not meant for death, immortal Bird.

No hungry generations tread thee down.’

I cannot say so much for the Gazelles. Yet because they are beautiful through voracious, I will give them immortality.

But, darling Pamela, the last thing I meant to do was to moralize. I went to the Zoo to escape morality.

In the evening we dined with Lettice and Will Beauchamp. It was a pleasing entertainment; not unlike the Zoo. For we had Ambassadors and Ministers of

many nations suddenly caged in surprising contiguity, with their wives. It was not too unlike the Zoo. I have dropped into poetry—like Silas Wegg.

‘ It was not too
Unlike the Zoo
Because the speech
Unique to each
Discuss’d the food
Which all found good
Beneath the pall
Of sleep for all.’

I sat between the beautiful Ambassadors of Spain and the wife of ‘Lulu’ Harcourt. The Ambassador has beautiful sloping shoulders and a delicate way of unmasking the batteries of her South-American eyes. I had to talk French—of my sort—to the Ambassador. But, to each flank, we talked of the difficulty of talking and the solace of food. So it, really, was the Zoo over again. Speaking and eating are, respectively, the end and origin of life, if you come to think of it: subsistence and expression.

This morning—still in pursuit of a holiday I walked through Hyde Park. ‘Lulu’ Harcourt—as First Commissioner of Works—is playing the Devil there. He does not understand that London was London, and cannot become Paris, or Berlin. So he gets workmen to make ‘Places de la Concorde’ and ‘Tea-house Gazebos.’ He is in error. But, just as the yellow thrush and the man-loving—because fearless—bird ‘George’ justified the ‘Zoo,’ so did two British workmen justify Lulu’s Tea-house.

I saw them leaning, one against the end, the other against the wheel, of a large barrow. They were motionless figures in the wind-swept variety of the Park in March. It was not a landscape ‘animated by figures,’ but a group of two statues animated by wind-waved branches. As I advanced they seemed larger—in accordance with the law of perspective—but they did not move. Nor, do I think, that they spoke. But, as I passed the group,

they spoke, without moving. And this is what they said. For I heard them. First workman to second workman. 'Well, Sir, I think it's time that we should *do* something.' 'Second workman to first. 'Right you are, and what would be better than half a pint of beer.' They are one with the penguins and gazelles—putting beer for fishes and buns. We cannot all be birds or elephants. We cannot all be swift or wise. But some can sing. And I do wish I could sing to you, darling, in your cage, of 'the Dædal Earth and the dancing stars.' For all life is good and Eternal.—Your devoted brother, GEORGE.

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To his Mother

35 PARK LANE, W.,
March 18th, 1908.

MOST DARLING MAMMA,—I saw your letter to S. S. and longed to write at once. But I had a strenuous fortnight over Navy and Army; on the bench every day and making many speeches. I wanted to say that we have not got the scarlet fever or influenza. But I begin to believe that I did have a touch of influenza, the day I spoke on Vote A for the Army. However, I shook it off—spoke, and am none the worse.

Enough of these ailments!

After dealing with accumulations of letters I amused myself on Saturday. I wrote of that to Pamela and got Miss King to copy the letter, since the original must be burnt on the altar of scarlet-fever. It may amuse you.

I must go back to the bench to-morrow, instead of hunting—as I had hoped. I am happy to-night because Perf rode in the Army Point-to-Point and did not fall. I gather that *his*—and *my*—battalion did well. Four of them 'ran-up' in a race open to the whole Army.

To-night, George Curzon dined alone with S. S. and self. He was very dear and affectionate.

He is standing for the Lord Rectorship of Glasgow, and

I, yesterday, accepted an invitation to stand for the Lord Rectorship of Edinburgh. It will be amusing to come out together and useful if we both win. I am afraid that he suffers a good deal of pain.

I am longing to see you and papa. But I am rather hard pressed just now. Easter will be all the more delightful. We will sing the praises of 'La Regina Avrilliosa' together. I have the 'Army' again to-day and speak on Monday at Dover against the Licensing Bill.

At Easter I shall begin 'The Springs of Romance' in the Barrel room. It is such a good title that I ought to be able to write a little book 'up to it.' The idea is—Where did romance come from? There was none among our Northern ancestors in the 9th century. It came from contact with the East and West—contact with the East owing to the conflict between Christendom and the Paynim from Roncevalles onwards—contact with the West, from the Geraldines' transit through Wales into Ireland.

The first gives me the run of the 'Chanson de Roland' down to the 'Arabian Nights,' by way of the Crusades. The second gives me the run of the Arthurian cycle and all the Celtic glamour from 'Ossian' to 'Percy's reliques.'

Incidentally I get two sub-chapters: one, on rhyme, traced to Arabia eastward and the 'Celts'—whoever they were, westward, in Armorica, Cornwailles, Wales, Ireland, Scotland—the other sub-chapter will take the 'religious' aspects, eastward, Platonism, Christianity, Gnosticism, Neo-platonism, and Islam: westward—Fairy stories, Folk-lore, Stonehenge—Wishing-wells are the relics of some old Nature-Magic that was the religion of the Stone-Age.

In all this you will agree there is 'matter for a May morning.'

I shall stick it full of all I like—The 'Regina Avrilliosa' and the Border ballads; The Castle of Clerimont and the Lady of Tripoli, the song of Roland and the fall of Constantinople, Marco Polo and Antoine Galand—and all the songs that ever were sung and all the incantations. In

conclusion, I can say with Malory 'Now all this was but enchantment,' and invite you to be enchanted.—Your most loving son,
GEORGE.

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To his Mother

35 PARK LANE, W.,
March 26th, 1908.

MOST DARLING MAMMA,—You will like the enclosed. I answered that I, too, had an Irish mother.

I am so rejoiced to hear that Papa is quite well and I cannot tell you how wildly I am looking forward to Clouds at Easter. For added delight the Installation at Dover is postponed.

Things generally are smoothing themselves out—Pamela is happy again. Guy comes back next Sunday.

Perf ran 4th yesterday in the Brigade Point-to-Point. Cuckoo's family are through their measles and other ailments. I have finished with the Army Debates for another year etc., etc.

If I can get a copy I will send Papa the 'Morning Advertiser's' report of my speech on Monday at Dover against the Licensing Bill. The meeting was the largest I, or anybody else, has ever seen at Dover. The Town Hall was jammed ten minutes after the doors were opened at 7 for the meeting at 8 o'clock.

The 'Maison Dieu' Hall—the old 'Hubert de Burgh' one next to the Town Hall was jammed with the overflow by 7.30, and there were hundreds in the street who could not get in anywhere.

The only thing that surprises me is that other people did not foresee—as I did two years ago—that this could be the only end of such a Government and such a majority.

Perf was 4th yesterday out of a field of fifteen. His mare, Solitaire, has everything but the necessary turn of speed. I hope he will get to Clouds for a day or two. I shall bring two or three horses and my lawn-tennis shoes and a small library in a box. I had a good talk to Mark

Sykes, just back from Arabia and found—as I supposed—that the 12th century is still going on there, with Troubadours, and Jongleurs all complete.

From Belloc I have another touch for my ‘Springs of Romance.’ It is strange that all the three Roman Legions in Palestine at the Crucifixion were *Gauls*. That accounts for the Grail and the spear of Longinus. If Longinus was a Celt present in Hellenistic Syria at the death of Our Lord, it becomes easy to understand Glastonbury.

I begin to see that the pleasure of getting older consists in understanding the History of the world better.—Your devoted son,

GEORGE.

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To his Sister, Pamela

35 PARK LANE, W.,
27th March 1908.

MOST DARLING PAMELA,—I praise, you can’t guess how much I praise your visual phrases—as, *e.g.*, ‘in grey-leaved cluster’; that is admirable. But, if I am to say what I think—it is this. You—or anybody—would have to work for three months at three hours a day on this theme to finish it. And this is the point—it is worth your while, or anybody’s to work for that period.

But work there must be on two separate lines.

(1) You must state separate grammatical propositions—or aspirations—at least in each sonnet.

(2) You must finish each sonnet in the form with which you begin.

If you don’t, or can’t, or won’t, do that; then, print the whole thing as an effusion of $6 \times 14 = 84$ lines.

I would add that, even in an effusion, you cannot have—Dawn, own, lawn, shown—as alternating rhymes. They are too like each other, they have no difference beyond the difference of vowel intonation.

My difficulty is that you get some visual sentences, and some ethical, or æsthetical feelings. You get them, I can’t get them. But, then, you waste them. You put these

joys into sentences that are not concluded, and you put your conclusive sentences into poetical forms that are not observed.

Granting—as I do—the immense merit of your descriptive phrases and general aspiration towards Beauty and Peace, I must say that they demand, and deserve, better treatment.

I feel pretty sure that this poem—for it is poetry and not verse—had better not affect the sonnet form. I am quite sure that if you keep to the sonnet form, the poem must be re-written.

But—Great Heavens—if I had that amount of truly poetical material, I should not bother about Politics or anything else.

Taking these 6×14 lines = 84; you have as much poetic wealth as Gray in his *Elegy*, and far more poetic wealth than Campbell had for the *Battle of the Baltic*. Why are Gray and Campbell immortal? Because Gray worked for 7 years on his *Elegy*, and because Campbell reduced a foolish ballad of 30 stanzas to a classic of 8 or 9 stanzas.

In this desperate business of writing English in verse, it is necessary to do two things.

(1) You must say what you mean, without over-lapping or obscurity.

(2) You must conform to a known type of verse, or invent a new type and conform to that.

In this case I should not affect the sonnet form. I should call the whole thing ‘My Garden,’ and give the world 84 lines of good verse, exalted by rhyme. Such lines as

‘The Garden has a soul, it has its moods
As any sentient mind from hour to hour’

are perfect. They ought not to be cramped in a sonnet sequence.

I have written some sonnet-sequences. I cannot print them, unless I either (1) Work at them for 10 years, or (2) Knock them out of the sonnet form, and work them into something else during 10 months.

This is only a first impression, it amounts to my sure knowledge that you have got in these 84 lines, the pure ore of Poetry.

But that you have not yet smelted that ore, so as to exclude all dross; and that when you have done this you must mint it into current coinage.

This is only a first impression.

Perhaps you would be right to leave it as it stands, it is full of beautiful flowers; of flowers so beautiful that they cannot die. But you should insist on their living by any precaution of art.

You may be right. I am a mere politician.—Your devoted brother,

GEORGE.

670

To his Sister, Pamela

35 PARK LANE, W.,
27th March 1908.

MOST DARLING PAM,—I am so impressed by the beauty, freshness and truth of your Garden Verses, that I must write again.

Perhaps you have invented a new form of verse, you certainly have not written sonnets in *the strictest sense*. But you have gone much nearer than Owen Meredith to importing the joy, without the restrictions, of rhyme-forms into English ten-syllabled lines.

Your sequence cannot be made into sonnets, it is a sequence of lines, haunted by the memory of sonnets. Leave it at that, so far as form is matter for discussion. But, now, for sense.

What is the sense of the poem?

What do you know, or feel, which you, the poet, mean to teach? Well, what?

The liveliness and fragrance of flowers, of course, that this is my garden—'connu.'

But the new things, and true things, which you say are (1) certain flowers that do not please everybody, please me, because they are in my garden. (2) But why is my

garden mine ; not by private possession but by peculiar joy ? (3) Because it has no boundaries. There is the paradox, which inspired, explains, and justifies the poem. (4) My garden is my garden—à mon grè—because it merges into the high chalk Down and into sedgy marsh of water-meadows by the Avon. (5) It has no boundaries and in its heart are wild-flowers. (6) And to conclude—anyway it is fragrant and lovely, and a delight in a two-fold way, (a) it is not restricted ; (b) altho' not restricted, altho' it merges into the Down and the river, altho' wild flowers camp in it, my own selected flowers are there, and I love them, and love them the more, because they flourish in liberty, not denied to the wild-flowers of the land in which I live.

Anyway, that is the impression which your poem makes on me.

If it is not the impression which you meant your reader to feel, you must begin again.

If it is the impression which you meant your reader to feel, you must make your poem more precise.

But precise in sense ; not in form. Drop the sonnet form. Concentrate on stating and illustrating what you feel and mean to make other people feel.

Above all do not cramp the lovely poetry of your descriptive epithets in the iron mould of 17th century sonnets.

They are flowers like the flowers of your garden, don't bruise them into bunches.—Your devoted (but tiresome) brother,

GEORGE.

671

To his Sister, Pamela

35 PARK LANE, W.,
28th March 1908.

MOST DARLING PAM,—Do not vex yourself with my two long lumbering letters on your poem. I will come to you as soon as you are visible and tell you what I mean.

All love to you, beloved, and rejoicings at the end of anxiety.—Your devoted brother,

GEORGE.

672

To his Sister, Pamela

35 PARK LANE, W.,
30th March 1908.

DARLING PAM,—Your letter made me happy. Before it came, I had concluded that I was right to put my views. But I balanced and swayed, backwards and forwards, in my mind. And as I am very scrupulous about Art, I felt that I had, perhaps, overstated the case against the sonnet-form, when I said (as I think I did) that it would take 10 months work to make your poem, a poem in 6 sonnets.

For a penance I attacked it myself, for many hours, just as if it had been mine.

I found that I could make something of it that pleased me.

That involved leaving out altogether your V., and altering the order of the others to your I., IV., II., III., VI.

There are two main things to be done to this poem.

The first is to group the ideas which are scattered through it.

The second is to reject, quite sternly, anything that 'won't do' in respect of form.

(1) For the first purpose—grouping of ideas—one has to think what it is that one wishes to say, and to say that in a way that will not mislead, for example; the 'great hedge' in I. will start people (who don't know the garden) in the idea that there is a hedge round it, they receive that impression. Later on they come into collision with one of the great ideas, namely, that the garden has no hedge. The mere repetition of the rhymes—hedge and edge—is a fault. But when that fault confuses the statement of ideas, it destroys the chance of the poem being read with equanimity.

(2) Form. It is hopeless to start a long poem with a quatrain rhyming a b b a—and then to rhyme all the other octaves a b a b, c d c d.

These, then, are the main considerations.

I. To group your ideas, and establish a sequence between them that can be followed.

II. To observe a form which fulfils the expectations which it creates—or else, to abandon that form and write to please.

In another and lower plane—less important, but still important—it is necessary to observe the two rules laid down by Keats.

Rule (1). We must be misers of sound and syllable.

Rule (2). We must fill every rift with ore.

Briefly, we must not be prolix or thin, but serried and rich.

For example in your III.—in some ways the best of all the six sonnets—there are two faults that must be amended.

You make ‘flower-cups’ rhyme with ‘buttercups.’ That is not an English rhyme because the sound is identical, and it is not a French rhyme because the sense of cups is identical.

Having said that, I wish to retract my saying that it would be better to run the thing into a continuous whole.

On reflexion, I think you could have five (not six, for ‘the Bee’ is an intruder), but you could have five sets of 14 lines each; provided that the first 8 in each were concluded on the Shakespeare model, a b a b; c d c d; and the last 6—as sextets—on the Petrarchan model. That would be a new form. But, just because it would be new, it would also be imperative to observe it.

This could be done, I have done it; working in your excellent material for many hours.—Your devoted brother,

GEORGE.

P.S.—Of all that I have said, by far the most important is that you must group your ideas, all the more, since you have at least three main ideas that are new and true: I mean (1) the moods of the Garden at different hours; (2) the fact that the Garden has no boundary or hedge; but merges into meadow and the Downs; (3) that within it

there are vagrants—such tramps as Ragged Robins and Docks.

All these three ideas are worth stating. But each must be stated. There are subsidiary sentiments, of these two are worth preferring—(1) the Crown Imperial's tears; with the child's momentary attention and the world's unheeding dance; (2) the Hemlock's screen, veiling the sun-filled, unclouded, delight of Tulips, etc., in the sun.

But, tho' subsidiary, these sentiments must be arranged—or, else, omitted.

From all this, the under-current of personal emotion will emerge with greater force, if the general ideas and sentiments are presented in a sequence of thought, instead of being suggested by sensation.—Your devoted brother,
 GEORGE.

673

To his Sister, Pamela

35 PARK LANE, W.,
 6th April 1908.

BELOVED PAM,—I am hard at work too; on a speech—two speeches.

But unless I send you the scrawl now—it will wait a week—so, here it is.

Only we must talk it over. If you are quite disinfected I might ride to you on way to Clouds.

In answer to questions.

I think all the octaves should be in one model, and for choice a b a b/ c d c d/. Then the sestet can be e f/ e f e f—or e f e f g g/. But, if you have a b b a/ you must go on a b b a/ or, at least, a c c a/. If you start a Petrarchan octave the 1st, 4th, 5th and 8th lines must have the same rhyme.

Otherwise you disappoint an expectation which is engrained in the modern mind.

The first sonnet is the hardest to deal with.

One thing I had not mentioned. You cannot have lawn, own, dawn, shewn. Because they are not different enough—their consonantal frame-work is the same.

I mourn bitterly for 'the sunlight pulsing in the flower-cups.' But 'sups' is the only rhyme to 'cups.' If you keep 'flower-cups' you must have 'sups' instead of 'butter-cups.'

Now I must do my work.

When I am filing at lines absurd suggestions make me laugh. I find myself saying or making the breeze say 'the Dawn, the Dawn, and smell of hay!'—Your devoted brother,

GEORGE.

674

To his Sister, Pamela

35 PARK LANE,
Afternoon, 6th April 1908.

DARLING,—Just an after-thought to save your 'flower-cups.'

end of your 3.

Gardens have souls, and this one has its moods,
I love the leafy stillness of its woods.

4.

And yet I love its glory of mid-day!
The sunlight pulses in the flower-cups,
The whole world swoons to the sweet scent of may
Round ^{golden}
 or
 glittering fields where the bee drones and sups.

It is not necessary to say butter-cups. You cannot say butter-cups if you say flower-cups. And it is not necessary, for if you say golden or glittering we shall see butter-cups all right.

If you say shimmering or quivering we shall guess butter-cups and see the mirage and feel the heat.

But—lordy ! me—I must work at Tariff Reform.—Ever devoted brother,

GEORGE.

675

To his Sister, Pamela

35 PARK LANE, W.,
6th April 1908.

MOST DARLING PAMĒLO,—I am delighted with your letters about the sonnets. And now, I have a breathing space to write a less breathless answer to your last letter. I have mapped out my big speech for Thursday, attended the House, and welcomed its adjournment for 3 weeks. I feel like a man on his financial beam-ends who has suddenly been left a legacy of £5000. I have two whole days in hand ! Everybody I could play with has gone away. Bendor and Perf went to France, par exemple, this morning. And but for the Leeds speeches I should now be on their track in the night mail, wearing a panama hat, like Chamberlain, as a note of defiant recuperation. I have two days in hand ; in which I can ride for exercise, sleep for rest and work for duty. I am a Croesus of leisure. Nothing like that has happened to me since I had the influenza.

So, for joy, and to prevent relapsing into that accursed speech on applied economics, I will infest you with more words on Poetry. It is always well to remember that Poetry means 'making' in the language of the Greeks, who understood how to tell the heart of things in words. Poetry is this business of making.

Very well then ; I shall write from memory, for I have posted to you my little sketch of how to make your material. It was only an illustration of the manner of making : not by any means an achievement. Writing from memory ; I take, as my point of departure, the line which we both long to preserve :—

' The sunlight pulses in the flower-cups.'

We cannot have both 'flower-cups' and 'butter-cups,' so we keep 'flower-cups.' Because that is poetry—a contribution to poetry, since it is new and true and visualised.

That being decided, we must have 'sups.' Because there is no other rhyme to 'cups' in English which is not plainly grotesque. (Browning would have written 'downs and ups' instead of 'ups and downs.' But such inversions are devilish.)

Even 'sups' is grotesque, unless a Bee does the supping. So we must have a Bee. And, note, this is an added reason for omitting the 'Bee' sonnet. . . . (Here there has been an interlude. Sibell came in and I declaimed to her all the heads of my 'applied economics.' She has now gone to bed, amazed.) I resume. . . . Speaking from recollection; I put the sunlit quatrain, sharp, against the Hemlock—cavern—veiling motif, which ends 'I love the leafy stillness of its woods.'

I, originally, proceeded :—

' But yet I love its glory of mid-day,
When sunlight pulses in the dew it sups
And all the world swoons to the scent of May
In flower round fields of glittering buttercups.'

—or words to that effect—as they say in a law court. On reflexion, I point out that the effect is very poor.

Take the first line :—

' But yet I love its glory of mid-day,'

that is deplorable. I will tell you why.

' But ' and ' yet ' and ' its ' are, all three, built on the same plan of a monosyllable, confined by a ' t.' Consonantly, that is impossible, ' its ' and ' mid ' are by vowel sound, identical. Assonantly, that is wretched.

Keats said that his music was born from the rich variety of vowel sounds. I say—bowing to his grave—Yes, with this to be added. Have the same vowel sound to support the greater stresses of rhythm and, so, link your quatrain together, apart from the rhymes. I bow to Keats' precept,

and cite the example of Shakespeare ; who always supported his quatrains, deliberately, by that device.

But this is certain. You must not have the impoverishment of identical, or closely similar, effects, either in consonantal framework, or vowel sounds, unless you have it on purpose.

English poetry revolves itself into

I. Selecting and grouping Ideas ; so as to say much, and suggest more.

II. Selecting and grouping sounds ; so as to produce rich variety, and sustain consecutive rhythm. So I change the line

‘ But yet I love its glory of mid-day ’

into

‘ And yet I love its glory of noon-day.’

Thus I get 8 different vowel-sounds in one line—and bow again to Keats. I would say ‘ the glory ’ instead of ‘ its glory,’ but for the fact that I mean to end the line with a note of exclamation (!) and go on with the line we cherish :

‘ The sunlight pulses in the flower-cups.’

I should like to put ‘ the,’ or anything else, instead of ‘ it ’ or ‘ its.’ Because thinking—very properly—of the Garden—you have ‘ it ’ and ‘ its ’ multiplied incredibly throughout the sequence. Pausing here . . . (Darling, I am shewing you how I work, perhaps in quite the wrong way.) Pausing here, I see that I need not have ‘ the sunlight.’ I might say—more largely—

‘ And yet I love the glory of noon-day’—

(that line is approaching perfection)—and go on,

‘ Hot sunlight pulses in the flower-cups ’

or—avoiding the ‘ t ’ sound—(it, its, yet) and avoiding two ‘ the-s ’ in one line :—

Why not

‘ Gold sunlight pulses in the flower-cups ’ ?

That gives me a useful, purposeful, alliteration from the

stress on *glory*, in line 1, to the stress on *gold*, in line 2. It also suggests the gold colour motif, so that I need not say golden later on. My readers are seized of the gold colour idea. And if I help them by saying glittering later on, the alliteration will not only clamp the quatrain together by sustaining its major stresses of rhythm, it will, also, make them expect the colour gold, and read it into the resplendence of 'buttercups.' This helps us not to say buttercups. In poetry we suggest by selection of sense and sound.

So, after the gloomy, quiet caverns, beneath beech-trees, usurped by Hemlock, that shew the first green and the first sereness; and dim, or veil, the unabashed sun-kissed slopes; and after reverting to that mood of vast sombre reticence—

'I love the leafy stillness of its woods'

you explode! into—

'And yet I love the glory of noon-day!
Gold sunlight pulses in the flower-cups.
The whole world swoons to the sweet scent of May
Round glittering fields where the bee drones and sups.'

Personally, I should make the fourth line

'Blown over glittering fields where the bee sups.'

I think that is better—as thus:—

'And yet I love the glory of noon-day!
Gold sunlight pulses in the flower-cups.
The whole world swoons to the sweet scent of May
Blown over glittering fields where the bee sups.
For is it not my garden's crown of crowns
To be encompass'd by no narrowing hedge?
It wanders to the freedom of the Downs
And takes its own way to the water's edge.
Gay ragged robin and the vagrant dock
Whose seeds you draw into your passing hand—
Camp in the waste, made pale with ladies-smock,
Where pollards lean over a marshy land.
Shut gardens please. But this one's crown of crowns
^{for a}
My own is
Is to be merged in meadow and the Downs.

I put 'shut' instead of 'all' because (1) it suggests the contrast—in idea—of the 'hortus inclusus' and (2) the 'sh' carries on the 'sh' in marshy—or 'Wall'd gardens'—that's better—and carries on the 'ws.' Darling, I could go on for ever in this vein. But you—by now—are probably asleep; or too worried to sleep, and ready to rend me.

I have been thinking on paper with my pen of your poem. Partly—mainly—to please you. Partly, in a lesser degree, to escape the problems of Direct Taxation on the assessment of mutual credits.

'But that way madness lies.'

I shall not have lived in vain if we preserve

'The sunlight pulsing in the flower-cups.'

Your devoted brother,

GEORGE.

P.S.—As the scribble over the last two lines is a variant to avoid 'this one's'—not, perhaps, quite a pretty phrase—they would run

'Shut gardens please. But for a crown of crowns

My own is merged in meadow and the Downs.'

(2) 'Still harping on my daughter.' I now want to alter line 4 again, and keep the 'droning,' 'o,' sound, to suggest the stresses and clamp the quatrain together; and force people to see buttercups by repeating 'gold.'

'And yet I love the glory of noon-day!

Gold sunlight pulses in the flower-cups.

The whole world swoons to the sweet scent of May

Round fields of gold where the bee drones and sups.'

WILSFORD¹

(AS CORRECTED BY G. W.)

1.

Lilies and Pansies, and the Pink that grows

In grey-leav'd clusters by the garden's edge,

Sweet-scented Arabis, the climbing Rose,

Coil'd Honeysuckle ramping the great hedge,

¹ The poem was published in a book of verse under the title of 'Windlestraw,' by Pamela Tennant, but not in this form. The first, third, and fourth stanzas appeared under the title 'Wilsford,' the fourth stanza being completely rewritten. The second and fifth stanzas appeared as separate sonnets under the titles 'Crown Imperial' and 'Dawn.'

The Rose named Celeste and Rose named Dawn :
These have I knowledge of because I love them.
Where lush-green water-meadows meet a lawn
They lift their rapture to the sky above them.
I love this garden. When the noise and fret
Of living saps the citadel of ease,
I court its precincts, only to forget
All but the sunlight of its silences.
I take my spirit's road. At last, the wet
Cool rain falls suddenly for thirsty trees.

2.

Rare Crown-Imperial holds herself apart ;
She droops her petals from the shining skies (or ardent)
'Tis said she has a deeply wounded heart
Since tears are ever spangled in her eyes.
At whiles a child, abandoning his play
Peeps in her blossom, touch'd to interest :
'O, Crown-Imperial's crying !' he will say,
And so forget her for another quest.
Life scrapes a fiddle for the world to dance,
Swung in the cadence of a roundabout.
The grave, the gay, the few with radiant glance,
All, trace a figure in the motley rout.
And Crown-Imperial dances with her peers :
Only the wise, or simple, guess her tears.

3.

This garden has a soul and, so, its moods
As any sentient mind from hour to hour.
I know the leafy silence of its woods
Vast quiet harbours of the Hemlock-flower.
The Hemlock, with her maze of delicate lace,
Whose leaf's the first green leaf of all the year,
Usurps the beech-trees' overshadowed space
To spread her forest that shall first be sere.
She weaves a veil, as if to dim the slopes
Of sun-kist joy too unabash'd to hide,
Where Tulips blaze and, later, Heliotropes
Are set with Poppies, hectic in their pride.
Gardens have souls ; and this one has its moods :
I love the leafy stillness of its woods.

4.

But yet I love its glory of mid-day
When sunlight pulses in the dew it sups (or, where
the great bee sups)
And all the world swoons to the scent of May
In flower round fields of glittering Butter-cups.
For is it not this garden's crown of crowns
To be encompass'd by no narrowing hedge?
It wanders to the freedom of the Downs
And takes its own way to the water's edge.

Gay Ragged Robin and the vagrant Dock
—Whose seeds you draw into your passing hand—
Camp in the waste made pale with Ladies' Smock
Where Pollards lean across the marshy land.
All gardens please, but this one's crown of crowns
Is to be merged in meadow and the Downs.

5.

Listen! I know this garden at the dawn:
Before the day breaks on a world made new,
When cobwebs drench'd upon the grey-green lawn,
Are meshes that have caught the silver dew;
Before the birds sing; long before the sun
Summons the swathes of vapour to arise—
Just when the night is overpast and done,
And yet no daylight quickens in the skies:—

Then, there's no murmur from the idle trees.
The voiceless Universe is robed in grey
And tranced to hear expectant ecstasies;
As if each leaf upon each separate spray
Were listening, waiting, till a little breeze
Whispers 'the Dawn, the Dawn' and dies away.

CHAPTER XII

APRIL 1908 TO JANUARY 1910

The Asquith Ministry—Dover Pageant—Dover Harbour—Cavalry Manœuvres—Francis Thompson's 'Shelley'—Lord Rector of the University of Edinburgh—The Education Bill—France—General Election Campaign.

676

To his Father

STANWAY,

WINCHCOMBE, April 14th, 1908.

MY DEAREST PAPA,—I am motoring over to Clouds on Thursday with Mary, in Arthur Balfour's motor.

I am bringing two horses and a groom. I hunted here on Saturday and had quite a pleasant gallop. The meet was at Broadway. Since then the fun here has been 'fast and furious.' The Party consisted of Arty Paget and Lady Muriel, Professor W. Raleigh and his wife—Madame Benkendorf, H. Cust and wife, a young man from Balliol, called Ridley, Cyncie, and A. J. B.

Mary—I must tell you—asked me to come 'and see her quiet home life.' I have never heard, and rarely, made more noise before. But all very amusing. A. Paget is a 'Pied Piper of Hamelin' with his guitar—and we were rats who danced to his music.

I rode yesterday with Cyncie along the Cotswold and motored to-day to see the stained glass in Fairford Church.
—Your loving son,

GEORGE.

677

To his Sister, Pamela

HOUSE OF COMMONS,

7th July 1908.

DARLING PAMĒLO,—The invitation is most fascinating. But I am afraid I cannot get away. The last four weeks

of the Session are always odious. And, this year, I have to be in Dover the Monday 27th, 28th, 29th and 30th, for the Pageant. This I must do, as my Doverians have spent £8000 on it, and I have to be there and ask people down, and introduce Royalties and give luncheon, etc., and so on. As I have to get away on the Friday and make a big speech to 8000 people in Cheshire on August 3rd, I dare not encroach on the Saturday-Sunday, 25-26. They are my two days for preparation.

I will not grumble. My rule is to acquiesce in July, like a fish letting the rapids go over him. Or rather that is my ideal. The practice is more like a hen dodging motors on the Ripley Road.

I know you won't come to Dover on Tuesday 28th or Thursday 30th—best days—but I wish you would, bringing Bim and Clare. It is going to be quite delightful. Arthurian Prologue—William the Conqueror coming over to Western Heights and leaving Kent—'Invicta' with her Saxon customs—John and Pandulph—Edward I. returning with my beloved Eleanor from the last Crusade—Henry V.—Harry our King—and Kate of France—Henry VIII. starting for Field of Cloth of Gold—and finally Charles I. receiving Henrietta Maria.

The last Act is written by Tiercelin in brilliant French Alexandrines. The French parts are acted by French actors and actresses. They will speak real broken English. The English parts by Englishmen who will speak real broken French.

I know you won't come, but I should like you to see it, as I invented the selection of scenes as a glorification of the Sea and the 'Entente.'

The poetry is by Rhodes and the songs excellent.

I am particularly pleased at having brought in King Arthur out of Caxton's preface to Malory. I was tired of the Early Britons and monastic martyrs with skulls, as St. Alban and St. Edmund, so I said 'skull for skull, give me Gawain,' whose skull, according to Caxton, was to be seen at Dover.

There is a deeper point in this Prologue ; as thus—

Our Arthurian Romances were written at the time of Henry II. and John.

Besides being poems based on Welsh mythology, picked up as the Geraldines went through Wales to conquer Ireland, they also reflect the politics and events of the age in which they were written. They reflect Henry II.'s dominion from the Pyrenees to the Grampians; the Interdict under John; and the Crusades. They, therefore, supply a proper prologue to the episodes of John and Edward I.

Incidentally we shall build a ship to a sea chorus of hammer'd planks.

I propose to attend the Cavalry Manœuvres with Sibell and shall look you up if we get near Stonehenge the week of August 17th.—Your devoted brother, GEORGE.

678

To his Mother

GRAND HOTEL,
DOVER, July 29th, 1908.

MOST DARLING MAMMA,—I wished that I could have been next you at the Pageant. There was plenty of armour in it but, perhaps, not enough fighting. I thought the 'Mobled Queens' very good, when Gawain's corse was carried out. I like best the Arthurian Prologue and the last episode with Henriette Marie, and, above all, the marching and counter-marching at the end. I hope dear Papa was not tired. I am sorry I bundled little George into your full carriage. But I had been keeping the train for him for three minutes and the officials were fussing. Arthur Balfour was very keen and sympathetic. The whole drama is a good work of art. All the ladies near me fell in love with Henry V. a young Irishman—French-Blake—in the East Kent Yeomanry.

I did all the work of carriages and seating forty-seven at lunch and 40 in the Royal enclosure over night. So yesterday morning I amused myself. We did the Castle

at 10 o'clock and had the Harbour Board Tug at 11 o'clock. In her we went all round the harbour inside and outside. It is pleasant to see and know that the promenade pier, the Prince of Wales' Pier, the National Harbour, the berth for the Red Star Liners, the broadening of the Admiralty Pier for Marine Station, and, last, the Craning Dock—which passed the Lords on Monday—are all in a considerable degree my own work. I look at them from the flag-staff in the Keep and smile as I remember the hours I have spent treading the alien stairs of Government offices and colloquing with distracted parliamentary agents.

After the Pageant S. S. and I drove off and paid a visit of ceremony to Lord and Lady Brassey on the 'Sunbeam.' Tiercelin, the French poet,—a Breton and Catholic—who wrote the last episode and the Comte de Belabre dined with us. We had a great 'go in' over French poetry and Celtic legends.

This afternoon I must work at my speech and look in at the Pageant for the end—which I think quite beautiful. The six silver trumpets are a joy and the ship 'Invicta' with the shields hanging over her side.—Your most loving son,

GEORGE.

679

To his Father

HEADQUARTER STAFF CAMP,
CAVALRY DIVISION,
SALISBURY PLAIN, August 16th, 1908.

MY DEAREST PAPA,—Here I am in General Scobell's Camp. There are four Cavalry Brigades, R.H.A., etc. So we spread over a great extent of country. But this, the Head Quarter Camp, is by Barrow Plantation, on the Salisbury to Devizes road, just two miles north of Orcheston St. Mary, and one mile west of Rushall Down. I will wire if I hear that we are working your way.

We had six days hard polo at Eaton. I enjoyed it very much, but shall enjoy this even more. All love to darling Mamma.—Your loving son,

GEORGE.

680

To his Father

HEADQUARTERS STAFF CAMP,
SALISBURY PLAIN, August 17th, 1908.

MY DEAREST PAPA,—I am afraid we shall not come towards Clouds.

The centre of our camps is Ell-Barrow, which you remember no doubt. We worked from there this morning to Knighton Down and attacked back. It is a magnificent sight and one which has never been seen before in England. There are four brigades=12 regiments=36 squadrons and 48 Horse Artillery guns. We galloped the last three miles to-day. It is not possible to describe the effect of such bodies gliding over the downs, up the ridges and sweeping the hollows (where our ponies used to 'take charge') and finally, charging home.

I am riding on Scobell's staff and he is very kind and attentive to me. This is very much better than being in the visitor's camp, where there are 36 officers together who merely ride about and look on, with orders not to show themselves too much.

To-morrow we do much the same, Wednesday and Thursday we shall go over the river between Netheravon and Amesbury. The only way you could see anything would be to train to Salisbury and motor out. If you do decide to do this Wednesday or Thursday, send me a wire and I will try to wire where we are likely to be about 11 o'clock. Love to darling Mamma,—Your loving son,
GEORGE.

681

To Wilfrid Ward

ST. FAGAN'S CASTLE,
CARDIFF, August 28th, 1908.

MY DEAR WILFRID,—I have been in camp on Salisbury Plain with the Cavalry Division—an invigorating experi-

ence. But the conditions precluded any study of the 'Shelley' article.¹ I reserve that for next week, and am preparing by reading a good deal of Shelley. My interest is sharpened by your letter and the criticism, or rather panegyric, of the 'Observer.' It is, also, but a few weeks—four I think, since I visited Wilfrid Blunt, saw a sketch of Francis Thompson drawn just before his death, read some of his poetry aloud and heard all his story in great detail. I believe that Wilfrid Blunt could send you an interesting article on Thompson.—Yours ever,

GEORGE WYNDHAM.

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To his Father

SAUGHTON GRANGE,
August 31st, 1908.

MY DEAREST PAPA,—I am very glad to know that you saw the Cavalry Division at work. It was and, probably will remain, a unique sight. There was never anything quite like it before. And, next year, I expect that the manœuvres will be on a larger and slower scale, embracing Infantry and Field Artillery. These Cavalry Manœuvres were an epoch in Cavalry *Drill*—a 'little classic' in their way. The Learned, when they discuss them, talk of Alexander, Cromwell, and Seidlitz. The point is that masses of mounted men were moved rapidly over gradients in consonance with an idea and without losing co-operation between component parts. That is important.

If Germany fights France and we have to go to Belgium, it *counts* that we can put in four brigades of such Cavalry, with their Horse Artillery.

I saw a good deal of your German I. G. General Count Von Dohne. He seemed to me to be a capable man. He looked at every horse and,—as I thought too closely at some of our 'dodges' such as our method of horsing Artillery. But he was a capable and gallant old boy. When I conducted them—the foreigners—through the

¹ By Francis Thompson.

Cavalry School at Netheravon, someone said 'the road is up. They have dug a deep trench across it.' I went on and jumped a wide and deep trench with a drain-pipe at the bottom. Old Von Dohne jumped after me and all the rest of the Staff went round.

Perf arrived here to-night. We meant to be together with Sibell till you come on the 11th, but Lily Zetland is ill and wants Sibell. So Perf and I feel we must make a dash somewhere. We both have work ahead. He has manœuvres on the 12th and then cramming for his Exam. I have the Autumn session and speeches. We should languish here, so we go off to Venice for a day or two and return for the 11th. The choice lay between that and Scotland. And we preferred the sunny South.

After our work we hope to hunt together in December and have decided that if it freezes we will, at once, go to St. Petersburg and see Guy.¹ The Mintos asked Perf to spend his leave at Calcutta as an extra Aide-de-Camp. He says 'No' this year. But will do it next year.

Their Military Secretary advised them to ask him. I believe that he will make soldiering his profession. I think he is right.

When I was young soldiering 'petered' out and politics became important. Now politics are petering out and soldiering is becoming the crux.

So, as he must jaunt at his age, I mean to jaunt with him—to Venice this week, and to Petersburg if it freezes after Christmas.

I am looking forward tremendously to your visit on the 11th.

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To Wilfrid Ward

SAIGHTON,

CHESTER, *September 16th, 1908.*

MY DEAR WILFRID,—I reached home from Venice on Saturday, and of Venice I will say a word later. I must

¹ His brother was Military Attaché at St. Petersburg.

now tell you that I have read Francis Thompson's 'Shelley' more than once to myself, and once aloud to Sibell, my mother and father. I was rash when I promised a full letter on it. I cannot write one to-night; nor indeed until I have digested it finally after further rumination.

For the moment I will say that it is the most important contribution to pure Letters written in English during the last twenty years. In saying that I compare this essay in criticism with poetry as well as with other critical essays.

Speaking from memory, Swinburne's last effective volume, 'Astrophel' with the 'Nympholept' in it, came out in '87 or '88; Browning's 'Asolando' in '89. Tennyson's 'Ænone' is also, I think, at the verge of my twenty years. But even so, these were pale Autumn blossoms of more radiant Springs. It may be—when posterity judges—that Thompson's own poems will alone overthrow this opinion. But I doubt if they ought to. There is more of Thompson in this essay than in his poems. In any case there is a strain in a comparison between criticism and poetry; prose and verse.

It is more natural to seek comparison with other essays devoted to the appreciation of poetry.

I have a very great regard for Matthew Arnold's 'Essays in Criticism': partly reasoned, partly sentimental. But they were earlier. They did not reach such heights. They do not handle subjects—as a rule—so pertinent to poetry. When they do in the 'Wordsworth' and 'Byron' (2nd series) they are outclassed by this essay. The Heine essays deal with religion rather than poetry.

The only recent English essay on poetry and, therefore, life temporal and eternal, which challenges comparison as I read Thompson's 'Shelley' is Myers' 'Virgil' and, specially the first part.

I think these two are the best English essays on poetry, of our day. Myers gains by virtue of Virgil's wider appeal to mortal men in all ages. Thompson gains by virtue of the fact that he is himself a poet, writing on the poet who, in English, appeals specially to poets. His subject is

narrower, but his style is incomparable in the very qualities at which Myers aimed ; of rhythm and profuse illustration. Both, perhaps, exceeded in these qualities. But Thompson, the poet, is the better man at varying and castigating his prose style. He is rich and melodic, where Myers is, at moments, sweet and ornate. Both are sentimental, and each speaks out of his own sorrow. Myers sorrowed after confirmation of Immortality. Thompson sorrowed out of sheer misery. When Myers writes of Virgil's ' intimations ' of Immortality he is thinking of his own sorrow. When Thompson writes of Mangan's sheer misery he is thinking of his own slough of despond. Both meant to be personally reticent. But Thompson succeeds. Unless I knew Thompson's story I could not read between the lines of his wailing over Mangan. But any one who reads Myers sees the blots of his tears. Again, Myers is conscious of Virgil as a precursor on the track of unrevealed Immortality. Thompson seems—is, I believe—unconscious of any comparison between himself and Shelley, as angels ascending the iridescent ladders of sunlit imagination. He follows the ' Sun-treader ' with his eye, unaware that his feet are automatically scaling the Empyrean.

That his article is addressed to Catholics in no degree deflects his aim. It begins with an apologia for writing on Shelley. It ends with an apologia for Shelley. These are but the grey-geese feathers that speed it to the universal heart of man. There it is pinned and quivers.

But enough ! I am glad that *you* display this ' captain jewel ' in a good ' carcanet.' The number (of July) is excellent and ' editorially ' a plumb-centre ; with a right good article from the editor into the bargain.

Of this I cannot write now ; still less of Venice. At another time I could expatiate, but, believe me, it was good to be alone with my boy on a yacht off the Ponte della Salute ; it was good to see a procession ascend the steps of S. Maria della Salute on the feast of her nativity ; it was good to swim in the Adriatic ; it was good to see Tintoretto ; it was good to read Villehardouin on the spot

where he and his three companions, as ambassadors of the Chivalry of Europe, knelt in 1202 and would not rise till Venice vouchsafed Christendom's request for ships so that the shame of our Lord might be avenged.

The older I get the more do I affect the two extremes of Literature. Let me have, either pure poetry, or else, the statements of actors and sufferers. Thompson's article, though an essay in prose criticism, is pure poetry, and also, unconsciously, a human document of intense suffering. But I won't pity him. He scaled the heavens because he had to sing, and so dropped in a niche above the portals of the temple of Fame. And little enough would he care for that! Why should he? Myers doubted. But he *knew* that souls, not only of Poets, but of Saints 'beacon from the abodes where the Eternals are.' He is a meteor exhaled from the miasma of mire. And all meteors, earth-born and heaven-fallen, help the heavens to declare the Glory of God. Coeli enarrant. But the grammar of their speech is the 'large utterance' of such men made 'splendid with swords.'—Yours ever,

GEORGE WYNDHAM.

P.S.—Reverting to Thompson's article and its place in the pure literature of recent years; I ought to mention Walter Raleigh's 'Milton,' and with even greater gratitude his 'Wordsworth.' But these are books. Of single essays on a high poetic theme, I adhere to Myers' 'Virgil' and Thompson's 'Shelley,' and put Thompson first.

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To his Father

SAIGHTON GRANGE,
Michael Mass, 1908.

MY DEAREST PAPA,—I enjoyed my visit to Clouds immensely. I wish Perf could have been there. We mean to grow wild chicory here, if possible. It is a lovely flower.

At Wynyard I met an interesting group—Buckle, editor of the 'Times'—who was effusive to me—Morant, the permanent head of the Education Office—Moneypenny,

who is writing the life of Dizzy. I had talks with all three. Then Metternich—German Ambassador—arrived on the scene. He is not well disposed towards the 'Times.' He is always silent.

On this occasion he arrived at 6 o'clock. Said nothing—turned the whole establishment upside-down in order to send a motor at midnight to Darlington, and left at 8 A.M. the next morning. All this happened because of the Bulgarian crisis which the Germans are fomenting. They *mean* to have a war: not, necessarily, in the immediate future, but some day, and pretty soon. So they pour acids into Morocco and Bulgaria and tell lies all the time. But having neither the old brutality of their Bismarck, nor the finesse of old France, their attempts at lying afford an excellent substitute for blurting out the truth. 'There is no deception'—as the clumsy conjuror has it.

On Monday—yesterday—we had a long walk after partridges with five guns and killed 20½ brace; I picked up 15 birds.

On our first day of 75 brace, I picked up 47 birds; 23½ brace.

Reggie and Margaret Talbot were at Wynyard and she played divinely.

Between whiles I wrote two manifestoes. One on the Territorial Army and another 'Message' which will be published in the new form of the 'Manchester Courier.'

I have consistently prophesied that this Government would dissolve early next year. Other people are now beginning to say so. I hear it, indirectly from Carson, and also from a member of the Government. I think the election will be in March.

To amuse you, I enclose a letter from Perf and another from Belloc. Please return at leisure.

I cannot put my hand on your last letter. I should like to shoot the pheasants and, even more, to drive the partridges again. But you must not bother about my dates. I could only shoot on Fridays and Saturdays.

I mean to attend the House closely and have speeches on 14th October, 11th November, 18th, 19th, 20th Novem-

ber, National Union and Tariff Reform at Cardiff. Dover the next week, *i.e.* 25th and 26th November, and the Mass Meeting etc. at Liverpool the first week in December.

Perf's spelling reminds one of the 'Paston Letters.' 'Mais il a une manière bien nette d'exprimer son idée.' Belloc plays the fool, but plays it well. All love to darling Mamma.—Your loving son,

GEORGE.

Love from Sibell.

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To his Mother

SAIGHTON GRANGE,
CHESTER, October 1st, 1908.

MOST DARLING MAMMA,—I am just going to write you a line about curlews and wild chicory.

And, first, about curlews. Until yesterday I had never seen a curlew in these parts. But they have always haunted me with their cry of watery wildness. I first heard—and then saw—a curlew flying over Bassenthwaite Lake when fishing with you for perch. And you told me his name. When I wrote my 'Shakespeare' I put in a long note on 'Lyrics' opposing Bagehot's definition. Although I did not mention a curlew, the note sprang from that. I read of them—too much—in 'Locksley Hall' between whiles. I was familiar with them on the West Coast of Ireland. But, till yesterday, I had never seen one here.

Well, yesterday, as I rode beyond Sir Hugh de Calveley's derelict moat, by the Alford brook, I saw a strange bird. Then I heard his cry, and knew it was a curlew. And, in the twinkling of an eye, a heron came after him, making short barks. The heron was saying 'who are you and what do you mean by being a big bird with a long beak, though not so big as I am, and with a thinner beak, curved too, and altogether outlandish?—so, out you go! You are too big, anyway, and look as if you might try to catch my fish.' So the curlew flew away towards Saughton and the heron—probably the cock

—circled back in dignity to the Beechins. He was probably the cock because, soon, another heron came back from the distance into which the curlew had flown, to report about the stranger. This heron talked more than the first. The second heron was probably the hen. She had been ordered to follow up the stranger and came back filling the welkin with information and scandal just to show what a jealous lady-heron she was to her Lord and how jealous of the little heron's right to all the fish; on the hasty theory that curlews eat fish—which they don't.

To-day—in the morning—I took a walk with S. S. over the fields towards Waverton; on the side of Saughton, and three miles away from the Alford brook. There we saw the strange bird again and stalked him and put him up twice. He was a curlew. And this time the rooks were in the Devil's own stew over the interloper. They could talk of nothing else. They cawed out 'what are we coming to, if a bird as big as ourselves, but of a different colour, and shape, settles here as if the place belonged to him?'

I thought 'it must be my curlew of yesterday, hunted by the herons to face the rooks!' But this afternoon I rode again into the marshy flats beyond the site of Sir Hugh's timbered mansion and, lo! and behold! I put up seven (7) curlews. My friend of yesterday had called up his supports. I do not think that these seven can have been one brood, for I have been told that the curlew only lays two eggs. If that is true—but is it?—here were two families minus one member. Perhaps the missing member was my friend of this morning. How little we know! How inglorious is our ignorance.

That leads me to wild chicory—or succory—with its bright green leaves and bright blue flower. Papa tells me that he was to drive you to see the wild chicory beyond the plantation opposite Pertwood.

Well now, here we are all striving to have blue flowers. *Nemophylla* and *amagallus*—I am shaky over these names—are not in it with chicory. Why not have a patch of chicory in the garden for September days? Why

not ? I find from the books that it grows wild anywhere between here and India, but chiefly on chalky soil. I am told by my gardener that the only way to get it is to dig it up in its native sod. I should hate to dig up many near Pertwood. But if you would send me one or two I would lay down a chalky bed to receive them.

I should like to do that. But I am not bent upon it. Perhaps it is better to know that they are glorious near Pertwood, and at many other spots, all the way across Europe, Asia Minor and on to India.

I have asked Cecil Parker to issue orders that the curlews shall not be shot. So it is rather base to dig up even one plant of chicory. The curlews and chicory are 'pleasant and lovely in their *lives*.' I feel that, all the more clearly, as the man who lives at Newbold, between Saughton and the Beechins, has enclosed a square mile and planted it with rare shrubs. The result swears with everything and makes the fox-hunter swear. It looks like a new cemetery.

'Let 'un live,'¹ say I. And yet I should like a patch of bright blue chicory; if I felt sure they could live and say 'so am not I' with the foolish scullion. Indeed, Sterne's foolish scullion was not foolish, but as wise as his starling. Sterne's scullion and starling stand for life and liberty against his dead donkey and dying lieutenant. So do the wild chicory and watery curlews stand against the stunted shrubs of Mr. Colley's plantations. Perhaps we had best leave them at that.—Your most loving son,

GEORGE.

P.S.—I have written all this on the paper you gave me. With such paper there is no impediment to writing on for ever. I put 'reason' first and then scratched it out. There is always this much of reason for writing, that I love you and all you taught me to love—such as curlews and chicory and all that is wild enough and bright enough to deserve loving and be spared from death, or decency, or order.

¹ Barne's *Dorset Poems*, 'The Old Oak Tree.'

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*To Philip Hanson*35 PARK LANE, W.,
5.X.08.

MY DEAR P. H.,—It seems a long while since I heard from, or wrote to, you. It is long and seems longer probably because I have been moving about and enjoying life. I have really followed at last advice which you have often tendered. I have taken a complete holiday of two months. I marvel at the exhilaration which this produces. Sometimes I wonder whether I shall ever work again. I am filled with a new gusto for enjoyment. One of two things may happen. I may either begin to work again with ease, or become by conviction a middle-aged pleasure-seeker. I have not done a stroke of real work since August 3, when I spoke at a mass meeting in Eaton Park. It is only two months and three days ago. But I feel as if I had never worked and almost as if I never would. I went to Clouds and played lawn tennis; I returned to Eaton and played polo; I went to Salisbury Plain and played at soldiers, to such purpose that a Guard turned out and mistook me for a General, presented arms and blew a fanfare on a trumpet; a deserved tribute to grey hair and a red (Yeomanry) cap with a white cover. More by token, I went to Venice with Percy, and led the life of a Monte Cristo. We two had Westminster's yacht to ourselves, safely anchor'd off the Punte della Salute. We chartered a Gondola with a figure (Pagan, naked and unashamed) of Fortune on our prow. We saw Palaces and Churches. We discovered Tintoretto—just as if we were Ruskin. We read Villehardouin's own account of his transactions with Dandolo in 1202. We bathed in the Adriatic from the Lido. We gave a Dinner Party on board, and if we did not paint the town red, why! I can only say that is unnecessary in 'Venise, la rouge.' But after that I went to Clouds again and shot partridges. I went to Wynyard and met Buckle and Money Penny,

and finally I have, for the first time since 1900, been at Saighton in summer weather.

I am here only for a Railway Board, and back to Saighton immediately after it.

I have definitely refused to write an article for the centenary of the 'Quarterly.'

I mean without preparation to hurl my exuberance on an effete House of Commons. And then hunt and—if it freezes—go to see brother Guy at Petersburg.

I have just read the proceedings at Cork. They complete the illusion of being five years younger, without re-creating the delusion that anything is likely to happen—except a war with Germany.

Mahaffy has been with us at Saighton, and a quite delightful companion. I wish you could pop over for 48 hours before next Saturday.

I crystallised my Italian in Venice. It came to me suddenly like swimming or skating. So that without effort or merit on my part I can now read that language and have read four or five volumes in it. But I can't read German. Perhaps you could tell me the purport of the enclosed remarks on my 'Walter Scott.' I shall bear up if the sense is as repellent as the form seems to my untutor'd eye.

Anyway let me hear from you.—Yours ever, G. W.

P.S.—Reverting to the German review. I know not the speech, but I am glad to have been spared the first word in the criticism which follows the par. on my *W. S.* 'Quellenuntersuchungen.' What an awful thing to say about anybody!

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To his Father

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
October 12th, 1908.

MY DEAR PAPA,—I was much amused to hear that the wild chicory came from Chester, and much interested by the information you have given me about it. It is some

years since I first saw the blue flowers for we were *walking* partridges. I took some home then and found out that it was the plant used for salad. But as I had never seen the flower in the garden I did not believe it. You explain the mystery. Thanks too, for telling me about the curlew's four eggs. I brought the curlews into a speech at the *Conversazione* at the 'Charles Kingsley' Natural History Society in Chester last Thursday.

On Friday I went to Derwent and shot grouse Saturday with Edmund Talbot. Owing to a high wind, which blew them off the estate, we only got 66 brace with five guns.

A man staying there knew a great deal about birds.

I ought to have said before that you must not think of changing your dates for shooting. I shall hope to get to Clouds for a Sunday or two soon. All love to darling Mamma.—Your loving son,

GEORGE.

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To his Mother

35 PARK LANE, W.,
29th October 1908.

MOST DARLING MAMMA,—Your letter—besides being dear—amuses me, because all my congratulators on the Lord Rectorship are more pleased at Winston's defeat than at my victory.

I did not expect to win. But, as I have won, I shall try to say something to them in my address. Meanwhile new links with real youth have a new joy. The unreal youth of middle age is light-hearted. But the real youth of twenty years is portentous in the solemnity of its ignorance. Never having been out of its depth it needs no bladders of mirth to swim with. Little ripples from the tide of fate kiss its ankles. And it walks gravely through them like a conqueror of 'seas of trouble.'

On Monday the Leader of the—Edinburgh undergraduate—opposition and his right hand man sent in their cards to me at the House. They were at pains to

explain how much they had wished and how hard they had tried to beat me. But—as between gentlemen—that being over, they wished to express their respect for ‘The Lord Rector.’ So I made them dine without dressing, and they regaled Sibell and myself with their earnestness and certainty, over what seems trifles to the middle-aged. —Your loving and devoted son, GEORGE.

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To his Father

35 PARK LANE,
Friday Night, October 30th, 1908.

MY DEAREST PAPA,—I am counting on coming to Clouds for several Sundays; and should—as you half expected—have come to-morrow. But for several reasons: as, for example, Percy comes here to-morrow from Aldershot; Sibell has a feast of the Church on Sunday; and I am immersed in arithmetical calculations over the Irish Land Act. But I mean to come soon, perhaps next Friday or Saturday.

I will try to see Harold White, meanwhile.

I do not think we need worry over the state of affairs. Because all classes *are* worrying. Margaret Dalton of Saughton village wrote to Sibell much on the lines of your letter. The whole country, and specially what are called the lower classes are shocked at all that is taking place.

My main concern is that I fear this wretched Government will collapse next March and let us in, before we are ready to face national bankruptcy and anarchy in Ireland.

I am not a cynic and find no pleasure in the general sordid insanity which seems inherent in the third year of a so-called Liberal administration. Yet the Government's position is diabolically absurd.

Four hundred of their supporters are pledged to Woman's Suffrage. The Prime Minister though opposed personally has publicly invited them to ventilate their cause. Their

watch-word is, 'No taxation without representation.' Excellent. But what do we see ?

The House of Commons is often surrounded by a cordon of police. The public galleries are shut. We live in a state of siege.

So, too, in Ireland. Yesterday several policemen were shot and a cattle-driver was shot dead.

All this goes on. But the House of Commons is only allowed to discuss quite ridiculous provisions in the Licensing Bill.

This afternoon, for example, the House of Commons made it a crime for a father to take his boy into a railway station Refreshment Room if there was a 'bar' on the premises.

To 'top up' or, as the French say, 'pour surcroit de bonheur.' We are face to face with national bankruptcy and not too far removed from a war with Germany. In face of that situation we *are exporting the Reserve* to our protectionist Colonies in order that they may not starve in Free Trade England.

'Is that all?' as we say in English. 'Merci du peu' as they say in French.

I await the explosion. 'Impavidum ferient ruinæ' as they say in Latin, which is as much as to say in English 'I shall not be alarmed,' nor, let me add, surprised.

But, alas! the Party will hardly be ready.—Your loving son,

GEORGE.

MY DEAREST PAPA,—I have told them to look for the two letters in the 'Times' of the 2nd.

I have studied 'Invisible Exports' and Capital invested abroad for some time.

Nobody attended to it before 1903.

In the Board of Trade Blue-Book, prepared by Gerald Balfour in that year, they took a shot.

To account for excess of Imports over Exports, they said (a) some pay the freights of our ships, (b) others to the tune of £90,000,000 are interest on capital invested abroad.

Schooling in the British Trade Year Book has *proved* that our shipping does not earn the amount credited to it.

I think it far more likely that more—much more—than £90,000,000 is interest on capital invested abroad coming back in the shape of articles. And I am sure that more must come back in future.

It is difficult to identify our capital invested abroad. The only part we can identify is that on which income tax is paid in block by bankers. These are called ‘identified profits from abroad.’

They show that capital is pouring out of this country. It goes for two reasons: (1) to get a higher interest, because a shilling income tax and death duties force people to try for 5 per cent, preferring the risk to the certainty of being ruined in three generations; (2) to take refuge behind Tariff walls.

The increase is astounding. In the 19 years previous to 1904-1905, capital—so identified—went abroad at the average rate of £22,000,000 a year. But in the next two years—05/06—06/07—it went at the average of £135,000,000 a year—£270,000,000 in the two years.

Now the curious point is this. These huge sums did not go in sovereigns or bullion, most of them went as our exports. Yet imports exceeded exports in 1906:

| | | | | | Value. |
|---------|---|---|-------|---|-----------------------|
| Imports | . | . | . | . | £607,888,500 |
| Exports | . | . | . | . | £375,575,338 |
| | | | Total | . | <u>£983,463,838</u> |
| 1907 | | | | | |
| Imports | . | . | . | . | £645,807,942 |
| Exports | . | . | . | . | £426,035,083 |
| | | | Total | . | <u>£1,071,843,025</u> |

One result is certain, viz. : the operation of Tariff walls.

They tend to make the Imports of £645 *millions* consist of wholly manufactured articles ; and they tend to make the £426 millions of our Exports consist of raw material, e.g. coal, and partly manufactured articles.

Consequently they tend to displace our skilled artisans and to entice yet more capital abroad.

The ultimate result is to turn us into a nation of bankers and commission agents, supporting armies of unemployed loafers.

That is what happened in ancient Rome, in Constantinople, and in Venice, with the results that history teaches.

—Your loving son,

GEORGE.

P.S.—Few people know that Constantinople in the XIVth century had a revenue as large as ours—£150 millions a year. Yet it collapsed like a card-castle before the Turks in 1457—and had been taken already by the Franks in 1204.

All this makes me sad.

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To his Mother

35 PARK LANE,

Saturday Night, November 7th, 1908.

MOST DARLING MAMMA,—I wish I were at Clouds. And this is to say, definitely, that I shall come to Clouds by the morning train *next* Saturday. For many reasons next Sunday is easier than this Sunday. We shall have finished the Committee stage of the Licensing Bill—on which I speak every day. On one day I spoke six times ! And—with average luck—I shall have broken the back of preparation for platform speeches. When that has been done a holiday, before making them, *is* a holiday and helps me to make them better. But a holiday when I am up to my neck in work is *not* a holiday.

Besides my work on the Licensing Bill, I have circulated to ex-colleagues a memo. of 21 pages foolscap typed

on the finance of the Land Act, and answered every letter that anyone has addressed to me.

The decks are cleared for action.

I have to speak at the Mayor's Banquet, Dover, on the 11th. But my work to-morrow, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday, is to get ready for my real platform campaign. On the 18th the Tariff Reform branch of all South Wales gives me a luncheon. On the 19th I hope to speak at the National Union Conference. On the 20th I have a mass meeting.—That is three in one week. The next week I speak on the 23rd in the House on Irish Land; and then in the country—platform—on 25th and 26th; the next week on December 1st; the next, on December 9th and 10th; all 'Platform.'

I stayed here to-night to reconnoitre the field of operations. I just mean to block it out before I begin. And—as I said—I have cleared off everything else. My life is swept and garnished for the house-warming of the seven Devils of the Platform.—Your most loving son,

GEORGE.

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To his Sister, Pamela

SALISBURY, 15th November 1908.

DARLING PAM,—This is a diminutive herald to our lunch on Tuesday, blowing his little trumpet to announce whence I come, since my stay must be short. I can only nick in on Tuesday. For on Wednesday I have to make a speech and another on Thursday, and another on Friday, and another on Monday, and so on for ever. By luck, and inspiration derived from Clouds, I know just what I mean to say on Wednesday about Tariff Reform. And, by dint of hard plugging at Act, and statistics, I also know just what I mean to say to-morrow week on Irish Land Purchase. Having arrived at these by luncheon time, I walked five miles with Dorothy and read, after tea, rather sleepily, Filson Young's last novel. But suddenly one scene woke me. The hero, who can draw, hears O'Donnell

read a poem to a gathering of artistic prigs. So he says—all of a sudden—‘I can draw that’ and does it. Here are the Arts colloquing. I said to myself ‘I can write that.’ And went and wrote it. I make Art talk; and this is what SHE says :—

ARS LOQUITUR

I

I am the way—the ancient trick
Of making; as things must be made,
By measure, and arithmetic,
And the old custom of a trade.

II

I am the truth—the empty gaze
At far horizons veiled in mist :
I falter as I search the maze
Of Dawn’s abysmal amethyst.

III

I am the life—the miracle,
Of plan and vision, merged in one ;
Whose high harmonics soar and dwell
In ecstasies of unison.

IV

I am the way, the truth, the life ;
The road to go, the rim to see,
The song to shout, above the strife
Of rapture with utility.

Art says—with Molière—‘Je prends mon bien où je le trouve.’ And in this case—as in so many—finds her quarry in the Founder of Christianity. *Les beaux esprits se rencontrent.* Before Art disinterred that Jewel, I had gaped at the opalescent profundity of the saying ‘I am the way, the truth and the life.’ It is—when stated—so evident that life means method and vision. And that, my Darling, is why I make Art say so.—Your devoted brother,

GEORGE.

693

*To Wilfrid Ward**Private*

35 PARK LANE, W.,
November 27th, 1908.

MY DEAR WILFRID,—I was on the point of writing to you—now at 11 p.m.—when I found your letter. I had read the A.J.B. Essay and noted the dexterity with which you have interpolated my suggested ‘double barrel’—The Imperial Conference plus Asquith’s Budget, in 1907. And I had glanced at all the others. The book, for which I am very grateful, came to my hands about six this evening. It reached me at one of those—*rare*—moments of forlorn fatigue that occur in the course of strenuous stretches. And at those rare moments the touch of friendship is ‘grateful and comforting.’

We are troubled to-day. A wire from Madeira, four days ago told us that Westminster, whom we expected from South Africa to-morrow was ill with malaria, and, this morning, a wireless message turned uneasiness to anxiety. So, Sibell and the Duchess have gone off to Southampton with a doctor, and I was left alone. Otherwise I have not had—and cannot foresee—any gap in the strain of political effort. I spoke at Cardiff on Wednesday and Thursday. On Monday I spoke to the House for an hour on Irish Land Purchase, and at Dover on Wednesday, and to-day I *had* to speak in the House, in spite of this anxiety.

Even if all goes well, I cannot alas! think of Lotus¹ before Xmas. I must speak on Education in the House—and watch it—all next week except Tuesday when I speak at Gravesend, and, apart from the House, I have big Meetings the week after on the 7th and 10th.

All this is accompanied by exacting work on Irish Purchase and Education, behind the scenes. So—as you say—Literature cannot be my career. Forgive this explosion!

¹ The name of Mr. Ward’s house at Dorking.

I am deeply concerned over the so-called Education Compromise. It makes me sad to feel how remote I am from my countrymen and how remote they are—with all their excellent qualities—from the rudiments of philosophic thought. It is dear of them to jump at a compromise; but silly to jump before looking. They will look afterwards. They will look back and say, 'If we had only known.' Yet they do not realise that they preclude themselves from knowing now—or ever—owing to their inveterate distrust of thinking. Any man who thinks on these occasions, and shows that he is thinking, is suspect. I am suspect. But I *must* think; and I *will* believe that it is wise to do so. Yet, I am nearly powerless. I thought and spoke on Wednesday. The 'Times' suppressed my speech, the 'Morning Post' published a sketch of the rest and suppressed all I said upon Education.

You *have* leisure, and a rostrum in the 'Dublin Review.' It is *your* duty to try and make them think.

Will you help me to make them see before the smash that there are only two ways of approaching the problem? (1) To start from Uniformity of religious instruction; and (2) to start from Unity of the National System of Education. Or, putting it another way (1) to start from a neutral religion, and (2) to start from the neutrality of the State to all religions.

From whichever point you make your departure, you must—I admit and assert—make illogical exceptions to fit in with present practical needs.

But—and here is the whole matter—if you start from a fair theory, *cela ne pèche pas par la base*. No wrecker can find a cranny in your foundation, insert his crowbar, and overthrow the whole edifice.

If, on the other hand, you start from an unfair theory—as this Bill does—no amount of charity and ingenuity is of any avail.

There it is, in the black and white of Clause I., that the State's *imprimatur* is to be affixed only on undenominational teaching. If once you say that, 'contracting

out' is a necessary consequence. You may mitigate its secular evils by lavish grants. But you cannot irradiate the stigma.

It makes me sad and sick. Think of the irony of the situation. On Tuesday the House of Commons by five to one supported a motion in favour of relieving Roman Catholics from important, but largely sentimental, grievances. The accession oath, the prohibition on the appointment of an R.C. Lord Lieutenant of Ireland or Lord Chancellor are grievances. They are antiquated insults and irrational disabilities. We said so on Tuesday by five votes to one. Yet—because Englishmen will not, or cannot think, on Thursday, in the same week, within forty-eight hours, we say by nearly two and half votes to one, that new disabilities—not sentimental and antiquated—but modern and practical—are to be imposed in respect of Education for all the Catholic youth in the country.

Nothing can wholly amend that original defect.

But the Bill has been 'Guillotined.' Clause I. goes through automatically on Monday.

I deplore, but accept perforce, that situation.

What really kills me is that your people and our people—who want to be kind—can't think enough to gauge the consequences of that initial mistake.

They say, 'If the Government makes the grant big enough what does it matter?'

They say *that* because they will not, or cannot, *think*. Help me to make them think.

On their own absurd basis, their Bill is valueless unless it is a settlement. Very well.

The cost of education has increased, is increasing, and will increase.

Consequently any *fixed* grant which is fair to-day, will be unfair next year, grossly unfair in five years, and utterly useless in ten years. Therefore, instead of haggling for sixpences, they must insist on paying only a quota for the rights of citizenship. They must say, 'We think it unfair to pay rates for your religion. We think it sad to be excluded from all your national system of Education, and bad for that system. But you will

have it so. How much are we to pay? Isn't a shilling in the pound enough? We have three hundred thousand Catholic children. A child's education costs about £3 a head. Is not nine hundred thousand shillings—£45,000 a year—a sufficient tax on our religious convictions?'

Supposing that the House sees the force of that, *i.e.* that for a *permanent* settlement the private contribution must be a *quota* and not a fixed grant—then, point out:—

II. Population increases. When new schools are wanted, you must give us building grants for the same proportion of 19:1. If we need £20,000 for new schools, you must pay £19,000, and we will find £1000.

I don't know why I trouble you with all this.

At this moment I feel as if I lived in a community of deaf men. The more I talk the more worried they look. . . . And nothing happens.

Let us quit all this hopeless, helpless, dumb show of hypnotised Democracy going to its appointed doom of Bureaucracy and Cæsarism—now, as ever and everywhere, *quod semper et ubique*.

Let us laugh!

We ought to laugh. Surprise is the basis of laughter. And what can be more surprising than to see the leaders of Nonconformity in the House of Commons, bribed by baronetcies, abrogating the constitution, and laughing—as well they may—at the spectacle of the Anglican Archbishop ramming Nonconformity down my throat with the butt end of his crozier? They laugh. Had not I better laugh too? 'Taking it in good part' is—I believe—the classic phrase for acquiescing in comic turpitude.

But I have not quitted this grim subject of sordid and sardonic infamy. I must—or I shall forget to laugh and increase the merriment of others by getting angry.

That would be absurd, when neither Anglican nor Catholic, nor Educationalist, nor Unionists, are willing to think of anything but their Christmas holidays.

So now, having relieved my feelings, I will write out some lines which I did write out for you the other day—and then tore up.

They may be condemned on the three grounds of (1) profanity, (2) plagiarism (3) mystical obscurity.

And yet, for all that, I am glad to have written them. They sprang from a book about Art. I thought. And it came to me that Art should speak for herself. If her language is obscure it is not—she protests—more obscure than the language of those who speak for her. This is what she said to me. The Lady speaks :—

ARS LOQUITUR

‘ I am the way—the ancient trick,’ etc., etc.

[See preceding letter.]

—Yours ever,

GEORGE WYNDHAM.

694

To his Mother

35 PARK LANE, W.,
December 2nd, 1908.

MOST DARLING MAMMA,—One *scribble* before I go back to the House to say how sorry I am to hear that Amelia Ireland is dead, and how well I understand what that means to you, Darling. But, then, I am glad that I *can* know this ; because you and I went to Doncebate together, when she was still just what I knew she had been from your old stories ; I might so easily not have gone, or been prevented by work.

The real objection to work is that it prevents one from doing things that leave memories far more lasting than the results of any work. I feel that about work, and particularly about political work. It has no ‘smack of immortality’ in it. But kindness and courage and fun and joy are immortal.

Now I must just ‘pop in’ to see Shelagh on my way back. S. S. has gone over to see Benny. It is a *separate* and known tropical fever, caused by a separate and known microbe with some horrible name. This intruder can only be killed by the health of the patient. Nothing but

rest and the right diet are any good. You have to beat him with your own phagocytes. And Benny will beat him all right in two or three weeks.

I made a good speech at Gravesend last night. I started from Gravesend to Suakim in 1885! just opposite old Tilbury fort. What a rush it has been since then. And it is a rush now! I'm off.—Your devoted and most loving son,
GEORGE.

695

To Mrs. Hinkson

35 PARK LANE, W.,
December 2nd, 1908.

DEAR MRS. TYNAN-HINKSON,—I am not going to apologise for the delay of this reply. Because I know you will have guessed that I waited till I had the chance of reading 'The House of the Crickets' before thanking you for your gift. I took the chance in the midst of Tariff Reform, and my old Irish Land Act, and Education. And your book was like the plashing of a pure stream through a frowning gorge. It was true. For it does not veil the bleak desolation or pollute the stream. It is like Life—which is made of austerity and kindness. It is not like Death—which is 'made up' of sentiment and corruption.

I am sick of the farded skeleton which most novelists call life.

Though it is fearful to believe—as you make me—in such a childhood as the brothers and sisters had; still, the misery and awe of it made them human. Though one poor boy died and one sister was wild and inconsiderate; they all found each other.

But, in the scent and glare and blare of other authors'—'clever'—novels all the avenues of perception were deafened and dazed and suffocated.

I thank you sincerely for having written the book, and warmly for having given it to me.—Yours very truly,

GEORGE WYNDHAM.

696

*To Charles T. Gatty*35 PARK LANE, W.,
5.xii.08.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—I saw Bendor to-day for the second time. He is going on well and his old self, but weak. He may see people. And he begged me to-day—most particularly—to ask you to come and see him. He wants cheering up. I wasted the ‘Peacock’ and ‘Capers’ on him. You must do them in your ‘inimitable manner’! He is longing to see you.

I am looking forward more than I can say to our Christmas together. I am tired; and have three more fences to jump—Land Bill Tuesday, Mass Meeting Wednesday, and another—a luncheon—Thursday. Then I go to Mark¹ to shoot pheasants Friday and come back to wind up on Monday 14th. Then the sooner we forget all about politics and ‘addict ourselves wholly’ to Christmas, the better!—Yours affectionately,

GEORGE W.

697

*To Charles Boyd**Confidential.*35 PARK LANE, W.,
15.xii.08.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—I shall begin this letter now, to-night; it is 12.20 and really the 16th of December. I shall finish it later, after attempting to see Seely again before we all dispart for Christmas. I shall write in pencil because I cannot find a pen. I have just returned from seeing ‘King Henry V’ with Lady Grosvenor. It is wonderful. I should like to read it aloud to large audiences instead of speaking about Defence and the Union of the Empire.

So far as one member of the Board is concerned—to

¹ Mark Napier.

wit, C. B.—I shall try the Newfoundland fly. So far as the other —G. W.—is concerned, he is touched by your suggestion. But—really it is not possible. The Slab within the chaplet of weathered boulders calls. But, but, but . . . I cannot do all that I have to do as it is. I believe—(no one else does)—that there will be a general election next year. I am *very* well, but working all day and every day. I have had to refuse all sorts of attractive jobs—an article in the ‘Centenary Quarterly,’ etc., etc. I am just going to take another holiday till January 21, when I speak at Edinburgh. And I have just finished the biggest course I ever ran over. I won’t worry you with details. It has all been ‘speeches.’ But real ones. The climax came last week. On Tuesday I moved the rejection of Birrell’s Land Bill in the House—1 hour and 5 minutes. On Wednesday I spoke at Liverpool to many more than 5,000 persons for 1 hour and 10 minutes on Tariff Reform, and on Thursday I spoke for 30 minutes to the Conservative Club there. Through no merit of mine, but from some touch of actuality, I swept the board three times running. Then I went to York and shot on the wolds for two days and came back braced by a North wind and being 800 feet above the sea. So that I am fitter and fresher than when the race began in October. I don’t want a holiday. But I mean to take one; for, from January 21 onwards, I take off the gloves. Enough of this. Now I go to bed. To-morrow I shall try to see Seely.

Give my love to the Doctor—even if it makes him jump.

I am thinking deeply over your last letter. If you ever see my recent speeches at Cardiff and Liverpool, you will understand how ‘pat’ that letter came to my purpose. ‘*Finance*’ won’t do. I see my path quite clearly. I shall follow it. I mean to fight a straight fight for Defending the Empire, Uniting the Empire and (a) ‘Safeguarding’—protecting if you like—the skilled artisans in the Mother Country; (b) doing something to enlist the mob of loafers into the ranks of regular labour.

I have said this three times. It is, therefore—(see the

'Hunting of the Snark')—true. But it entails this. 'The Press—bar the 'Standard'—is 'agin' me. Because the press of England belongs to Cosmopolitan Finance, they suppress my speeches. But thousands come to listen; and these three speeches have been printed verbatim and are circulated to tens of thousands as leaflets—not by me, but by Liverpool and the Tariff Reform League.

As that is the kind of 'hairpins we are,' you will guess my view on Rhodesia being made a counter in the Cosmopolitan Financial game. 'It won't do.' It must be stopped. The Bond shall stop it. I look to Rhodesia now, as I did in 1897, to unite South Africa on an Imperial basis. I want South Africa to take up the running. Imperial Preference depends, now, on South Africa. Canada is being caught in the cogs of U.S.A. and French and German Tariffs. The policy of the Matoppo has got to win. C. J. R. and all the men who died in South Africa, shall not have lived and died in vain. But for that Rhodesia, which is the key to South African Unity, just as South Africa is the key to Imperial Unity, must be purged—at all costs—from any dross and base metal of oriental Finance.

I wish you could have heard and seen the thousands in the Sun Hall at Liverpool rise at me when I said that we would not lose all that for which our soldiers and sailors had died during three centuries. If you are on that tack—and you are—no man will understand you more readily, and gladly, than Jack Seely. . . .—Good-night.

698

To his Father

35 PARK LANE, W.,
December 15th, 1908.

MY DEAREST PAPA,—I was very glad to get your letter. 'The Times' has been very 'queer' lately. I am told that it will turn over a new leaf on January 1st. I think they feel that they owe me some reparation, as yesterday, in the House, their new Lobby representative asked

to be introduced to me, and ceremoniously booked the dates of my next speeches on January 21st at Edinburgh and February 1st at Birkenhead.

My Tariff Reform Speech—on Wednesday—has made a considerable stir. Several of the active Tariff Reformers in the House came to me yesterday, and thanked me for it. I am to see Professor Hewins to-morrow at the Head Office of the League and on another day to meet Garvin at luncheon.

I mean to fight this thing through in my own way, without attempting to please the 'Mugwumps.' The audience in the Sun Hall was magnificent. I should say about 4700 on my side, and 500 or 700 either hostile, or unconvinced. But they all listened. I enclose two small cuttings, one from P. M. G. the other, sent to me, gives a description of the way in which I spoke. The 'Daily Post' is the big Liberal Paper in Liverpool. I also enclose a letter from Sir Joseph Lawrence, which I should like to have back.

I spoke again, the third time, to a luncheon on Thursday in the Liverpool Conservative Club; and succeeded—really *spoke* better than the night before, but in a lighter vein.

They are printing 20,000 copies of my Mass Meeting speech in Liverpool, and the Tariff Reform League is also going to make it a leaflet.

I did not go to Saighton but to York and motored out to Mark Sykes, for two days' wild shooting in the wolds, 800 feet above the sea. It refreshed and braced me. I shot up to my best form at high wild pheasants. The second day we got 8 Woodcock.

All love to Mamma.—Your loving son, GEORGE.

699

To his Mother

35 PARK LANE, W.,
December 16th, 1908.

MOST DARLING MAMMA,—I must send a line to say that Sibell and I went to 'Henry V' last night and

it was splendid. If it is running in February we ought to go together.

I think I must get to Saughton Saturday and come to you in January, for Percy's coming of age celebrations.

I am not a penny the worse for my hard week of speaking. But now I am going to take four weeks of complete holiday. Then I shall prepare again for Edinburgh on 21st January, and Birkenhead—4000 Mass Meeting on February 1st.

I imagine the House will meet on February 9th.

I am just off to see Hewins at the Tariff Reform League.
—Your loving son, GEORGE.

700

To his Father

35 PARK LANE, W.,
December 17th, 1908.

MY DEAREST PAPA,—Enclosed from Lawrence will interest you. The meaning of (A) is that the editor of the 'Morning Post' replied that, he agreed; that, however, they never criticized the management of other papers; and, so, could not publish Lawrence's letter in which he attacked the 'Times' for suppressing my speeches.

My plan is to go on making speeches until they have to report them.—Your loving son, GEORGE.

701

To his Father

35 PARK LANE,
December 17th, 1908.

MY DEAREST PAPA,—There is one slip in my Liverpool speech. It is 'hundredweights,' not tons, of 'tin-plates.' I think it must be the reporters' mistake as I have *hundredweights* underlined on my notes. It does not affect the argument. I have corrected it and sent the exact figures to two correspondents who wrote on the point. The speech has made a great stir. Indeed, too

much in one way; for I have many letters to answer, *all* favourable and eager for more.

Yet, I really made that speech—not so well, but still quite as definitely—in April 1907 near Birmingham. But it was not reported.

I have no evidence that ‘critics on our side’ are annoyed. The opposition papers say they are. But the opposition papers and Gould have lived for five years on exaggerating our differences, especially over a tax on wheat.

I shall make a point of pushing (1) the Corn Tax (2) Home Industries, all over again, in January and on the 1st of February at Birkenhead. Meanwhile I shall take no notice of criticism.

National Review Article. I have not read it yet. I read a quotation about it in a ‘press cutting’ just before I made those three speeches—Irish Land and the two at Liverpool. And, as I travelled to York after the third speech I read a Leading Article on it in the ‘Yorkshire Post.’ I did not take it to heart.

Oddly enough, it has rallied a great many people to my side. There is a lot of loose ill-nature in the world. But there is, also, a lot of loose good-nature. And when the first is focussed, the second gets focussed, too, in antagonism to the first.

Many members of the House of Commons, without referring to the article, have gone out of their way to stop me in the lobbies, and praise my Irish speech and my Liverpool speech. That is their way of showing that they think the article is outside the rules of the game.

Nobody knows who wrote it. ‘They say’ (1) Leo Maxie would not have published it as by ‘M.P.’ unless it was written by an ‘M.P.’ (2) There is no M.P. on our benches bright enough to have written it. (3) So it must have been written by a peer, who, of course, is also a member of Parliament.

Sibell—who thought I should mind it, when she found I did not—started to-night, the surprising, but ingenious, view that it was written by Lucy—Toby under the clock. He calls himself—in ‘Punch’—M.P. for Barkshire. It

amuses me that she should have taken the trouble to think so much. Sometimes women guess things. But I incline to the duller view that it was written by an Irish peer, or somebody like Lord Robertson.

I have not thought about it. But—as I write—it seems to me the product rather of an older man who is cross with the front-benches, who supplanted him; than of a younger man who wants to supplant them. It smacks of ‘*spretæ injuria formæ*’ and uric acid. There is little acidity in the young.

However I must read it. This opinion is based on another ‘press cutting’ which gave longer extracts.

I will send your note to Perf. You could not have hit on a better present. Perf is very practical. He got the Saughton people to give him their present, before we arrived. Their present was a new saddle, bridle, hunting-horn, etc. And, having got it, he used them all the *next day*, because the meet was at Saughton. All the donors looked on with admiring eyes and were satisfied that they had hit on something which he was glad to get.

I am very sorry not to have heard his speech. But I am more glad that he should have done a sensible and tactful thing without consulting me, or asking for anybody’s advice. There is no indecision in his character. He could act Henry v. but not Hamlet.

To my sorrow the Plymouths are in great anxiety over their eldest son who is dangerously ill with enteric in India. I shall put my foot down against Perf going to Egypt till he is twenty-three at least.—Your loving son,

GEORGE.

702

To his Mother

35 PARK LANE, W.,
December 23rd, 1908.

MOST DARLING MAMMA,—I will write you a real letter. This is only a scribble of all love to you and to wish you a merry Christmas and happy New Year. My heart is

very sad because of Oti's¹ death. Is has been such anxiety to them and now this great sorrow.

But he was given to the Empire as much as if he had died in battle. Still . . .

Well, Darling, I love you.—Ever your most loving son,
GEORGE.

703

To his Father

SAUGHTON GRANGE,
CHESTER, December 27th, 1908.

MY DEAREST PAPA,—This is to wish you a very happy New Year. I think we shall come to you on the 9th, and certainly on the 11th.

I have had three days' hunting last week with Percy and enjoyed them very much. But now it is snowing and blowing.

I will send you the Liverpool speech when I get it. They thought very little of Lloyd George's speech in Liverpool. One of the Liberal papers said that he was nervous and ill-at-ease.

I am taking no notice of his criticism until I speak again. Probably I shall reserve my answer to February 1st when I speak at Birkenhead next to Liverpool. At Edinburgh I must be more general and interest the undergraduates.

I have some other figures about capital going abroad. If you take the capital authorised and issued from January 1st to November 30th of this year, there was £80,000,000 British out of £230,000,000 in all. So that £150,000,000 went for purposes outside this country.

That is *new* capital raised.

The effect of selling British securities and buying Foreign ones is more indirect : but it also tends to diminish employment. For example, the continued sale of British Railway Stock depresses its value and, as a consequence, our Railways postpone work. We put off rebuilding stations, replacing rolling stock etc., because, with Stocks

¹ Lord Plymouth's son.

down we cannot borrow more money except for high interest, and sometimes cannot borrow it at all.—Your loving son,
 GEORGE.

704

To his Father

SAIGHTON GRANGE,
 CHESTER, January 16th, 1909.

MY DEAREST PAPA,—I enjoyed every minute of the celebrations at Clouds.¹ They were perfectly organized and delightful in every way. I am just in from a great hound run, parts of which were very good to ride; and all most interesting. We ran from Philo, at Oulton, to Crewe! That is a good nine mile point, over an arc, with turns, so that we covered a great track of country—Philo, Oulton Low, nearly to Darnhall, Church Monshall and on, and then South to Crewe. Shelagh, de Crespigny, Bertie Wilson and young Lord Stafford came from Eaton. I borrowed rugs and got the horses into a train at Crewe. Then we borrowed Lady Crewe's motor and went to Shelagh's, which was at Oulton, and so home.

We were all the time over a wild, wet country, with boggy take-offs and hairy fences, and never in a wood or bad country till we got into the outskirts of Crewe, the fox went round some houses and doubled back. Shelagh was so tired—and the horses, that we went straight to the station. The fox was only just in front of us the last four miles. All love to darling Mamma.—Your loving son,
 GEORGE.

705

To his Father

SAIGHTON GRANGE,
 CHESTER, February 5th, 1909.

MY DEAREST PAPA,—I was shocked by the sad death of Lady Florence Grant² and realised how deeply you would

¹ On the coming of age of his son.

² Lady Florence Grant was knocked down by a man on a bicycle on the hill near Shaftesbury.

feel it. I read Mamma's letter to Sibell to-night. It is sad to know that no one had the common sense to put Lady Florence at once in the best room of the Railway Hotel. But I doubt if this would have availed. Very few people recover from a fracture of the base of the skull. And I am certain that she felt nothing. After a wound to the brain, the sub-liminal consciousness takes command. People so wounded, talk and know the essentials of their identity and the locality of their home. But they feel nothing. This is true of concussion, and more true of fracture.

Sibell wants me to send you this letter from Bigland, our Candidate from Birkenhead. The meeting was a 'well saved' and because of that, encouraged me more than a success under good conditions. The strain was so great that I did not know what I was saying and, when I sat down, could not remember what I had said. But, curiously, the reports are very good; and the speech is to be printed in pamphlet form. I will send you one when they are out. I am afraid we shall not get a report of all that I said; for I spoke for one hour and twenty minutes. The best thing, at which I worked hardest, is not in any report I have seen. I shall do it again. It was a popular account of what happens when anybody invests, say, £4000 abroad. I shall keep that and do it, earlier, in one of my next speeches. I am speaking on the 27th of March at the 21st annual meeting of the Lancashire and Cheshire Working Men's Federation, at Wigan. I spoke 21 years ago at their first meeting. Last year Walter Long spoke at their 20th. The next week, on April 2nd, I collaborate with Austen Chamberlain, and Bonar Law, at the annual meeting of the Tariff Reform League. Hitherto it has always been held in London. This year they invade Yorkshire. A. Chamberlain speaks at Leeds, Bonar Law—I forget—and I at Huddersfield. Before these two I am to have one big meeting in London to myself. I am inundated with requests for speeches. But I mean, in future, only to take these big meetings, and build up a series of speeches which I shall publish in a

book. Four of them have been printed as pamphlets (including Birkenhead). After Wigan and Huddersfield, I shall have made six or seven with London; enough for a book. Then, next late summer, I shall make a tour in Scotland where, as Lord Rector of Edinburgh I get the Press.

This has been one of the most active weeks of my life. After Birkenhead I caught the 11.55 at Liverpool for London, and slept in the train. Next day, Tuesday, I did our Railway half yearly from 11 to 2; wrote a letter to the 'Standard' and another to the 'Morning Post.' They sent to ask me for a letter; because the London Press summary of my speech had a stupid abbreviation which was bound to mislead anyone. I despair of the Press. The London Papers to-day, for example, have columns about the Scotch Divorce Case; Mrs. Carrie Nation—an elderly American matron with a passion for 'smashing' advertisements and 'twaddle' by Bernard Shaw about pedantry by Mallock. Austen Chamberlain, I hear, spoke well last night at Shrewsbury for an hour to a great audience. The 'Times' gives him 18½ inches. The 'Standard,' nothing.

That being so, I shall continue to make speeches which are essays; and then, re-publish them. I came back here Tuesday. On Wednesday I sorted all my correspondence and walked ten miles. I was quite alone in the house, Sibell being at Madresfield.

And, to wind up the week, yesterday and to-day I did more hunting than usually goes to a fortnight, or even a month. Yesterday I rode in five runs and to-day in two. I had two horses each day. The first run began about 12 o'clock yesterday, the seventh finished at 3.30 to-day. So that, apart from incidental riding to and from the 'draws' I have ridden seven gallops in 27 hours. On a minimum estimate I make out that I have galloped and jumped forty miles:— $\overset{x}{9} + \overset{x}{3} + \overset{x}{5} + \overset{x}{3} + \overset{x}{9} + \overset{x}{7} + \overset{x}{4} = 40$. The ones I have marked x were all five excellent—just as fast as you can drive a horse; and all the seven over grass and

fences. We jumped all there is to jump. Yesterday we jumped the Tattenhall brook three times, and to-day the Cholmondeley drain twice. And these are our two big water leaps. I enjoyed it hugely ; but feel tired, and am going to bed. We killed three foxes. The horses are none the worse but tired too.—Your loving son,

GEORGE.

P.S.—One ought not to think about jumping when intent on the chase. But I was pleased when ‘Cardinal’ ‘looped’ me over quite a high flight of iron rails.

706

To his Mother

SAUGHTON GRANGE,
CHESTER, *February 13th, 1909.*

MOST DARLING MAMMA,—You will know from my two telegrams how sad we are. We had a little hope yesterday evening. But a little before six o'clock this morning dear Benny rang us up to say the little boy was unconscious.

I drove Sibell and Lettice over at once. Dr. Dobie whom I met at the door told me there was no hope and at 8.30 Lettice told me the little child was dying.

No one was aware really that he was ill till Monday when the Dobies (Chester doctors) advised an operation for appendicitis. Sir Alfred Fripp came Tuesday and said the operation must be performed on Wednesday.

This was done, revealing an abscess ; but successfully. But the little fellow suffered from continuous sickness. We were very anxious yesterday. Then he slept for four hours and our hopes rose. But now we have none.

Dear Shelagh talked of you and your love, and would I know, love a letter.

Will write by second post.—Your loving son,

GEORGE.

707

To his Mother

SAIGHTON GRANGE,
February 13th, 1909.

MOST DARLING MAMMA,—I have just sent you the third telegram. The little boy died quite peacefully at 11 o'clock. I had no hope after seven o'clock this morning.

He was staying here with us only the week before last ; full of love and fun. Little Ursula has been here since Wednesday and does not know or realise.

Beauchamp brought darling Lettice here last night. As I told you in my last letter we had hopes then, for he had slept from 3 to 7 o'clock. Bendor has been wonderfully brave. On Thursday night he took the chair at a meeting for a few minutes and explained why he had to leave it and go home.

Shelagh has been wonderful in the sick-room and Benny has buoyed her up between-whiles.

Everything that could be done to save him, was done. He suffered hardly at all : indeed, I think not at all. He was an extraordinarily brave little boy, never complaining and talking a little to his father and mother.

Sibell told me this morning that two days ago when they were only anxious Shelagh talked of you and wanted to hear from you.—Your most loving son,

GEORGE.

P.S.—5 p.m. Thanks for dear telegram. I walked with dear Benny to choose the little grave this afternoon. The funeral is at 12 o'clock on Monday. Sibell has told Ursula.

EATON, CHESTER,
February 14th, 1909.

MOST DARLING MAMMA,—Your letter—I am told—was a great help to dear Shelagh. I have not seen her. The terrible side of it strikes her. Benny is quite wonderful—just the simplest courage and great kindness.

Darling Cuckoo arrived about 7 o'clock last night.

After dinner S. S. Cuckoo, Lettice and I went over. S. S. had arrayed the little boy's coffin, under a white soft silk pall, in the chancel of the chapel here, with six silver candle-sticks, and lilies in silver vases, and boughs of blossoming trees around it.

We, with Benny, Colonel Lloyd and Cecil Parker, and no one else, went there, and S. S. read beautiful sentences out of her old books.

Then we all manœuvred to get Benny and Sibell a night's rest. They both slept. This morning Cuckoo and Lettice, went over to Ben and S. S. and I took little Ursula to Bruera Church, and went on to Eaton, and Ursula saw Shelagh.

I am now going to take a walk with Benny.

The local papers said that he and Shelagh were prostrate. That is not true. Benny—without a touch of bitterness or hardness or complaint—is as straight as a sword ; just a simple emblem of finely tempered courage. He is quite natural—himself only more so.—Your most loving son,

GEORGE.

708

To Charles T. Gatty

35 PARK LANE W.,
20.ii.09

MY DEAR CHARLES,—The play I was trying to recall is named 'The Return from Parnassus.' It was acted by the students of St. John's College, Cambridge. The date is uncertain. Arber argues for January of 1602.

What a strange thing memory is. In all the rush of the last 8 days I had forgotten what I was doing three weeks ago. But when you asked me the date of this play, I said 1602 ! though I have not thought of that for eleven years.

I do hope you will come to luncheon to-morrow, Sunday. You could glance at the passages about this and similar attacks.—Yours affectionately,

GEORGE WYNDHAM.

709

To his Mother

35 PARK LANE, W.,
February 20th, 1909.

MOST DARLING MAMMA,—It is long since Bun used to paste ‘Press-cuttings’ in a book, and long since I have read them.

But I send you these because I believe the debate which ended yesterday was historic.

It is sixty and odd years since Disraeli, bidding farewell to Protection, said ‘But the dark and inevitable hour will arrive. Then, when their spirit is softened by misfortune they will recur to those principles which made England great, and which, *in our belief*, alone can keep England great. Then too, perhaps, they may remember, but with kindness, those who, betrayed and deserted, were neither ashamed nor afraid to struggle for the good old cause . . . the cause of labour, the cause of the people, the cause of England.’

Yesterday, for the first time since then, an *effective* party, made an effective *fight*, for that cause.

I am glad that I led the attack yesterday.—Your loving son,
GEORGE.

P.S.—I led the attack yesterday. But Austen Chamberlain led it on Thursday and made a *very good* speech.

710

To his Father

35 PARK LANE, W.,
February 20th, 1909.

MY DEAREST PAPA,—I propose going to Charles at Petworth next Saturday, 27th. I may, possibly, run down on Thursday 25th, for a hunt Friday: but must dine with the Speaker, Friday night, 26th.

We had a capital debate on Tariff Reform; and the best of it all the time. People were pleased with my speech.

I spoke for one hour and six minutes. Austen Chamberlain made a good speech the first day.

Arthur was very good in his philosophic way. To win in the country it is necessary to attack more directly the position of the Free Traders and to state facts and figures, which other speakers can use. It is that which puts up a fight all along the line.

Unless that is done the untrue assertions that there is more unemployment and dearer living in protected countries impose upon the working-men.

Love to darling Mamma.—Your loving son,

GEORGE.

711

To his Father

NEWLANDS MANOR,
LYMINGTON, HANTS, *Monday, February 22, 1909.*

MY DEAREST PAPA,—I ran down here to-day to give dear Bendor some exercise. We took a long walk by the cliffs opposite the Needles and then had a gallop on the sands in which dear Shelagh joined. Our principal exercise consisted in making the horses go into the sea. They pretended to be frightened by the waves, but, in the end, enjoyed their bathing very much.

I just proposed myself and they jumped at it, I am staying the night and return early to-morrow for the Irish Amendment. Give my love to dear Pug [Pamela Preston].

My speech was a success. A good many people said it was the best I have made in this Parliament. I prepared it in the early hours, six to eight of Thursday, and seven to eight o'clock of Friday morning. All my day-time was full-up.

My chief interest—as I wrote to Mamma—was that this is the first time, since Peel broke the party, that ‘a party’ have acted together for safe-guarding British employment. The debate has an historic interest and, on our side, was worthy of the occasion. The Government defence was weak. Masterman missed the importance of

the occasion and lost the 'House' by feeble banter. Lloyd George deliberately shirked—speaking for only twenty minutes—and Churchill was merely smart. His admission that the Government might have to take some action in face of the proposed French Tariff gave offence to the 'out and outers' on his side; and with reason. For if once they admit that the Tariff reprisals may be less injurious than trusting to the 'Most Favoured Nation' clause, they are beaten.

Their men have been taught to assert the contrary with scornful confidence. They cannot change their tactics now without turning their forces into a mob.

There is an instructive letter on the French Tariff in to-day's 'Morning Post.'

It proves our contention that these Tariffs are designed to attract imports of mainly unmanufactured articles. In this case there is a high duty on wholly manufactured woollens, a low duty on woollen 'threads' and a rebate, of 60% even of that, on the export of the finished article. As I put it in a passage—not reported—the object and, in a large measure, the effect of these Tariffs is to change the contents of the currents in the vast streams of our Imports and Exports.

I hope this frost will go as I may get a day's hunting with Charles ¹ at Up Park on Friday—come back to dine with the Speaker—and return to Petworth Saturday. My horses go there Tuesday.—Your loving son,

GEORGE.

712

To his Mother

35 PARK LANE, W.,
Evening, March 31st, 1909.

MOST DARLING MAMMA,—I had a glimpse of dear Minnie to-day, looking her best. I only saw her for a few moments and must have seemed, as indeed I was, 'hardly all there.' I was just 'betwixt and between,' getting out of bed from

¹ Lord Leconfield.

chill and temperature and going down to the House to speak on dear old Irish Land Purchase. And what little else there is left of me—as a total personality—had sped away with S. S. by the 12.10 to see dear Katie and all of them, in the farm house at Woor with dear, beautiful Molly.¹ Now I have a gleam of hope for Molly. S. S. and I couldn't hope much this morning. That's why she went off to Crewe, to motor out to Katie at the farm. But when I got back here about 9 o'clock I found a good wire from S. S. 'Better account, hopeful, delighted with flowers.' I had sent a lot of flowers from I. Solomon's. I couldn't *do* anything, and there was *nothing* to be said. So I thought that a lot of lovely flowers by special express to the farm would be a little token of companionship and hope and Spring; just a signal that didn't want an answer. So I was glad to hear that she got them, and liked them. We've had many a good ride together since, long ago, we jumped the Saighton Drain side by side, when she was a little girl with her hair in a pig-tail, riding 'Oak-apple.'

I had that wire to-night, and your excellent wire about dear Papa yesterday, and a glimpse of Perf yesterday morning at 6 o'clock. He had come up overnight to ride a gallop at Kenley. I'd had a real old-fashioned feverish night—only 101—with a draft every three hours. And to hear the boisterous splashing in the bath at 6 a.m. and again, after the ride, at 10, 'bucked me up' and made me feel that we are all, really, eternally young and endowed with everlasting hope.

So I reversed the treatment from febrifuge to tonic; settled to speak to-day in the House; settled *not* to attempt Huddersfield on Friday; settled *not* to dream of Dreadnoughts and Tariff Reform, and Irish Land, and illness, and accidents, as one wonderful problem, of which I had once known the simple solution; unaccountably forgotten, and wearily pursued through a feverish night. All that broke and dissolved in the showers of Perf's splashing. And, since his bath, I had your excellent news of Papa and a glimpse of Minnie and the better news of Molly; and

¹ Lady Crichton.

have spoken for one hour and five minutes on Irish Land ; and *none the worse*.

Indeed all I have to do is to stick to my resolution *not* to try Huddersfield on Friday. Perhaps that would be tempting 'little gods' too far. The 'little gods' have been very busy with us lately. If we beat them back a bit by our eternal youth and everlasting hope : we must not therefore presume. We must be modest and mean and go to bed—as I do now.—Your most loving son,

GEORGE.

P.S.—All this is only about our own fears and hopes. The great fact of the last three days is that Arthur has been glorious. In his speeches—Monday, in the House ; Tuesday, to 10,000 in Agricultural Hall, Islington ; to-day in the Guildhall, he has captured the Empire for Naval supremacy and Tariff Reform ; and now holds those two issues, and all the true forces of the Empire in his hand. Tell this to Papa.

We have won the race. But the course is not finished. We have only to think now of 'staying the course.' So, I repeat, I *am* going to bed.

713

To his Mother

35 PARK LANE, W.,
Tuesday, April 27th, 1909.

MOST DARLING MAMMA,—I shall love to stay at '44' this summer to be with you and dear Papa. I shall not be living there till after Whitsuntide. But as I go out with Yeomanry on May 9th, it would simplify my arrangements if I can send my things to wait for me there, before that date.

I was 'shot at short notice' to be the 'Guest of the evening' of the Tariff Reform Committee in the House of Commons last night. There was a very full attendance. Edmund Talbot was in the chair. I spoke for thirty or forty minutes. Nobody knows which it was ! I am rarely other than displeased with my own speeches ; and

very rarely pleased. Last night was all right. When that happens it puts me in better heart.

And—in a quiet way—lots of people showed that they wanted to ‘say sorry.’ Some of the extreme Ulster-men attended. People do notice things. F. E. Smith spoke and said that no one had done such platform-work. He said one thing which I would only quote, quite privately, to you, but which—I own—did please me, and pleases me still :—‘For three years wherever the clouds were darkest, there you found Wyndham fighting.’ Well! well! But how silly that makes it all. But the point of the evening was that I converted a ‘sinner’; like a methodist at a revival. Sir Philip Magnus, who has been little better than a free-fooder, got up after my speech and ‘testified.’ He said I had convinced him and that, henceforward, he chucked Cobden and would go bald-headed for Tariff Reform.

To-morrow night I have to play on a ‘queer-pitch.’ I am the ‘Guest of the evening’ at the Militia Club with Lord Wemyss as the other and Duke of Bedford in the Chair. Whew! There could not be a more difficult moment or a more difficult audience, or a more difficult—and deaf—ally.

Very well. I really love ‘cramped odds.’ And these are so cramped and exorbitant, that preparation is out of the question. I mean to say just what I think; after due warning that, as things are, no sane man can do more than brood over the waters of chaos, like the Holy Ghost.
—Your most loving son, GEORGE.

714

To his Mother

35 PARK LANE, W.,
April 30th, 1909.

MOST DARLING MAMMA,—I send you back something that belongs to you. I made a good speech on Wednesday—no reporters—to the Militia Club with Bedford in the Chair. Yesterday, Thursday, I played Polo in the morning

at Wembley Park and enjoyed the game. My side won by seven to three. Guy, Minnie, and little George lunched, then I raced off to the Marjory Eden Wedding at 2 o'clock, and on to the Budget at 3.

The Budget—'O my eye' Banbury's description is the best:—'The maddest Budget ever introduced.' I hope dear Papa will not permit it to bother him. From a Tariff Reform point of view I am glad it is so mad; and will pay up cheerfully in the knowledge that it will make more converts to our cause than any number of speeches.—Your most loving son,

GEORGE.

715

To his Father

35 PARK LANE, W.,
May 13th, 1909.

MY DEAREST PAPA,—I was delighted to hear from you. Times are pretty bad, but there will soon be a reaction.

I came up from our camp on Salisbury Plain to put in two fights on the Budget, and return this afternoon.

Harold Cox made a brilliant speech yesterday. I will send it to you. The Government meant to force through the Income Tax resolution last night. But we frightened them to bed soon after 12.30. We expected an all-night sitting.

The Yeomanry have turned out in great strength. Our old Brigade, Cheshire under Arthur Grosvenor, Shropshire under Lord Kenyon, Denbighshire under Parry, and a battery of Artillery is encamped at the far end of Salisbury Plain between Ell Barrow and Urchfont Clump. I shall motor over to see you some afternoon soon.

It is very cold at night, but glorious in the morning. The Downs are covered with cowslips. Each of the three regiments is between 430 and 450 in strength—a big Brigade. It is a fine performance of these farmers to have left their work and travelled all night with the horses in cattle trucks.

I set a tactical scheme for two squadrons of Cheshire

against two squadrons of Shropshire which was to be fought to-day. I shall be interested to know what has happened.

Love to darling Mamma.—Your loving son, GEORGE.

716

To his Mother

THE BELL INN,
WYLYE, SO. WILTS,
May 16th, 1909, 10.30 p.m.

MOST DARLING MAMMA,—My little adventure is not yet over, but, so far, I have enjoyed it, every minute. What with my having to master the mysteries of a free-wheel and our both having to walk up the hills, it became apparent to me that I was delaying Fletcher, and not improbable that I should not stay the whole course. So, when we came to face the long climb up to Great Ridge from the old house at the far end of Chicklade Bottom, we made another plan. By ‘facing the climb,’ I mean seeing what it was going to be like from the high ground beyond Hindon. Seeing that, we decided that he should push on to the Camp and send a motor back. By that time we reckoned that young Mallet had not succeeded in getting Jack Bennett’s motor, or the other visionary one in Shaftesbury. And this, indeed, is now confirmed; for it is past 10.30.

I, for my part, undertook to get to Wylye and wait near the Church. The motor from the camp (when it comes) is to blow its horn. I gave him the map and matches and off he went, like an arrow down the steep hill to the old house at the far end of Chicklade Bottom. After sweeping down I could see him, in the failing light, walking up the long hill to Stockton Wood.

By then, I had so far mastered the art of free-wheeling, that I got the whole way down that hill without dismounting or being run away with. Then I walked up the long pull to Stockton Wood, sweating at every pore.

I remounted and shot through the gloom of Stockton Wood. Having experienced some difficulty in catching the pedal, when it was too dark to see it; and bethinking

me that discretion was the better part of valour, I dismounted before the very steep part of the descent into the Wylve valley. But I ran most of the way down. As I came to the Railway Bridge over the Salisbury to Bath line, I met a youth and asked if there was any inn near the Church. He recommended the Bell Inn, and here I am.

I got here at 9.20 and explained my plight to the Landlord. He was very sympathetic. I blessed the House of Lords for throwing out the Licensing Bill, and considered in how much deeper a hole I should have been had they passed it.

The Inn was full of good fellows and village matrons, 'burring' away in broad Wiltshire; all quite sober, civil, kindly and companionable.

But mine host impressed by the advent of a real 'Bona fide' traveller and detecting my foreign accent, showed me into a little parlour like a ship's cabin. The walls are enlivened by the old coloured prints of the 'First Steeple Chase on record'; the one in which officers ride by moonlight in their night-shirts—a congenial theme, and opposite me hangs an old coloured print of Wellington and Nelson.

He prepared me a supper of fried eggs, broiled slabs of uncured ham, bread, cheese and beer. This was English and quite wonderfully good.

It made me feel what a good country England has been, and might be, but for the absurd people who have never lived in the country.

The clock is now striking eleven—rather fast—I make it six minutes to eleven.

I calculate that Fletcher cannot get to camp before eleven. I hope he is getting there now. If so I may be relieved at midnight. 'But then, again, No.' The chauffeurs may be in Lavington. They may miss their way. But Fletcher will 'get' somehow and then, they will know where I am. At worst I shall sleep on the horse-hair sofa and push on at dawn.

It takes many off-chances, coming off with a vengeance, to get benighted in England in the xxth century, even on

Salisbury Plain. But this was once a common experience. It is by no means an unpleasant one.

I have six illustrated volumes of the 'Russian War' with steel engravings of Canrobert, Raglan, Lord Cardigan; the battle of Inkerman, the charge of the Light Brigade. It is prefaced with a synopsis of Russian history, which I have read. I have also read a capital old guide book to Stonehenge, published in 1802.

On the title page are four lines from the prize essay of T. S. Salmon. They are very good of their kind.

'Wrapt in the veil of Time's unbroken gloom,
Obscure as death, and silent as the tomb;
Where cold oblivion holds her dusty reign
Frowns her dark pile on Sarum's lonely plain.'

This invaluable work contains the 'Various Conjectures' of

| | |
|----------------------|----------|
| Geoffrey of Monmouth | Aubrey |
| Giraldus Cambrensis | Sammes |
| Camden | Speed |
| Jones | Stukeley |
| Charlton | Wood |
| <hr/> | |
| Smith | Britton |
| Wansey | Browne |
| Maton | Weaver |
| King | Duke |
| Hoare | Thurnham |

You read them all and take your choice. I have read them all.

Browne takes my fancy. He sees in Stonehenge an 'Antediluvian Creation,' and traces the exact manner in which the Flood swept up to the Stones and by guttering through them made certain little channels in the ground between them.

The next man on the list, Weaver, was a poor sceptic. He thought these slight depressions were made by all the people who had walked and ridden between them for so

many years. I shall finish this when (?) I hear the horn, or before starting on my bicycle at Daybreak . . .

One a.m. ! has just struck, I have been half asleep on the sofa. Shall now go quite asleep in a bed if I can get one and bicycle on at Dawn.—Your loving son,

GEORGE.

717

To his Father

44 BELGRAVE SQUARE, S.W.,
May 27th, 1909.

MY DEAREST PAPA,—We are just off to Paris. I am scribbling this in a hurry to tell you that I have heard glowing accounts of Percy's soldiering. (1) On Monday I sat next Lady Halifax at Lettice's dinner-party. Lady H. is related to Sutton, 2nd in command of Perks' battalion. Sutton had told her that Percy was much the best of all the young officers. (2) On Tuesday, at the 'Nulli' Dinner, Arthur Henniker who commands the 1st Brigade, in the Aldershot Division, with Percy's battalion in it, began talking of him to me. Said he was a very good soldier, that he had employed him as acting Brigade Major ! on some field-days ; that he wanted him to 'gallop' for him, *i.e.* be A.D.C., only the present A.D.C. was staying on ; and that Percy ought to try for the adjutancy and would make a good one. (3) Colonel 'Billy' Lambton, Percy's C.O. also began the same conversation, wanted him to be adjutant, and would help to 'push' him for A.D.C. All this made me very happy.

'Billy' Lambton seemed to think that I should want to take Percy out of the Brigade. I told him that, whilst Percy was free to carve out his own career, I, personally should much prefer him to stick to the Army and should advise him not to enter politics.

If they do put him on the staff of the Brigade, whilst at Aldershot, he will get an early insight into the interest of soldiering and so not be 'choked off' by the ten or twelve years of regimental routine and guard mounting.

I should love to see him galloping on manœuvres. They all say he has a true gift for soldiering. If that is so, and he leaves the Army young, he will regret it, no matter how successful he may be at anything else.

Love to darling Mamma.—Your loving son,

GEORGE.

P.S.—Nelly's¹ Ball was a triumphant success. I brought on Arthur Balfour from the House, and took Lady Salisbury to supper. Chang and Manenai played up and 'all was gas and gaiters.'

718

To his Mother

44 BELGRAVE SQUARE, S.W.,
June 8th, 1909.

MOST DARLING MAMMA,—I have booked 24th for your dear birthday and shall look forward to it. We had a great time in France—Chartres, Fontainebleau, Meudon, St. Germain, Méridon, and all the galleries and museums. I enjoyed it very much and feel very well.

Tuesday at Fontainebleau was one of the most beautiful days I remember. The sun was hot and had exhaled all the resin from miles of firs and all the oxygen from billions of leaves, and all the scents of moss and heather, and a light evening breeze blew all that incense through the cool caverns under beech-trees one hundred feet high.

In the Cluny Museum I saw a treasure after our own hearts,—three crowns of Gothic Kings offered at Toledo in about 670 A.D. and dug up not many years ago. This, again, shews that legends and Poets are always in advance of discovery. For all the business of the Romance of old Spain was written long before the archæologist unearthed the crowns. Hanging from the lower rim of the largest is a fringe of Gothic letters, each suspended by a separate chain. They say in Latin that RECCESWINTHOS (Recceswinthus) offered his crown to the

¹ Mrs. Grahame Stewart.

Lord. I used to love the rugged end of their names, especially the Princess Amala-swinthus, which worked in the God-descended Amals, whom Kipling introduces in 'Pook's Hill.' And now I have seen their crowns. In the Louvre, I was disgusted to see the sword of Charlemagne which you shewed me when I was ten years old, re-labelled XIIth Century. Pooh!—Your most loving son,
 GEORGE.

719

To his Cousin, Gerald Campbell

35 PARK LANE, W.,
 Friday, 29 July '09

MY DEAR GERALD,—Many thanks for the book.¹ I shall read it with deep interest.

But, now, about a few pp. of introduction. It depends on time. When must you have them? I *must* finish the Session before I give a thought to anything else, say to 17 August. Then I *must* rest for a fortnight, so that I could not write, and revise, before September 20th or so at earliest.

If I wrote, it would be to say that all of us—first cousins—have owed to our mother or father, as the case may be, a love of beauty and fun, a quick, almost eager interest in Nature, an alertness and sense of humour, etc., which goes back—undoubtedly—to Grandmamma, to whom our parents owed it in turn. Then I could put in anything we have—and my visit with my mother to Athlone. Then—with some traditions—the little French nursery songs, a presumption that Grandmamma, who lived with Pamela, imbibed it from her, and so by a slenderer hypothesis to Madame de Genlis; with her love of nature, water-colours, books for children and general Rousseauism.

To sum up a tradition, handed on as traditions mainly are by mothers.—Your affectionate cousin,

GEORGE WYNDHAM.

¹ 'Edward and Pamela Fitzgerald,' by Gerald Campbell.

720

To his Mother

ST. FAGAN'S CASTLE,
CARDIFF, 17th August 1909.

MOST DARLING MAMMA,—It is splendid to hear such good accounts of dear Papa after his journey. I am taking my week's holiday, prescribed by A. J. B. and am out all day ; riding with Phyllis before breakfast and playing good lawn-tennis with Plymouth and the two boys.

My speech was a success at Plymouth—‘the town Plymouth.’ I will send you the ‘Western Morning News’—I think it is called—which has a long, but not very good report and a leading article. I spoke for one hour and seven minutes.

Now I am just filling myself with air and reading Chaucer and Pickwick. We are in for a very long fight of two or three years in Politics. ‘And whether it is worth taking so much trouble to learn so little as the charity boy said of the Alphabet’ I do not know. But it must be done, and done well. And there is no need to trouble further than to see that it is done well, and stuck.

I shall run down to Clouds often in the Autumn. Give all my love to dearest Papa.—Your most loving son,
GEORGE.

721

To his Father

35 PARK LANE, W.,
August 26th, 1909.

MY DEAREST PAPA,—I was just on the point of proposing myself to Clouds from Monday next 30th to Wednesday morning. I had not realised that Wednesday was St. Partridge's day. But the temptation, now that I am aware of it, is irresistible. It would be pedantry to return in the morning. If we could begin to shoot fairly early, say about 10.30. I would catch an afternoon train and

go straight to the House from Waterloo in plenty of time for an all-night sitting.

I am 'holding the fort' all this week over the Irish Land Bill with a little army of thirty! to support me, whilst the others, Arthur, A. Chamberlain, Prettyman, Lyttelton etc. are resting and refreshing themselves. So I shall make no scruple if I can get to the House before dinner on Wednesday.

Love to darling Mamma.—Your loving son,

GEORGE.

P.S.—The Budget does not come on before Wednesday. On Monday and Tuesday we have 'Town Planning' of which I know nothing.

722

To his Sister, Madeline

CLOUDS,

SALISBURY, 31st August '09.

MOST DARLING MANENAI,—I loved your dear letter which reached me here this morning. I am glad that you love me. It is a great rest to feel love going on, when one has so much dull work to do.

I spent Sunday at St. Giles with Cuckoo: such a funny mixture—and delightful—of people: Wilfrid Blunt, Poet; George Milner, Cavalry Colonel; Boissier, in Navy; a Chaplain who is a mystic; Lilah Ormonde, and Froudy! The children are very dear, and there are many dogs and a cat. I rode before breakfast yesterday, then walked for two hours with Aileen—now Lady Ardee—Dunraven's daughter. Then we dragged a pool and took out 61 trout and put them in the lake. Then after infinite delays, Cuckoo, Tony, the little boy and girl and I started to ride at $\frac{1}{4}$ to 5, instead of 4. Then we waited for the children at Hurley Gap, and said good-bye; then Cuckoo's hat wouldn't work in the wind, and had to be taken off; then we lost the track and had to jump; then Cuckoo dropped her pearl-headed hatpin; then long good-byes at the crest of the Downs; so that it was 20 to 8 before I arrived!

I am much interested in your Ramsgate house and shall try to get there.

All love to you, darling.—Your devoted brother,
GEORGE.

P.S.—Papa is MUCH better.

723

Extract from a letter to his Wife

STANWAY,

WINCHCOMBE, September 23rd, 1909.

It has, of course, been impossible for me to write during manœuvres. But I got your letters. I never have had so much joy and interest and pleasure. To you I can say that the great point for me was to be in Percy's life for four days. I wish I could explain. But it almost frightens me to write even to you of my supreme joy in seeing him realise and eclipse all my own dreams when I was his age. It seems silly, and is silly, to write or speak about anything of one's own that is obviously all one could wish and far beyond one's wildest hopes.

So,—just to indicate—The 1st Brigade of the 1st.—Aldershot—Division is the flower of our Army. Arthur Henniker—in the Coldstream with me—commands it. The Brigade has four battalions—Coldstream, Grenadiers, West York, and S. Wales Borderers. Billy Lambton commands my old Coldstream battalion and that is, by universal consent, the best of the four battalions, in the best Brigade.

But, besides the four battalions, there are three batteries of Artillery ; two companies of Mounted Infantry ; scouts ; transport of 1st and 2nd line. Now Percy knows and is loved and trusted by everyone from the Brigadier, Brigade Major, four Battalion Commanders, down to the Mounted Infantry and the men who drive the Transport waggons. He is the winged mercury of the whole show. The Brigade Major, Gathorne Hardy—said by all to be the best young Staff Officer—volunteered to me on the first day that Percy was the best Aide-de-Camp he had

ever known. And I saw it all. He is as quick as lightning and quite calm always. Understands in a moment, is off like a flash, explains quietly, and makes everyone understand from Colonels down to Transport drivers. And also arranged and ran all our messing. He never tires and after all the marching and fighting, waits at table, like the Squire in Chaucer, on the officers attached to the Head Quarter Staff; and cracks his little jokes, and leaves his food to look after the last waggon. And comes back all smiles to eat the last bit of cold meat and sleep in his boots and spurs.

They all love him. And all the swells only want him to go on, and up. And no one is jealous of him. He looks the part, too. On Tuesday—our hardest day—he rode both his horses to a stand and then got on mine, Cardinal, and flashed all over the country, jumping brooks and rails to extricate our two Brigades, that were out-numbered and crumpled up. That was a grand day. I went into the attack with my old battalion, and before I knew where I was—there I found myself—‘in the old prank’—I rode out and spotted a flank attack and got two companies and the maxim on it. When—owing to the 2nd brigade wavering, the 1st was left, I admired Billy Lambton’s coolness and skill. But we were out-numbered by 3 to 1. We were crushed back into a village called Deanfield. We scraped up three companies of Grenadiers and shoved them in at the critical moment. But we were almost surrounded. Billy asked me to get a message to Sutton who had four companies further back. I nearly got shot by one of our own guns! Such was the pandemonium. But I got back, dismounted of course, borrowed a bicycle for some way, and then by running and boring through the fences, got the message through. We got three battalions out of the four into a splendid second position and staved off the disaster, and thus by ‘Containing’—as the experts say—the superior force against us, prevented the enemy from getting back across the Isis in time. So our left division—the other three Brigades—carried Farringdon.

But all this is gibberish unless I explained the whole of the strategy and tactics—which is out of the question.

Taking it by the days, I left here at three o'clock on Sunday with Billy Lambton and Percy. We joined the 1st brigade at the outskirts of Cheltenham. We were to march at 4 a.m. So we packed everything and slept on the ground. We got up at three, breakfasted at 3-15, marshalled the column, with advance, flank, and rear guards and stepped out as the clocks of Cheltenham struck 4. We had a long anxious flank march. But, thanks to the splendid work of the Household Cavalry Brigade we did our 28 miles—far more for the flank-guard and others who had to go back with guns to repel attacks on our rear. Yet, when we halted at dusk, the men swung in singing. The marching of the Infantry has been the chief feature. Everyone and especially the French officers talk of nothing else.

Just as we had settled to cold pies and dinner for the men there was a slight night attack. But it came to nothing. We slept in a lovely orchard. I lay on the ground next Perf and watched the stars and slept and woke feeling twenty years younger. Then, Tuesday, came our hard fight all day and retirement—whilst our 2nd division carried Faringdon on the other side of the river.

On the third day—as our Brigade was in reserve—I put on a 'neutral' badge—and rode all over the battle field with Ivor Maxie who was umpiring. It was most interesting. The battle-front was only four miles long. On Tuesday, the battle was ten miles long. I rode everywhere, and had interesting conversations with Duke of Connaught, Lord Roberts, and Repington, the 'Times' correspondent. At the end I went back to see my brigade deliver the final attack. It was superb.

But to cut a long story short, the moral of it all was put as only the French can put things, by a French General, at Dinner with our Divisional General Grierson. (I ought to say that the last attack was by three Brigades of which ours was one—though the best.)

The French General said, 'Your attack was excellent, like this glass of port (holding it up in his hand)—it only wants *refilling*. What is one glass of port? You want three or four.'

The keen interest of the French officers in our capacity is a significant symptom. They all believe that Germany will attack us within three years.

And now Good-night. I have forgotten all about Politics and shall resume them with a fresh mind and exuberant vitality.

This is a ridiculous letter. For it is impossible to explain my pleasure without inflicting a lecture on strategy and tactics etc., etc. And besides, all that—there were the dawns and sunsets, the lovely English land, the old churches, the hedge-row elms, the stubble fields, Kelmscote, the country-folk—and through all that mellow peace—the humming maze of men, and horses, and bicycles, and guns and field-telegraphs and heliographs and signalling, and the healthy scent of sweat and energy directed by cool intellect.

724

To Philip Hanson

35 PARK LANE, W.,
30.xi.09.

MY DEAR P. H.,—If you were here you would send me to bed. As you are not here I shall 'compromise' with a line, to say that you must come to Saughton before Christmas. I should like to sit up and write fully on the problems you unfold. But I mustn't to-night, *i.e.* the Resolution.

I was deeply grieved for Lady Thomson and am going to write to her myself; but not until the rush is over. That is not because I flinch from writing such letters. I have been very close to great sorrow during the last year. It is because it is not natural to say these things at all, unless one can give oneself for an hour to the friend who has suffered. Just now I am 'in the "whirl"' but not of it.'

I made a good speech for Professor Hewins near Bradford on the 18th; a speech which disappointed me, rather badly, for Mark Sykes, on the 20th; a good speech—but not quite the focus—at Leith on Friday 26th. Then I thought I was bowled out. I woke at 4 a.m. with a raging feverish cold. But I had to start again to get South for a speech at Cheltenham yesterday, 29th. And just for once again—I suppose because I was too seedy to worry—I did the trick. Last night I made one of the five speeches of my life. I think it was as good as the one I made at Cardiff on ‘the just and necessary war’ which you liked in 1900. Why I can only do this when I am ill, I do not know. But although I have still a heavy catarrh and have to speak to-morrow and Friday and Tuesday next—it has bucked me up.

After Driffeld on the 20th I honestly felt in my heart that this platform business was *not* my game. After last night I feel—as honestly—that if it comes to me, like that, once in fifty times, I still ought to go on.

I was so interested in the psychology of the event, that, before I went to sleep, I counted up my speeches this year. I found that apart from the House, and even such affairs as six nights running (a whole week) of occasional speeches at Dover, I had made 21 speeches in the country since 1st February. Now why, my dear P. H., should the 21st be so much better than all the other 20? Was it the cold in my head? Was it that the architecture of the Town Hall was good and the lighting perfect? Was it that I had a simple structure which embraced and defined the whole situation? Or was it a resultant from all these? Or was it just the luck of the Devil?

I do not know and I do not care. But the happy chance has braced me.

I should like to enter into some questions on Lloyd George’s Estimates.

(i) ‘Is it a trick?’ I think so, or, rather, I believe that Lloyd George does not know, and will not learn, what his experts could tell him.

(ii) Have I a good answer? See my letter to 'Times' of 26th.

I cannot accuse him of cheating if he says—as he does—that the paper of 22 October and the paper of November 5 deal with separate matters. I can only say—as I have—that no distinction is drawn, and note—as I have for the next round—that he has made an egregious blunder over 'Stamps.' I am reserving this for his reply. But he has not replied.

(iii) Was I mistaken? I think not.

What I *believe* to have happened is this :—Lloyd George begged his experts to show *increases* in future years from (a) Land Value Duties, (b) Excise. They refused. But they made the most of everything on October 22.

On November 5 they gave a sober 'official' estimate.

I *believe*, further, that there would be—apart from action of the Lords—a *bad* realised deficit next March of from £3,000,000 to £6,000,000, and perhaps more.

I *believe* that the policy of the Government is dictated by the desire to attribute this deficit to the action of the Lords instead of to the financial rottenness of the Budget.

These are mere amateur speculations. But they are not shots in the dark.

Some things are ascertained or certain, *e.g.*

(a) *Death Duties*. Charles Morrison cannot die twice in one year.

(b) *Stamps*. Lloyd George is *wrong* in saying that the existing duties give an increase of £450,000. They give an increase of £250,000. (*N.B.*—That is held in reserve.)

(c) *Income Tax* yielded $\frac{3}{4}$ of a £ million less in first 6 months of this year; in spite of extra 2d. The bulk, no doubt, comes in at the end of the Financial year. But the 2d. has been taken off all dividend warrants and the causes which effect the decrease are operating more widely as time goes on.

(d) Much less tobacco is being smoked.

Yet he hopes and declares quâ (c) and (d) that there will be no decrease below estimates on *Income Tax* or *Tobacco*.

He has only 'owned up' to £1,300,000 on spirits, because that enabled him to gush about Temperance.

Celtic Electioneering is his game.

Meanwhile much else is happening. The odds against our winning were 10 to 1 two months ago. They are now even money in the City. As a result people are importing for all they are worth to anticipate the Tariff. That is a hard nut for us to crack.

In conclusion, I expect that Asquith's Constitutional Agitation, to begin on Thursday, will be lost in (1st) the right of the Electorate to choose between the Budget and Tariff Reform before being committed to either, and (2) *practical* concern over (a) realised deficit; (b) collapse of Income Tax, and further collapse of Excise; (c) further flight of Capital; (d) the next Naval panic; (e) dislocation of pure Finance (private, not Exchequer); (f) *huge* Imports creating more unemployment.

Last Word—on (f) there is a point, viz.: as things are many who receive imports state the value at *far* below the real cost.

It is not an exaggeration to say that the atrocities of modern architecture are due to importing all our stone 'decoration' from abroad at less than $\frac{1}{3}$ of its cost by the humblest monumental mason.

Nor is it an exaggeration to say that the cost— $\frac{1}{3}$ of our lowest cost of production—is habitually under-stated at the Customs.

But enough, enough, and more than enough.

The Constitutional question pales before the realities. Either Government will have a bad time next year.—
Yours ever,

G. W.

725

To Philip Hanson

35 PARK LANE, W.,
6.xii.09.

MY DEAR P. H.,—Do make a point of coming on the 18th—or 17th if you can. I fear I shall have to go to

Dover on the 20th. But, if you come before then, we could travel up together.

I said in Yorkshire that there would be a deficit of £6,000,000. I am, therefore, interested to see that the 'Financial Times' of 3rd inst. says ditto, and even speaks of £7,000,000.

I had a good meeting at the Opera House, Tunbridge Wells, on Friday, with an overflow of 900 in the Great Hall. Lloyd George and Winston have—I believe—manœuvred for position. But, so far, we are going strong. The public sees the manœuvring and is suspicious of those two gentlemen.

The only sensible plan I have ever seen for reforming the House of Lords is, I fear, outside the range of our old friend, practical Politics. It comes from Horatio Bottomley! He suggests that the H. of C. and H. of L. should each elect one half of the Second Chamber for the duration of a Parliament.

The root of the matter is that no Second Chamber, however composed, would pass the kind of Bill that a modern Liberal Government brings in, *i.e.* a Bill to please one relatively small minority—*e.g.* Licensing Bill, which is passed through the H. of C. by other log-rolling minorities expectant of their turn. If the Liberal Party cannot exist without that, then either there can be no Liberal Party, or no Second Chamber; and if the Liberal Party drive the country into that choice, the country will—I think—prefer a Second Chamber to the Liberal Party. That is a matter of opinion. I am not certain and no one can be. But that—for what it is worth—is my view; and the view of some Liberals.—Yours ever, G. W.

726

To his Father

SAIGHTON GRANGE,
CHESTER, December 11th, 1909.

MY DEAREST PAPA,—It is long since I have written to you, because I have been in the thick of the fight for a

good while. Besides ten nights at Dover, I have spoken to big audiences at Idle (for Professor Henins) and Driffield in Yorkshire, at Leith (which means Edinburgh), Cheltenham, Tunbridge Wells, Constitutional Club, London, on Tuesday, and to a Cheshire Conference on Wednesday.

We are doing well. I do not quite like Arthur's Manifesto to-day. I can explain what I mean by one example. He says, 'If we win, we shall do a great deal. If we fail (but I do not think we shall fail) the loss will be appalling.' That is not a *verbatim* quotation. But it is the order in which he states that part of his Manifesto, parenthesis and all. We, who know him, realise that he has gone a long way to promise victory and rich fruits of victory. But those who do not know him cannot imagine that a General, saying 'once more into the breach, dear Friends, once more,' would put it in that way. They all, anybody but Arthur, would turn the phrases about. Anyone else in his position would say, 'If we fail, the loss is irreparable. But, as we are going to win, let me point out how great the reward of victory will be.'

I am surprised at the progress we have made in the last eight weeks. I cannot get excited over it, because I am working so hard, like a man rowing in an eight-oar, or riding a pulling horse in a steeple-chase. I am too intent to fret over victory or defeat. But, for all that, I feel the growing enthusiasm round me.

I hardly like to tell you that we have a chance of winning. I will only say that, if we don't win this time, we shall knock them out within two years. But many steady-going people now think we may win. If we do, the greatest joy of it all to me—far the greatest joy of it—will be that you will have seen your own wisdom justified, and that you will receive the amends of a life spent in waiting. If we win I shall insist on a public recognition of the veterans of 'Fair Trade.' I have always remembered what you said at '44'¹ soon after Joe's first speech, six years ago, in 1903. You have not been able to follow my adaptations to Arthur's sinuous leading. But now all is

¹ 44 Belgrave Square.

plain. The battle is pitched. We have won the South, and the Midlands. We are going to win a little more than we hoped in Scotland, Northumberland and Durham.

The belt of territory in which the difference between Victory and Defeat will be decided is Lancashire and Cheshire on the West, and Yorkshire on the East. That is Sarah Battle's green board, and I'm not 'unbending' over it.

After my speech at the Constitutional Club on Tuesday I came here, and on Wednesday gave a dinner at 7.30 to those who count in these parts. I 'wound them up' and we are going to have a big campaign, first at Chester, and then on the Cheshire fringe of Lancashire. I speak at Wolverhampton on Wednesday, 15th.

Love to darling Mamma.—Your devoted son,

GEORGE.

P.S.—Garvin—who writes in 'The Observer'—was next me when I spoke at the Constitutional Club. He said that he had heard nothing like it since Joe at Newport five years ago. Everybody is angry with the Press for reporting Winston Churchill at length and boycotting us. It does not matter. We are getting the people on our side.

727

To his Sister, Pamela

SAUGHTON GRANGE,
CHESTER, 13th December 1909.

MOST DARLING PAMELA,¹—I was thinking of you vividly yesterday and to-day. So I was not surprised to find a letter to-night, mysteriously, at 10.30 p.m., and apart from known deliveries of the Post-Master General. Certainly there was no letter at 8 p.m., for I had cleared the decks of all correspondence, before going into action on a big speech to-morrow. I felt vividly that I had not

¹ This letter is in answer to one from his sister in which she told him that her little boy had expressed a wish that Death should not be called 'Death'; he said he would not mind it so much if it were called 'Hig.'

touched you for long. And that, of course, was you touching me.

It *is* called Hig. And, let me add, with people like David and me, never talk of the 'Grave.' We say 'Poobles.' In the Hymnal we shall edit, you will read

O Hig, where is thy sting?
Where 's Poobles' victory?

We know Hig and Poobles, and don't worry over them.

I dislike Joseph. I hate the name and I hate the thing, as Mr. Gladstone used to say of Coercion. The name has in these days been redeemed by the purpose and tragedy of Chamberlain's life and, more so, by the dim public recognition of both. But the original Joseph is tiresome with his coat of many colours, and tin cup in the corn sacks, and—as I think—congenital hesitation over all problems, including 'la pauvre Madame Potiphar.' He was a smug fellow.

But when David comes 'to wearing your soul instead of your body,' he dives deep with his little fingers into green wounds. It is the frayed souls for whom forgiveness is begged by Christ. The spotted souls are admitted into Heaven as curiosities, like cameleopards. But the frayed souls are treasured there, like the sere manuscripts of Poets, and dinted armour, and old gold rings worn to a thread in the sacraments of private tragedies and signet messages that spelt the life and death of nations.

And now for my dear little Clare. I long to see her. Let her stop here 18th to 20th. I must to Dover on the 20th. But that Saturday to Monday she would find here Sibell, Perf, self, Mahaffy and Hanson. We should be talking about Greek Influence and Hunting. It is my only lull in this whirlpool of Politics. Perhaps—in spite of all you say—she might return to hunt herself when the battle is over in the last week of January or first week of February. But she would like that Sunday of books, and horses to feed (8 lovely hunters) and dear dogs. Mahaffy's last book on Greek Influence is by far the best thing he has done and a good book for Clare—or you—or me—to

read. It is so good and cool! Just a perfect pool to bathe in, with none of the mud of forest pools and none of the clamour of the ocean. It has only the seclusion of woodland haunts and the salt freshness of the main. So send little Clare here on Saturday. Even if I have to work many hours, she will grasp the place and come back to read and hunt and be a little dear one in my life. I have a gap for her to fill. I have been speaking a great deal and have to speak very often. But to-day I had two hunts of 1 hour and 1½ hours with Bendor and Perf. I loved it. I sweated through everything and forgot Tariff Reform, and my flesh was made new like the flesh of a little child.—Your devoted brother, GEORGE.

728

To his Mother and Father

SAIGHTON, *December 23rd, 1909.*

MOST DARLING MAMMA, AND DEAREST PAPA,—I must send you one line of love to wish you both a Merry Christmas and happy New Year.

I have been working hard on the Platform in this fight; and must go on till the end.

But at the back of my head and in all my heart I am always thinking of you.

The Latin Epilogue of the Westminster Play in to-day's 'Times' pleased me. As I told Chang—in my letter to her—I was gratified in a vain way by finding my tag about the Dreadnoughts.

'We want eight and we won't wait' in that Burlesque epitome of the year; as thus:—

'nos poscimus octo naves, nec mora sit'

'We demand eight ships, and let there be no delay.'

But the last couplet might well be inscribed or carved in the Hall of Clouds, with the date Xmas, 1909. I write it longways on the next page, with a free rendering.

XMAS 1909

Interea, quicquid mutato erit ordine rerum

Mutatum, nobis floreat alma domus.

Meanwhile, whate'er of change shall be in all established things

For us may our dear family renew eternal springs.

Your most loving and devoted son, GEORGE.

P.S.—Or would you prefer in the second line :

‘ May this dear house revive for us perpetual flourishings ! ’

729

To his Mother

SAUGHTON GRANGE,
CHESTER, Christmas, 1909.

MOST DARLING MAMMA,—I am so delighted to hear that dearest Papa is better. And I am amused by your letter asking for tips on a Hunt Breakfast. The Christmas sideboard, somewhat fortified, as for example cold Turkey, a Ham, a large game, or meat, pie, and developed into sandwiches and cake, with drinks, Port and Cherry Brandy, is all and more than enough. Some of the farmers are hungry and, if they come from far, return for a back-hander at luncheon about 2.30 if there has been sport in the morning which brings the hounds back to Clouds. Percy is taking two beautiful horses, ‘C. B.’ and ‘Admiration,’ the pride of his stud. I wish I could come, but it is not possible. On Tuesday 28th I am the speaker at a big Demonstration in the Skating-Rink at Chester with Benny in the Chair ; and on Thursday again at Hale, in the Altrincham Division, near the boundary of Cheshire and Lancashire. The belt across England of Lancashire and Cheshire on the West, and Yorks on the East, is the debatable land where Victory or Defeat will be decided. We shall win in London and the South, ‘it is here that the battle is fought.’ And, more by token, if I was not speaking in Cheshire I should be speaking somewhere else.

Now that my troubles are over I will tell you what a funny Christmas day I have had. At 9.30 I started in a taxi to Chester and had a big molar tooth with three fangs hauled out under laughing gas. After that I slept most of the morning, ate as I have not eaten for a week and slept the whole afternoon. The relief is beyond words. There was a chronic abscess at the roots of the fangs and I have not slept or eaten for pain since last Sunday. I travelled with that to Dover last Monday, spoke one hour and twenty minutes, made two speeches Tuesday and two Wednesday, travelled back Thursday, went to Dentist three times at Dover, once in London on way back and again yesterday at Chester. They would not pull it out. The modern Dentist, thinking of his professional pride and his pocket, never will pull out a tooth. But yesterday evening I struck and insisted on the thing being done at 10 o'clock this morning. If there had been a free fortnight I might have stuck to it longer. But with speeches this week and continuously after it was an intolerable prospect. In any case I was right, for, with an abscess, I should only have had weeks of pain and probably made myself ill. Now it is over.

I send the little quotation from the Westminster Epilogue. You can stick it in the book as an outward sign of my inward presence with you and dearest Papa. It is strange to think that by the end of January we shall know whether we are men or mice. Then, whatever may have happened, I shall be able to come and see you and dearest Papa. The election will be as great a relief to the country as having my tooth out is to me. May the issues be as happy, for this Budget is an abscess gnawing away at the nerves of England.

You must make Percy parade on 'Admiration' so that Papa can see him from a window. He makes a good picture and is the most delightful companion for me whenever I get an odd day's hunting. We had some good rides together a week ago. He is quite the 'Star' of the hunt here, and leaves his Papa behind. All love to dearest Papa and you.—Your most loving son, GEORGE.

730

To his Mother

SAIGHTON GRANGE,
CHESTER, *January 2nd, 1910.*

MOST DARLING MAMMA,—Just a line to say that the two Cheshire meetings were successful. After them on Friday and yesterday I had two excellent days hunting with Percy and Benny and sweated out all the remains of tooth-ache and cold.

I have just sorted my books and papers for Dover after writing my address to the Electors. So here we are 'swept and garnished' and ready for the seven devils. S. S. and I go to the Burlington Hotel, Dover, to-morrow.
—Your loving son,
GEORGE.

731

To his Mother

HOTEL BURLINGTON,
DOVER, *January 9th, 1910.*

MOST DARLING MAMMA,—As a Sunday night 'treat' I will write to you and dearest Papa a little line of love and news. It is a treat not to be speaking!

The general result of the whole battle interests me more than my own little tactical combat here.

Of the whole result I have said for some time that we should win 130 seats. But now I am more sanguine. At the same time we must admit that the 'experts' were never more at variance. As one man says in to-day's 'Observer' from a majority of 200 for the government, to a majority of 200 for the opposition, anything is possible.

My problem here is that, last time, in 1906, I fought a 'carpet-bagger' who annoyed everybody. So that many liberals abstained and some, I believe, voted for me. There also was a general feeling in the Town that they wanted to 'back' me after my resignation and 'know the reason why,' etc.

This time my opponent is a very good fellow, Montague Bradley, about my age, Colonel of the Territorial Artillery, Chairman of the Liberal Party, son of the old Chairman, solicitor to half the undertakings in the place, and a relation by blood or marriage of all the Liberal Party, also a nonconformist and benefactor of Chapels, etc.

We get little help from our three conservative papers, whose only idea of contest is to ask me for money.

On the other hand, we have capital meetings. I spoke four nights last week and also to three open-air meetings, the Railway Works, Iron Works, and Brewery. I speak all five nights next week, and in the daytime, to Harbour Works, Paper Mills, and the 'Shore Force,' that is the porters who handle the continental goods.

S. S. is working like a beaver. Also Miss King is canvassing, and Jenny, Sibell's maid, and Arthur, my valet.

He came in flushed with triumph the day before yesterday, saying, 'I've got one'—as if he had caught a fish. His method is not to argue, to shew the picture of the Graves in the Transvaal, with the names of dear Wiltie¹ and David Airlie on them.

Our old Friends are all to the front. There are specially Mrs. Rhodes and 'Snowball,' the hostess of a rather rowdy public-house and a costermonger, who have a special devotion to Sibell and wring our hands before and after the meetings. I only 'claim' to win by 700. But I shall do better, I hope. The 'mob' and the 'children' are fond of us.

Talking of my opponent, I wonder if he is a relation of the Bradley who taught me Latin in the little room next the drawing-room at Deal Castle?

I wanted a rest to-day. So we went off to Deal, darling, in a taxi. I rather dreaded it. For it is 36 years since I was there. They have built up to the Castle. But it is there untouched and unspoilt. The bridge, the dint in the door from Cromwell's cannon-ball, the archway which you painted, the bastions, the guns, the prints of sailors, the fig-trees in the moat.

¹ Marquis of Winchester.

I was flooded with memories of the boat the old sailor made for me, cricket beyond the wooden bridge, seats with publick on them, and the K painted over to suit modern spelling, the hard-bake shop, the sports of the Marines at the barracks, Sandown Castle—blown up and lost in the sea—Shellness—dear old Godfrey, and George Sumner, and Lord Clanwilliam himself who took me to Isel after my first term at Chittendens.

I went into your bedroom, and there, on the walls, were the photographs of Albert Durer's Knight (Sintram) and Titians. They carried an echo from those days. Nothing was gone except the broken shell-bomb—in the drawing-room; a thing like a shattered bit of iron piping. I remember, or have invented as children will—that its explosion had killed Lord Clanwilliam's eldest son. Is that memory of a fact, or memory of a child's imagination?

Now I am four years older than at the last Election and twenty years older than when I was first elected. I am an 'institution': and yet, my immortal soul feels the same boy's soul, and the same youth's soul. As I looked at the moat I felt my old dread of earwigs, and in the little room could see the page of the Eton 'Latin Grammar' from which I learnt 'Amo' 'Amas' 'Amat.'

Anyway 'Amo' I love you, darling Mamma, with all love to dearest Papa.—Your most loving son,

GEORGE.

732

To his Father

DOVER, 11th January 1910.

MY DEAREST PAPA,—Your letter is cheering over our prospects in Wilts. I should be particularly pleased if we won Johnny Fuller's seat, not from any ill-will to him, but because it is that type of liberal which most misleads. If Johnny Fuller, with a stake in the country, an officer in the Yeomanry, playing polo, etc., connives at socialism and bolsters up Free Trade, it is not easy to convince Mr. Jones the solicitor, or Mr. Smith the builder, or Tom,

Dick, and Harry, that we are being beaten in manufacture and threatened with defeat in War.

The other class, who do even more harm, are the conservatives who merely amuse themselves. I prefer the cackling alarmist. It was the geese who saved the Capitol.

We are doing well here to the best of my belief. But there was never so uncertain an Election over the country generally. Sibell is working like a Trojan. I have no view on the general result, beyond this. Two months ago I said we should win 130 seats. Now, I believe we shall do better.

Of five years hence I can speak with more confidence. I am confident that by then we shall have a large majority for Tariff Reform and Defence; unless—'absit omen'—we have been wiped out by Germany and social discord before the five years are up.—Your loving son,

GEORGE.

733

To his Father

35 PARK LANE, W.,
January 16th, 1910.

MY DEAREST PAPA,—You are still asking about five years hence. I agree; that is my point. My view on it is that in five years time two things will have happened. The 'English' will have realised that they must resume their part of deciding policy. They will deny the right of the Irish, Welsh, and Scotch to deflect Imperial policy because of Home Rule, Disestablishment, or a belated regard for Mr. Gladstone.

The 'English' will use all constitutional means and, if it need be, extra-constitutional means.

(2) In the same way the 'English' will take note of organised 'Labour' and deny its right to deflect Imperial policy.

Against (1) the Nationalist and (2) the class forces of separation they will assert their own qualities of (1) Individual independence and (2) Imperial consolidation.

For these two objects Tariff Reform is essential.

I am quite sure of the result five years hence. If I knew I was going to die next week I should die a happy man in the certainty that our English love of personal independence and Imperial inter-dependence was going to triumph.

In this present acute controversy I see by the first day's results that candidates of definite personality win. For example Tommy Bowles beats Eddy Cadogan.

The new House of Commons will be much more like the House of Commons you knew than any we have had for many years.

We shall have the best 'men.'

To descend from these generalisations, the Central Office (and A. J. B.) will perceive the absurdity of fighting with Candidates called 'Profumo' or 'Bellilos.'

After all the 'shouting and the wreaths' at Dover I felt lost in London this afternoon. But I met Timmy [Winchester] at the Carlton, and Sibell and I dined quietly with him and Tossy.

Timmy has made big speeches about the country, and even in Wales has done good work.

Why? Because he, in his way, has studied the question of Tariff Reform.

Most of our speakers have not studied it, it takes two years to teach any constituency the elements of the controversy between Tariff Reform and the received Free Trade assertions.

From that point of view also I conclude that we could not have *won* the battle in this election. But I also am sure that, as study and controversy proceed, we shall win in five years. Personally, I think we shall win in two years. And, by 'winning,' I mean that the whole nation will be converted.

So, to sum up, whether we win by ten now, or—as I expect—are beaten by 40, the future is certain and sound. I have said all along that we should win 130 seats. I said this when most people thought we should win nothing. I said it when many people thought we should win by a working majority. And I say it now.

Supposing that turns out to be true, I give the Government eighteen months, and then am persuaded that we shall win, and be in for twenty years.—Your loving son,
 GEORGE.

P.S.—Sibell will tell you what the children of Dover were like. They swarmed like bees on our carriage. They were the children of the poorest. But they might, any one of them, have been my child or Bendor's child. The race has not degenerated. It has been cramped and sold to the foreigner. These half-fed, badly clothed, wretchedly poor children, had clear eyes, good features, clean limbs. They were all 'gentlemen.' They cheered me, and Sibell, and—mark this—'Mr. Wyndham's coachman' and 'the old horses that pull us.' I said no word of politics to them. Sibell—as a Christian—only suggested that instead of hooting the other side (when we passed their strongholds) they should only cheer louder. That puzzled them, for they love conflict.

But—of their own selves—they said from time to time 'We want a strong Navy,' or 'That's shut because the Germans take away our father's work.'

These little ill-fed, clean-bred, English children are my guarantee of the future and my answer to what will happen five years hence.

The whole of Dover went mad last night. I had a crowd of 6000 or 8000 shouting themselves into delirium.

Even the night before, on Friday, so many got on to the carriage that they broke the front wheel, and S. S. and I walked home arm-in-arm escorted by thousands of the poorest people in England, who love us because they know we love their country.

734

To his Mother

SAIGHTON GRANGE,
 CHESTER, January 24th, 1910.

MOST DARLING MAMMA,—I am picking up fast and shall get out of bed this afternoon. I am only limp, with slow

pulse, and so soon as I can eat shall be strong again. I have rested my brain and last night almost ceased dreaming of politics. I have been reading 'David Copperfield' for the 4th time.

It does annoy me to be 'out of the hunt' just for this last bit. But, on the other hand, I have been going hard all the time and I expected I should have to stop. I meant to finish Dover anyhow. And I did. I never missed one meeting though I had bronchial catarrh and the bottom of one lung bunged up. Then I determined I would hang on till after Crewe on Friday night. I did Louth in Lincolnshire on Tuesday, spoke for one hour and ten minutes. But the long journey the next day somehow settled the business, and on Thursday night I hauled down my flag.

The general result is excellent. We shall have another Election very shortly: perhaps this year; and from now till then must keep up a continuous fight with all our foes—as if it was one General Election. It is a tiring prospect. But that is what we have got to do.

S. S. has let '35' for February 1st. Could I go to '44' and be looked after by Margaret? I should love that if quite convenient. It always inspires my work to be at 44.—Your devoted son,

GEORGE.

735

To his Father

SAIGHTON GRANGE,
January 25th, 1910.

MY DEAREST PAPA,—I enjoyed the card and tape. It worked perfectly. I know that Tariff Reform is not everything. But it is a great thing in itself, and, also, in my opinion, the only weapon by which we can defeat the kind of legislation that alarms you.

It is a great thing in itself, because you cannot have a healthy State, or Nation, even in Peace, unless it has a *Frontier*. You must think on all matters of your country as a definite organism, and not as a chance part of a cosmopolitan community.

It is the only weapon with which you can fight Socialism ; because ' Labour '—or even the wrecks and misfits of ' Labour '—will always look somewhere for help and subsistence.

Cosmopolitan Individualism was never a truth, only a dream, and, I think, a nightmare.

In Feudal times, Labour and the ' misfits ' looked to the ' fief ' and were helped and sustained.

When Feudalism—as an ideal—was destroyed a hundred years ago, people tried cosmopolitan individualism. It never worked.

Now they must either look to the State as a State ; or to the world as a Socialistic community.

The second is insanity. The first, if realised by Tariff Reform, can help the individual without sapping his independence.

The foolish blend of Individualism and Socialism to which the Liberal-Labour Party is reduced is worse than the two ' ideals ' of which it is compounded. They are each insane. For each neglects the Frontier and the Home, which are the two poles of political existence. There is something more repulsive than insanity, and that is sheer Folly ; known to be folly by those who practice it. This foolish Blend—which the Lib.-Labs. call a policy—combines mental aberration with mental turpitude. There is no mixture more nauseous and deadly.

I hope to get to Clouds before the House meets.

Just now I am busy getting well. All love to darling Mamma and to you.—Your most loving son,

GEORGE.

736

To his Mother

SAUGHTON GRANGE,
CHESTER, January 25th, 1910.

MOST DARLING MAMMA,—I am much better to-day. Indeed the Results would revive a Mummy. To-day's results, *i.e.* of yesterday's polls, are, on examination, the best we have had. For there are only 13 seats to attack

in England, twelve Liberal and one Labour. Out of the twelve Liberal seats we won nine and they only saved three.

Oddly enough we also won a seat in Ireland, or ten to the good in all.

I have invented the best plan—I modestly suggest—for shewing day by day how the Lib.-Lab. majority has melted.

The sound test for the great questions at stake—*i.e.* Budget, House of Lords, on the Government side—is to shew the result of each day's Polling on (1) The Liberal and Labour majority over the Unionists, and (2) the Lib.-Lab. majority over Unionists and Nationalists, *i.e.* Majority in the whole House.

That is the sound test because on the Budget we know that the Irish are against the Lib.-Labs. Whilst on the Constitutional question of the House of Lords, if the Irish are with them, it is only because of Home Rule.

If S. S. copies my chart I will send it, but the results which shew the process of 'melting a majority' are :—

LIB. AND LAB. MAJORITY

| Over Unionists. | | | | In Whole House. | |
|-----------------|----|---|-----|-----------------|--|
| 14th January | . | . | 251 | 168 | |
| 15th | .. | . | 223 | 148 | |
| 17th | .. | . | 193 | 110 | |
| 18th | .. | . | 169 | 86 | |
| 19th | .. | . | 133 | 50 | |
| 20th | .. | . | 111 | 28 | |
| | | | | No majority | |
| 21st | .. | . | 75 | 8 | |
| 22nd | .. | . | 79 | 4 | |
| 24th | .. | . | 58 | 22 | |

That means that *if no side won or lost any more seats*, then if on the Budget, or the next Budget in May, the

Irish abstained, the Lib.-Labs. would beat us by 58. But if the Irish voted against the Budget, the Lib.-Labs. would be beaten by 24.

Of course, if they attack the Lords and buy the Irish, they would have a large majority of $58+82=140$.

But the country would not stand that, for it involves buying the Irish by (a) letting them off taxes, and putting more taxes on the English; (b) promising the Irish Home Rule; and (c) making the Lords incapable of preventing them from carrying the promise out.

The English would support the Lords in resisting this—‘Yes, I don’t think!’ The above is based on taking present nett gains— $97=194$ on a division, and, as I said, assuming no more gains, till we get them. But we shall get some more.

I prophesied 130 nett gains; so we still want 33. We shall see.

The most amusing result would be if we won exactly 126 nett. For then we should be 294 and the Lib.-Labs. 293, and, as the Speaker is on our side, for practical purposes it would be 293 each, apart from the Irish.

There are minor features which must modify results and may prove important and even decisive.

(a) The Independent Nationalists under W. O’Brien, who hate Redmond, have won some seats from him. They will raise Hell’s delight in the House if Redmond tries to support the ‘Land Values and Licence Taxes’ Budget, in order to attack the Lords, on the pretence of getting Home Rule in the long run.

(b) Among the so-called Liberals there are several bad eggs from their, and indeed any point of view—A——, B——, C——, D——. I do not see them out tiger-hunting with Lloyd George.

If Asquith is captured again by the extreme left these creatures will probably vote against the Government.

The only one of them for whom I have any respect is the ‘shadiest’ of the lot, by common slander, B——.

I shall watch him with interest. He is very clever and bold, and has a long score to wipe off against the Government.

He has also taken the precaution of hedging on Tariff Reform. So that he is free to cross the floor when he pleases. And that will be the first time he can stab the Government.

That is all fair enough. The men I cannot stomach are those such as D——, a financial Polo-Player, Christian names and 'dear old boy' with all of us. Well, he goes and beats a trump like —— by 50 votes for the garbage of political success and the off-chance of a peerage, if he makes enough money by promoting companies to buy one.

The above seems to me to be distinctly libellous if it were not—as it is—a privileged opinion from a son to his mother.

I thank God that E——, a fraudulent Polish Jew Financier, has been beaten. The insolent cur having bought an English wife, and maltreated her, and bought his entrance into the —— Hunting Field, proposed to buy an English constituency in order to buy a peerage later on. Luckily he was too blatant even for these days. He had the insolence to say he would buy £500,000 worth of House Property and reduce all the rents ten per cent.

Such is the cause of Progress and of 'the People versus the Peers.' E——, curly haired C——, 'dear old chap-pie' D——, and all the other 'bounding brothers' of cosmopolitan Finance and polyglot 'Society' and dining off truffles and imitating the Yiddish pronunciation of the letter R with a guttural growl. 'That's the dog's letter,' as Shakespeare says. 'O their offence is rank, it smells to Heaven.' When they are black-balled for the Yacht-Squadron they attack the House of Lords in order to buy a Peerage. But, thank God, I say again, the English counties have 'carried the scent of the hay over the footlights' and bust their show. So three cheers for Merry England and down with the Ortolan brigade. Let

them go to Monte Carlo and play with motor-boats instead of making ducks and drakes of the British Navy.

I feel distinctly better after writing the above. I loathe convalescence and it is a real relief to write about E—— and D——. Quite seriously it is the truth that England has been saved by the fact that Mary's coachman, Prue, and my gardener, whose name happens to be England, share my opinion of them.

The E—— revolution has not been a success. 'Chappies' in Polo-breeches can't lead the Sans-culottes. Proficiency in the Yiddish gutturals prevents Welsh Psalm-singing with the right nasal twang. The Truffle-hunters are poor Apostles of the little loaf.

I wish Asquith joy of all his piebald Hybrids and express an earnest prayer that our central office will permit us to fight another time without the assistance of the Profumos, and Bellilios, and other Levantine levies.—Your most loving son,

GEORGE.

26.1.10.

P.S.—Must buck this up in haste. We only won ten yesterday, not eleven. I have corrected the chart. You can go on with it. One has to wait for the full returns of each day, *e.g.* up to now we have lost two and won one on yesterday. We shall get the other returns to-night or to-morrow morn. All love.

P.S. 2.—Much better, pulse 56 ! instead of 48.

737

To his Father

SAIGHTON GRANGE,
CHESTER, January 26th, 1910.

MY DEAREST PAPA,—I send you a reprint of my speech at Hale on 30th December, which has been circulated. Hale is eight miles from Manchester in the Cotton district. It was an open mass meeting, so there was not the occasion for polished phrases. But the speech is a piece of fair and close argument. They listened to all the last

part about cotton with rapt attention. We shall win cotton in two years' time. But only, I believe, by this kind of advocacy, with figures to support statements.—
Your loving son, GEORGE.

738

To Hilaire Belloc

SAUGHTON GRANGE,
CHESTER, 30th January 1910.

MY DEAR BELLOC,—‘Now the Hurly-Burly’s done’ it is time for us to exchange signs of life and signals of amity. I should not have mourned over your defeat—nor you? But this I will say, if any one of my political opponents was to win I would have chosen you. You ought to be in the House of Commons on public grounds, and I am glad that you are on the private grounds of friendship. For we are companions.

I do not propose to write much to-night. Since my election and an incursion into Lincolnshire I have been in bed with congestion of the lungs. But now I am up and well and eager for life and light and brave words about the wonder of living. When the House meets we will eat sausages and drink beer and be merry and wise together. I was glad to see that ‘Marie Antoinette’ has gone into a second edition and sorry to recall that you sold her before she was born.

If you write to me soon address to 44 Belgrave Square. We have let 35 Park Lane till the end of March. But if you don’t write for ten days then write here.—Yours
ever, GEORGE WYNDHAM.

CHAPTER XIII

FEBRUARY 1910 TO MAY 1911

In Opposition — Army Debate — France — His Parents' Golden Wedding—His Rectorial Address 'The Springs of Romance'—The General Election—His Father's Death.

739

To Philip Hanson

STANWAY,
WINCHCOMBE, 13.ii.10.

MY DEAR P. H.,—I read your two articles with interest and will send them back when I next come across a large envelope. They arrived opportunely to give my mind a suitable list, for the Sidney Webbs are here and conversation gravitates into the pit of social regeneration. We are also A. J. B., the Salisburys and Hugh Cecil, and John Hugh Smith.

Excepting one talk with A. J. B. I have done no Politics. I have been 'pickling' rather idly and pleasantly over materials that may, or may not, help in my Rectorial Address. Literature of the Dark Ages, troubadours, etc., etc., and making notes.

Side by side with an historical attempt to account for Romance, I am thinking more obscurely (!) of a physical, or metaphysical, explanation of what Romance is. It is still very dim. But whether this is, or is not, of use to the Address, I want to write something more to accompany my Scott some day in a book of essays. I know that Zola's realism is wrong, and that Pope is inadequate. As Dr. Johnson said, 'He excelled all others in poetical prudence.' I know that Scott was right. And I ask myself why.

Chesterton's criticism is nearly right, too, when he says

that Dickens was realistic *because* he was Romantic—only, as usual, he uses words in a way that confounds. His examples, that Murdstone is the step-father as he is to a small child, or, that the characters in ‘Copperfield’ are large because David was small, are illuminating.

In my Scott we carried it, I think, as far as that Realism (=observation) and Romanticism (=imagination) are the primary modes.

I think I see my way to two further steps, perhaps to three further steps.

(1) Romanticism=the reaction of the mind on the real, not its mere reflection in a mirror.

(2) Romanticism reacts chiefly on the strange, instead of repelling the strange—as the Greek mind and Latin mind repelled it.

(3) (And this, my dear P. H., is the devil!) Romanticism in accepting the strange, performs an act of *recognition*, because man’s mind is (teste the Greeks (?) a microcosm, and the Bible—in the image of God) and so holds all in itself implicitly. But after Classicism, or prolonged routine, some things are atrophied in the Mind. Then, on being met by the Mind, they are *recognised*, like the prodigal son, and re-united to the *familiar* with jubilation and extravagance in the matter of a fatted calf.

I believe this. But will anybody believe me?—Yours ever,
G. W.

P.S.—I go to Saighton to-morrow and hunt with Percy, return to 44 Belgrave Square Saturday, and dine with A. J. B.

And Lettice has a little girl born yesterday, at which we rejoice.

P.S. 2.—To revert to Unemployment and ‘without prejudice’ to Tariff Reform, but looking only to research and classification as preliminaries, I had an idea last night.

It sprang from your section on seasonal trades. I rather demurred to your inclusion of Gas-making, merely practically (not imaginatively), for I know that the Dover

Gas-works have for years—in Winter and Summer—employed the same numbers. I also know that Gas-works make a great many things beside gas, *e.g.* dyes and ammonia as by-products. I wondered whether therein lay the explanation. Then I had the idea.

Why not discover and classify the by-products of the workers' *faculty*, *e.g.* a paper-hanger may be qualified in a secondary way by his aptitude for hanging paper to do something else. Ditto the house-painter, and so on.

I think this ought to be true.

I know that some faculties disqualify for some other channels of activity. Now if the reverse is also true, we might find that the paper-hanger and house-painter had developed a secondary aptitude which could be exercised after the summer holidays are over.

I tried this on Sidney Webb, with whom I had a strenuous two hours, and he did not scout it. But that may be due to his politeness.

740

To his Father

SAIGHTON GRANGE,
February 16th, 1910.

MY DEAREST PAPA,—I am very much obliged to you for letting me put up at 44 till Easter. I will see that all bills are sent in and paid by me and keep the receipts ; also putting my servant on board wages.

I had some interesting talk with Arthur Balfour at Stanway. Redmond will, I feel pretty sure, accept Asquith's assurances whatever they may be ; and then quarrel with the Liberals later on. Redmond cannot afford another General Election this year, and Asquith wishes to stay in for a year and a half or two years. That being so, they will both 'Humbug' their respective parties and connive at nothing much happening till 1911 at earliest. That is what they will try to do. They may, however, be stampeded by Lloyd George.

I hunted yesterday and am none the worse for it, so I shall hunt to-morrow and Friday and go up for Arthur's dinner and the King's speech on Saturday. Perf is very well. He won a race last Saturday against professional jockeys over hurdles. It was a good performance and has brought him fame in this part of the world. But I hope he will soon be too heavy for such exploits. Bendor has been hunting six days a week, going well, and giving complete satisfaction to an exacting Field.

We are still full of politics in Cheshire and determined to win more seats next time.

Love to darling mamma.—Your loving son,

GEORGE.

741

To his Father

SAIGHTON GRANGE,
CHESTER, *February 18th, 1910.*

MY DEAREST PAPA,—Perf, Bendor and self are just in from a 'Red-letter' day. After the gale yesterday, which of course spoilt our sport—though we did have a rather nice gallop in the evening—we settled that to-day, as the wind had dropped, we were going to do great things. As we motored to the Meet about three miles the other side of the Cheshire Hills from Saighton, we settled what run we would like to have and chose the best you could have, by way of the longest point over the best line. Well, we did it twice! and once back again.

We only drew two coverts all day. We found at once at Wardle, a good covert half a mile from the Meet. Viewed away a big dog-fox, ran first away from the hills to Hurleston covert, which is six miles as the crow flies from the hills. Viewed the same fox away and then raced slap for the hills and killed our old dog-fox fair and square in the open after 50 minutes of the best, just a mile short of the hills.

Benny then trotted back slowly the whole way to Baddiley, which is one and a half miles further from the

hills than Hurleston. I have just measured it, a full $7\frac{1}{4}$ or $7\frac{1}{2}$ as the crow flies. We found at once, ran fast along the canal—*i.e.* parallel to the hills the 7 miles and more from them. Then we turned and ran right to them without touching a covert, racing a field off from where we had killed. Fox, and hounds, and the first five or six of us were all together into the little outlying wood of the big woods on the hills. I said to the whip, 'Perhaps the fox can't face the hill'—which is very steep. He said, 'It may break his heart.' But he was headed by rustics screaming with excitement and that saved him. For he lay down and another jumped up and took them all the way back to Baddiley! I stopped at the hills and rode home. It was just 50 minutes again to where he lay down. A day to remember.—Your loving son, GEORGE.

742

To his Father

44 BELGRAVE SQUARE, S.W.,
Sunday, 9 p.m., March 6th, 1910.

MY DEAREST PAPA,—I am just back—9 p.m.—from a Saturday and a half Sunday at Saughton. I agree that we are in a political crisis of suffering from a National illness. I cannot prove that we shall recover, but I believe we shall. As Disraeli said, 'The history of England is a history of reactions.' So was the history of Rome. Indeed our case is far more favourable than most of the grave cases from which we, and other nations, have recovered. It is mainly due to idleness and pusillanimity of 'moderate' men, especially among liberals, but also among conservatives. We have not, so far, to contend with famine, general bankruptcy, and the fierce passions which these engender. Yet our ancestors, and the Romans on several occasions, dealt faithfully with these also. Perhaps one might say—in a gloomy mood—that the absence of such scourges delays the reaction. There are no violent causes to force thoughtful men to think and brave men to act. So, for lack of decision, the crisis and the malady are prolonged.

But I am not gloomy. On the contrary, it is my knowledge that we are in a tight place which reconciles me to politics. If all were well, I should retire, write a book, and keep a pack of hounds.

As it is, I have to work hard and cannot make plans. I may be able to get to Clouds for a Sunday before Easter. But I am hard pressed for time. At such a moment one has to think (and that is a long process) in order to be ready to act.

I am very sorry about dear Fly [a dog]. All love to darling mamma.—Your loving son, GEORGE.

P.S.—I am in charge of the House during Army Estimates to-morrow, Tuesday, and Wednesday, and must think before I go to bed.

743

To Hilaire Belloc

CLOUDS, EAST KNOYLE,
SALISBURY, 16th April 1910.

MY DEAR BELLOC,—Many thanks for the 'New Age.' It is very good. I wonder if we could teach the 'reformers' that their action is not only bad for the poor, because cruel, but bad for themselves, because nothing does a man more harm than being cruel. Do you think they would be frightened—about themselves—if they realised how dangerous it is to be cruel, and that the danger increases when meanness and conceit are added to cruelty? That this is, indeed, damnable? That they are damned by doing it? I believe that they dread damnation. Just as hangmen object to being hanged, so do those who condemn others shrink instinctively from being damned. They dislike the prospect so much that they disapprove of the word, and are shocked when it is used.

I wrote these lines on Thursday evening after going to Jimmy Tomkinson's funeral.—Yours ever,

GEORGE WYNDHAM.

I. M.

14TH APRIL 1910

It was April to-day as I rush'd in a train to bury a friend.

Why did I go? Well, because we had soldier'd and ridden together.

I whirl'd up to Cheshire and back, convinced that his death was no end,

But a gleam in the laughter and tears of life, that is like April weather.

In April there is not a doubt. Vicissitudes promise the store

Which every true lover of life accepts from the infinite art
Of a world that shouts 'Go!' to the young, and to older men,
'Go it once more!'

For April and courage deny any end to a work of the heart.

It is all very well to be wise, to think, and to shrink, and to shirk;

But April is wiser. 'Come out!' is her cry in the rain, or the sun.

Her flowers explain that to live is a challenge no menace can burk,

That to be is to do, and to die, the summit of all we have done.

744

To Charles T. Gatty

35 PARK LANE, W.,
27. iv. 10

MY DEAR CHARLES,—I have 10 minutes before starting to Crewe to speak; I use them to convey a 'clinger' on the sonnets which I saw in 10 seconds, opening at hazard. Sonnet 70, lines 56-78, *demonstrate* my theory, because apart from it they are nonsense. 'Time,' at end of line 6, is the *Enemy*. 'Being woo'd of Time,' means to suffer from the tyrant, but that shows the worth of the sufferer, because he is attacked by Time, the Tyrant.

The 'pure unstained Prime' is the eternal past. The wounds and mud of Time are the 'accidents.'

You see that in this sonnet, which seems *so* personal, the Immortal Bard touches on his perennial theme, *i.e.* his attack on Time.

No upholder of the ultra-personal theory can explain 'being woo'd of Time.' 10 minutes up and I'm off to defend the Constitution which is also being woo'd of Time; and, indeed, debauched.—Yours, G. W.

745

To Charles T. Gatty

35 PARK LANE,
28. iv. 10.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—Just back from Crewe to resume our talk on the Sonnets.

I have thought that 'Informer' was an apostrophe to Time. And it may be that. On the whole, when I was writing and more soaked in the stuff, I compared it to 'frailer spies' in cxxi. I felt that c to cxxv was one poem.

Still you agree with me that the sonnets generally, and c to cxxv specially, are primarily a metaphysical outburst, but, secondarily, based upon and built up with actual experience, and, probably, addressed to an audience also steeped in neo-platonic attacks on the reality of Time, and also acquainted with political and personal and literary (rival poets) events which had troubled the relations, and darkened the atmosphere, of a poetical circle of friends.

You will find what I said on this in the last half of page 250.

I had a 'full house' at Crewe, spoke for one hour and five minutes, and also at an overflow. But my chief interest was to see every bridge between London and Crewe crowded with rustics waiting for the flying-men and silhouetted against one of the most lovely April skies I remember.—Yours ever, G. W.

746

*To Charles Boyd*35 PARK LANE, W.,
2. v. 10.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—All my energy has been devoted, since we met, to fundamental questions of Public Policy.

Whilst ruminating in the Park on these matters I met George Street.

To him, in that mood, I said, 'with emphasis,' that I would rather my occasional lines on Jimmy Tomkinson were not published.

In so far as I can care about such an ephemeral response to the drama of life, that mood persists, for two reasons:—

(1) My relations with Jimmy Tomkinson were private. I shrink from giving any one touch to what is sad to his sons and daughters.

(2) I may be wanted for the great public contention on the constitution at any moment. It is wiser, in view of that possibility, to offer no 'target.' I am not at liberty to 'unpack my heart' or 'air my music'; 'lights out' is the motto for men in waiting for the moment of counter-attack. So I would rather *not* publish anything, or *say*, or *write anything* just now. I mean to get the right thing done.—Yours ever,

G. W.

747

*To his Father*35 PARK LANE, W.,
May 16th, 1910.

MY DEAREST PAPA,—The Addresses in the House last Wednesday were moved in good speeches by Asquith and Arthur. Then we got in taxi-cabs and took the Address to the King (new) at Marlborough House. He shook hands with us all simply and kindly.

Saturday I went with Bendor by the 8.30 a.m. from Euston to Chester for Yeomanry. We had a pleasant

journey with breakfast in the train and talked over Yeomanry and Politics. We motored to Eaton. On arriving, went straight to the polo ground in the Park, where we had a vigorous practice and got very hot. Then we had a short lunch; changed into uniform, and motored four miles to Handley, whither two horses were sent on and where the Eaton squadron was assembled. We rode with the squadron to Camp near Cholmondeley about seven miles. Since then I have been very busy. We missed your fine weather, for Saturday night was icy cold and yesterday it rained in a deluge from eight to four in the afternoon. But to-day the sun shone and everybody cheered up.

The work of Yeomanry increases every year. They now insist on our doing all our cooking and waiting by ourselves and with our own ovens and utensils and without a contractor. This entails great difficulty in what is called 'interior economy.' In another region of activity, they insist on our training 16 signallers, two maxim gun detachments, and twenty trained scouts. In another, they leave us to make the contract for camp and drill and manœuvre ground. This, owing to difficulties over Cholmondeley Park, entailed walking six miles and hiring four large fields from farmers.

To-day we drilled all the morning. In the afternoon we drilled dismounted and I worked out two manœuvre schemes and a night outpost scheme with the Adjutant. Then I motored to Crewe and caught the 7.30, arriving here at 11 p.m., as I have to be in Westminster Hall with the 'Faithful Commons' at 11 a.m. to-morrow. I go back to Cholmondeley to-morrow and return Thursday night for the funeral at Windsor to which Sibell and self are both commanded. The great excitement is that dear Guy is coming for it from Petersburg. So we shall be there together.

Sibell went to Buckingham Palace to-day at 2 p.m. with Lily Zetland to pass by the coffin in the Throne Room. She says that the six officers of the Brigade who stand like statues round the coffin are most impressive.

Percy has come up with three brother officers and

quartered them here. Lily Zetland is putting up others.

Love to darling mamma.—Your loving son,
GEORGE.

748

To Charles Boyd

SAIGHTON, 17.vi.10.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—I knew ‘The Shropshire Lad’ of old, but I read the book through twice to myself in the train, and a quarter of it aloud to Sibell after dinner. The roses in the garden and buttercups in the fields are beyond science. Tho’ seen, they belong to Faith; like young love and armies at last confronted! Of the clusters and explosions of crimson roses on the crimson tower I will not even write. Some other art must be invented by man before we too can shout of that summer without making any noise, even of a pen. An element in that art will be to have oceans of green round our silent crimson trumpets, and new-mown lawns leading to them and the shadows of trees.

When I see Summer I feel justified of the only attack I have ever made on the Roman Church. How easy it is to write of the contrast of what we adore. Housman writes of death and suicide because he loves the May and the dusty roads of England, and lads insolent with life. All the Art of the world has only caught a few larks in a few cages to remind man of Summer in the blind-alleys of his slum.—Yours,
G. W.

749

To Charles Boyd

44 BELGRAVE SQUARE, S.W.,
 Friday, 17.vi.10. 1.20 a.m.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—I could not get to the Garrick as I was at a concert and am just back. Nor can I be here at 11.30 to-day as I have to do things on the way to Euston for 12.10 to Saighton.

All this is absurd ! Can you be Napoleonic, cut the painter, and come with me to Saughton by the 12.10 Euston ? I am ordering two seats in luncheon car on the chance.

If you are entangled with the Fair, tell a lie. If you are busy with mankind, tell them to go to Hell ! Come along and let us have a jolly journey to see the garden at Saughton. There is no one there but Lady Grosvenor and self. Then, on Saturday, I will get a taxi and we will whirl over the country and do Beeston Castle and Bunbury Church ; or take Chester by storm. I propose a sudden decision and a noble exploit. I stay at Saughton till Monday and hope to bring Sibell back early for my Mother's birthday on Monday. Come along ! there is no time like the present ; nor, indeed, any other than the present. The remainder consists of two hypothetical eternities.—Yours in the bond,
G. W.

750

To Philip Hanson

SAUGHTON, 1st July 1910.

MY DEAR P. H.,—I had been wondering when I should hear from you, or write to you, and had been talking of you to my Mother and Sibell at luncheon two or three days ago. This, no doubt, moved you to write. I answer at once, partly because I ought to be thinking of the lines of a beast of a speech to 3000 or more Unionist and Tariff Reform *Women* (!) in the Queen's Hall on Thursday next.

I am very glad you liked my Army Speech. I composed it between 7 a.m. and 9.30 a.m. on Sunday morning, and made the notes on Monday morning, and let it off that afternoon. The official report has some foolish errors. They were cross because I sent my notes to the 'Times,' asking that organ to pass them on. But as the 'Times' did not do so till past 11 p.m., the official reporter paid me out. The speech took one hour and a quarter to

deliver. But some of our men told me that not a word of it could have been spared.

Haldane's verbosity and shiftiness was superb in its way. He has grown idle. He sent under the Gallery three or four times, and could not master the information supplied. A. J. B. told me afterwards, on Wednesday, that my speech alarmed him. I asked why, and he answered that the logic of it was convincing and most disturbing.

As you say, it all turns on the 'sealed-pattern' raid of 70,000. If that—a careful revision of the 5000 to 10,000 raid—is bosh, then it does not matter even if the Territorial Force is slosh and the Special Reserve tosh. But if the 'sealed-pattern' raid is a thing to be reasonably apprehended, then we are in a bad hole. And if Roberts is right in saying that it might be 150,000 *v.* 70,000, then we are asking for it.

Haldane's attack on compulsion served the purpose of evading any reply to my criticism on his T.F. reserve and Veteran reserve.

The true inwardness of these is that the boom in recruiting for the T.F. has been followed by a slump. I know that Esher has reported, or is about to report, that he cannot get on in London any further. So, to make his numbers, Haldane squared the Press, put up Ian Hamilton to slobber over some Surrey Veterans on the Horse Guards Parade, and launched his reserves. He takes 33% of the T.F. Establishment=41% of its strength, *i.e.* the whole proportion who really do 15 days' training, and says that if they go into the reserve after four years, they may shoot off twenty rounds at the public expense, and need not do any more drill or training at all! It is sublime!

The Irish names in your letter thrill me. I am delighted to hear of Downing's Bay and Kincashlagh. We liked both places. How I wish it were ten years ago!

Horace Plunkett is going to spend Sunday here on his way back to Ireland.

I am sick at the University.

Nobody knows what will happen in the Autumn. I, myself, believe that Asquith will manage somehow to play

the Coronation and Imperial Conference off against his malcontents for another year's peace in office, and that Redmond will say of the Budget, 'No matter, let it pass, a ti-me will come !'

You must come here in September.—Yours ever,
GEORGE W.

751

To Hilaire Belloc

SAIGHTON, 20th July 1910.

MY DEAR BELLOC,—I came here to see the Chester Pageant and found my garden in July which I had watched in January. So I wrote a transcendental sonnet, based on Byron. As you detest transcendental belief, I will inflict it on you, as thus :—

JANUARY—JULY

'When the stars twinkle through the loops of Time.'
Childe Harold.

We starved for snowdrops, now the privet's bloom
Adds pungence to the pageantry of change
From tenderest green to purple and the mange
Of lilies that but blossom to their doom.

To bud, flower, breed ; fight, build, out of the gloom,
Are incidents of struggling with the strange
Which plant, beast, man, unravel in their range
To clarion calls of 'more light' and more room.

Our triune tragedy accords the chime
Of Beauty's incantation as we build
Her parapets compacted out of slime :
Our shatter'd arcs declare what she has will'd
'When the stars twinkle through the loops of Time'
And flash eternity on the poor kill'd.

This will give you a headache.—Yours ever, G. W.

752

To Hilaire Belloc

SAUGHTON GRANGE,
29th July 1910.

MY DEAR BELLOC,—I came here this afternoon. In the train I finished Chesterton's 'What's Wrong with the World.' When I told you the other day that I did not care for it so much as I care for his other work, I had only read the first half. I find, now, that I have dog's-eared all the last half, blazing my track, and turned down only one page in the first half. It is a big book when finished. And note, it is finished before the little appendix with a reference to my Irish Land Act. But for that, I was on the point of writing to him myself. Not that I have any modesty. I should like some day to tell him and you what a lot of smashing I had to do to get that act made. I agree with him that 'Jones's garden' is the goal and momentum of my reaction and his revolution. We both want the same thing for the same reasons. But—well, let me put it in this way—the family lawyer, the manager of the Bank of Ireland, the young man whom Lord Ashbourne would job into the office of deeds, but for the Land Act, the orphans and widows—acting through solicitors—who had borrowed on the expectation of remainder-men—an expectation destroyed when we bully and bribe the tenant for life to sell out, and, probably, the second cousin to a young man in the office of Crown and Hanaper are—each one of them—just Jones with a garden. When you barge in as I did you blight their gardens. That amount of splintering is nothing compared to the stocks and shares business; the commissions to the Bank of England for floating the stock, the commissions to the national debt Commissioners (and rightly so called) for managing the loan, the commissions to the Bankers, and brokers and jobbers (again named as poets name)—here is the rub. (I pray you not to fly off on the Anglo-Judaic oligarchy.)

I do not believe that the rub is with the landlord. You

and Chesterton hold the opposite view. I wish we could talk it all out one day. You and he know facts which I don't know, and I know facts which you don't know, and it is on our ignorance that Sidney Webb and his active consort build their gaols and penitentiaries.

Chesterton's excellent recapitulation, page 283, breaks down, I believe, on the usurious landlord.

At any rate the big landlords are not the usurious landlords. Mind you, I am not, therefore, in favour of big landlords. I want many small land-owners.

But I want Chesterton to consider this. The big landlord, as such, owns in land a property that is worth *less*, even absolutely, and relatively far less than it was worth 150 years ago. But, when it was worth more absolutely, and far more relatively, he invested his savings, first in consols, then in British railways, now in outlandish enterprises and the municipal loans of Mexican cities. Still, as a landlord he prevents the conditions which determinate the hair-cutting business.

On the other hand, the men who prepare the way for destroying the glory of dear little English girls, are those who trafficked in the 'agiotage' of outlandish enterprises, and lent money to rich boys, and, at last, bought landed property. This they treated precisely as a Financier treats the bonds of a Mexican corporation.

Now, I believe that you can get the Landlords to sell their land, and be English. 'Young England' and 'Merry England' are ideas.

But investment, and re-investment, are simply devilish 'paperasseries' to which English landlords are seduced and driven. God knows what they are doing and piling up for the vengeance of other centuries. They don't know. How should they? But they do know that their fathers loved the English and were loved by them. And they still love the English. I would use that love.

If the Noailles gave up their titles because they were French, the big English landlords will give up their land because they are English.

What they resent is having their money taken—not

their land—in order to pepper the country with Sidney Webb's penitentiaries. They also resent—and I am absolutely with them in that—having their son disinherited from his home in order that Sidney Webb may live in it, as Lord High Gaoler, and conduct experimental slavery in their park. If I am forced to choose: I prefer a herd of fallow-deer to a labour colony for people who refuse to become teetotallers.

The mere knowledge that there are fallow-deer in the parish and the off-chance—not of shooting them, for this is a degenerate age, but of trying to pat them, might be something in any boy's life. On the other hand, the knowledge that his father—because he frequented the 'Bald-headed Stag'—was to water beans with a chemical solution in the park, would be a desolating reflection even for the young people in a County Council school.

But why this choice? Why not more homes, and more properties, with, as a corollary, more publicities?

I will now inflict the last version of

AUGUST TO DECEMBER

We saw the lilies die. St. Michael's daisies

Clanged purple to the gladiolus red:

They told the tale of all the flowers had said,
To make joy sure before the autumn hazes.

The winds were mists of silence in the mazes

Of songless woods. The dank leaves dripp'd. A dread

Came when the choir of birds, pack'd overhead,
Were dumbly bent on flights beyond our gazes.

What is there left to care for? Wastes of snow

Betray the tracks of beasts, but bear no life.

Their record prophesies the earth's last woe

When utter cold shall seal the pulse of strife.

No, look! The dawn breaks in a bloodier glow

Of passionate hearths and battles to the knife.

I shall go to London on Monday, 44 Belgrave Square,
and return here on Tuesday.—Yours ever, G. W.

P.S.—If you say of my sonnet that it is

‘built beyond mortal thought
Far in the *unapparent*’

I shall take it as a compliment. It is a compliment which I pay to Chesterton, when I don’t agree with him.

753

To his Mother

ST. GILES’S HOUSE,
SALISBURY, August 30th, 1910.

MOST DARLING MAMMA,—I loved getting your telegram on my old birthday. I am alive and kicking after a great excursion into parts of France that I knew nothing of before. Belloc telegraphed to me, ‘Will you come to France on Wednesday for two or three days?’ I telegraphed back, ‘Done with you,’ and on Wednesday last we started from Charing Cross at 9 p.m. each with only a small hand-bag besides the clothes we stood up in. I did not know where we were going; nor did he. But he had in his head some places he wished to see. We reached Paris at 6.15 Thursday morn, drove across to the P.L.M., had a cup of coffee and caught the 7.10 South. We travelled third class in a crowded train, admiring the babies and discussing the crops with our companions. We also hailed, each time we saw it, the great road from Rome to Paris, and looked with awe at the mounded hill of Alexia where Julius Cæsar conquered Vercingetorix. We talked of the Senones who over-ran Asia Minor from what is now Sens. And all the time with a railway-guide and map we debated what we should do. At last we settled to get out of the train at Blaisy-Bas, 12.30 p.m., and march right over the hills down into the Burgundian Vineyards of the Côte-d’or. We sent our bags on by train, round the hills to Gevrey-Chambertin, and, at 12.45, swung off on foot up into the Forest. We tried a track marked on the map, but, as eight years have passed since the map was made, the track was interlaced with boughs. We had to push through like

rhinoceroses, taking turn about to lead. In the end we were beaten by the growth of underwood and had to strike west by the sun, to get the driving path. We struck it, emerging from the tangled wood on a height that overlooked the wide valley of the Ouche [a river]; the view was like Costa's Assisi, only on a wider scale. Below we could see two little hamlets we had to pass, and beyond the pine-covered heights. We had to cross two more ridges and then the descent guessed on the far side 20 miles away. It was a baking hot day. We passed a holy well with a bronze bust of St. Bernard over it against the burning deep blue sky. At Pralons, a little hamlet, we drank beer and talked to its seller. Of the well, he said—cautiously (for religion is a ticklish affair in France just now)—‘C'est de l'ancienneté. Autrefois il-y-avait un seigneur au Couvent.’ The vines have been spoilt by this awful summer. Of the prospective vintage he said, ‘For this year there is what calls itself nothing—Pour cette année il-y-a ce qui s'appelle rien.’ We only rested a few minutes and then pushed on to our bridge—the Pont de Pany—over the Ouche, which we reached at 4.15. Then we toiled up a wonderful road that left the river and canal of Burgundy and wound like a snake past low cliffs up to the crest of that ridge, about 2000 feet high. Here there was an undulating plateau. At Uray (beer again), reached at 6 p.m., we could see the next valley, and got another short cut by track over fields and up to the crest of the next ridge and over to Champ-de-bœuf, another little homestead. It was dark, for the night falls sooner and more suddenly in the South. The stars were marvellous and the Milky Way and all about the glow-worms shone. But we—for the moment—were beat and our legs too stiff to move, so three-quarters of a mile beyond Champ-de-bœuf we threw ourselves on the ground and looked up at the stars through the leaves of a little chestnut tree. Then we rubbed our legs and swung down the road by a gigantic ravine—a black chasm on our right, with high cliffs on our left. We sang all the songs we could remember, and at 8.30 saw a light in the valley. That was Gevrey-Cham-

bertin, 'where the wine comes from.' We reached the little Inn at 8.45, after walking for eight hours and doing between 22 and 23 miles. It was good to eat and drink. The station—two miles off—was shut, so we rolled into bed without any change of clothes in a hostel which was much the same sort of gîte as any occupied by anybody from the time of Hadrian down the centuries. I woke at five, they got our bags by seven. We went to the station and took the little local train along to Côte-d'or, past Mirts-St. George and Pouilly and all the vineyards to Beaune at 10.30. There we saw the church and belfry and hospital of 15th century, and eat and took a motor and shot 100 kilometres North by West into 'le Morvan,' a wild upland, 3000 feet high of forest and mountain, more like Wales than France. Then we walked again three hours to Avallon, a little town on a peak. The forest was full of large red slugs. Just as Avallon appeared like a vignette, a storm burst on us. We took refuge in a wayside cottage and made the children dance. Then we climbed up and arrived like draggled rats at the Hôtel du Chapeau rouge. The coiffeur next door by a few dexterous strokes of his comb transformed me into the image of a retired Colonel of French chasseurs. I let him have his way, which included waxing my moustachios into two sharp spikes. I woke at 5.30 and began to mobilise at 6, and started soon after. We walked till 10.30, when we reached the wall of the wonderful pinnacled town of Vézelay, where St. Bernard preached the 2nd Crusade to Louis VII. and Conrad on 31st March 1146.

O my! What a church! Byzantine and rebuilt just after that crusade. The XIIth century. One of the Councils of the Empire met there. Our Cœur-de-lion was there, too, before the 3rd Crusade. And now it has 800 inhabitants only and is sound asleep, dreaming of the past. At 1 we got a little trap and drove to a railway. Vézelay is what it is because it is far from any railway. We travelled 3rd class till 4.30, then got out and walked for three hours to Auxerre with its three great churches. We meant to go on at 9 by train to Melun. But no.

We eat and drank and slept. We started at six and caught the 7 a.m. to Paris on Sunday. Arrived at 10.30. Saw the Luxembourg and Panthéon, and traced the old Roman road and the spot where the first Frenchman re-entered Paris after Jeanne-d'Arc had turned the tide of war. I left Belloc, caught the 4 p.m.—slept to Boulogne. Dined on board, reached Charing Cross at 11, and came here by the 8.50 yesterday—motoring out from Salisbury as I had promised Cuckoo to celebrate my Birthday with her.

Now was not that a good scamper ?

I will see you and dearest Papa this week.—Your most
loving son,
GEORGE.

754

To his Mother

SAUGHTON,
September 8th, 1910.

MOST DARLING MAMMA,—I am hard at work on my Rectorial Address. I take a run in the garden before breakfast. Work from 10 to 1 o'clock, run, lunch, ride, and then work from 4 to 8 o'clock, dine, and then think till 11.30.

It takes a power of thinking to decide on a track through a forest of delightful lore, in which it is all but impossible not to lose oneself.

I shall not *write* till Monday, leaving myself three weeks in which to write. But this is the agonising period. I have to prevent myself from writing, and to curb myself from reading too much. But there is a savage joy in reading, and noting, as one does during the preliminary stage.

And I say to myself that, even if I cannot get a clear track, still I shall have had the zest of reading—for example—la Chanson de Roland—and much else—a little library—with a devilish racing-for-blood concentration, which I cannot get except when I am preparing to write.

I know la Chanson de Roland. I sometimes read it.

I often want to read it to you and others. But I can't do this unless I am on the trail to get my scalp.

Now I am on the trail. But whether I can make the trail endurable to an audience of Edinburgh Students is a question which cannot be answered until I have worked for another ten days.

I will not allow myself to write until I have reduced what I have to say to six, or at most seven, definite propositions, which lead the one to the other, and ultimately compose into a truth.

I know I could do this if all went well. And I think I am going to do it. If I don't I think I shall have had a wonderful four weeks of exploring.

I can tell you what the real trouble in my mind is, as thus :—

You remember Charles Kingsley's 'Madam How and Lady Why.'

Very well; I can tell them *How* Romance came into Europe in 1050, culminated in 1150, and influenced to 1550 and even on to 1600.

I can almost tell them *Why* :

But can I tell them *What* it was ? ? ?

That 's the point. Prudence suggests that I should only announce the *How*—sketch the *Why*—and throw out the *What* in a few mystical sentences.

Still, it is a strange thing that Europe soon after 1750 began to feel it had lost something it could not spare (like its shadow or its soul), and that from 1800 till now it has been recovering what it had lost.

Now this becomes more strange and significant if we admit, as we must, that the same thing happened before on a greater scale.

And the whole thing becomes deliriously interesting when you find that all the business of Romance was written in the French language, in *England*, by *Normans*, who had touched *Bretons* and *Welsh* on the West, and Arabs in the *South in Spain*, and in the *East* owing to the *Crusades*.

It is almost too good to be true.

Yet it is true that the *Chanson de Roland*, the tale of *Troy*, the tale of *Thebes*, and the tale of *Arthur*, all the lays of Marie de France, and all there is—except perhaps the Alexander tale—and the fables about animals—were all written in England between 1150 and 1220 by Norman and Southern Frenchmen—and Welshmen who wrote French.

And that all this happened because of two accidents.

I. Roland, a Frank, overwhelmed by Basques in the Pyrenees, was Count of the *Breton* marches.

II. Henry II. married Eleanor—the divorced wife of Louis VIII.—who brought the Troubadours of the South, and the Tronvères of the North, into England and through Wales into Ireland, *after* going to the *East* in the second Crusade.

Those two accidents do the trick of 'Madam How.'

But then there is Lady Why, and *after* that the inscrutable *What* was it that happened ?

That being in my mind I shall refuse to *Define* Romance and set out to *Discover* it : Citing the precedent of Columbus who went to America before there was any Map.—
Your most loving son, GEORGE.

755

To his Father

SAIGHTON GRANGE,
CHESTER, September 17th, 1910.

MY DEAREST PAPA,—I have read your letters and enclosure on the Osborne Judgment with interest. Though busy with my Address I keep an eye on what passes. I do not believe that the House of Commons will reverse the judgment, but am rather concerned at the hot-heads of the Unionist Party plunging in favour of the payment of members. That would be a lesser evil but would complete the degradation of the House.

But—as you truly say—I do find—it may be foolish consolation—in the 'chapter of accidents' or, as I would put it, in the complexity of incidents that make up national

life and world-politics. Any one of these may suddenly absorb public attention, and the business of Politicians consists in combining them into groups in such a way as to counteract separate tendencies towards evil, and secure some common tendency towards good. This is easier said than done.—Your loving son,

GEORGE.

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To his Mother

SAIGHTON,
September 20th, 1910.

MOST DARLING MAMMA,—It was good of you to send back the French book in white and gold binding. I lose some books that I can ill spare and, notably, I have lost a little old Latin book, 'Historia Regum Britanniae,' by Geoffrey of Monmouth. Luckily I remember it, since it must play a big part in my Address. Possibly I am better without it. For, if it were here, I should find something else in it which I should be tempted to cram into the Address. Anyway 'it's gone,' like the chicken from the ship in 'The Lady of the Aroostook.'

I am sure that you and Papa could give me a reference I do want: for the story is one of our old favourites. Who (?) was it who said what (?) on a Cumberland mountain, the gist of which was that he had to remember the cook-shop (?) in (?) (London). Was it Lamb? If you can give me the reference I will send to the London Library for the book. The tedious part of address-writing is that one has to 'verify one's references'; and nobody knows what that is till they've tried to do it.

The alarming part of writing an Address is that one has to write a book afterwards. An Address on Ronsard at Oxford entailed a little book. This Address will entail a larger book. I shall be driven into writing a book. Just now I am being driven into writing far more than I can say in an hour. I shall select bits out of it for the Address. But the rest, which I must leave out, will haunt me like a ghost till I lay it in a book.

It would be much simpler to write Poetry, or even to paint Pictures, than to search for the soul of Romance by the historical method. Still, having set myself that task, I mean to do it, and to limit myself, for its execution, to the tools of dry historical research.

When that is done I will let myself out in a book and, when that is done, I will write about the other theme of which I spoke to you.

Meanwhile you may assure Papa that this kind of work does not unfit me for dealing with the Osborne Judgment. On the contrary—I wanted a quiet six weeks of reading and thinking—and shall be all the better for them politically.—Your most loving son,
GEORGE.

P.S.—Have just heard from Perf at Hythe. He, too, is in a lodging by the sea as I was in 1884. It was then that I bought a pearl pin to wear in a black tie because of national mourning for Prince Leopold. I gave you that pin when I went to the Soudan the next year. And you gave it back to me when I returned. And it is still the pin that I wear, in a white tie, when I hunt. I shall hunt every day in the week after the Address. Then I shall make speeches on the 7th, 8th and 9th of November. Hunting and literature are *not* incompatible with politics. Henry of Anjou—(our Henry II.)—who made the Empire from the Pyrenees to the Grampians always had ‘a bow or a book in his hand.’

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To Mrs. Drew

SAUGHTON,
September 22nd, 1910.

MY DEAR MARY,—Many thanks for the elegiac couplet. It is quite beautiful, and quite untranslatable.

I have written my first attempt over the page.—Yours affectionately,
GEORGE WYNDHAM.

Lead on, too well-beloved: Go happy part
Of our one soul: God calls; but teach my heart,
Mourning alone, to follow where thou art.

758

*To Mrs. Drew*SAIGHTON,
September 23rd, 1910.

'I, nimium dilecta; vocat Deus; I bona nostræ
Pars animæ; mœrens, altera, disce sequi.'

MY DEAR MARY,—You little knew what you were 'in for' when you sent me that perfect elegiac couplet. You must not trouble to read all my shots at translating the untranslatable. But apart from gratitude for its evasive loveliness, I want to thank you for giving me a 'whetstone for wit' 'cos ingeniorum' just when I needed one. Now, at odd moments, I sharpen and exercise my wit on 'I, nimium dilecta, etc.,' instead of blunting and tiring it by mumbling the Rectorial Address, if that ever became something saner than Casaubon's 'Key to all the Mythologies'—was it? in Middlemarch?—so fortunate a result will be due to my possession of and by 'I, nimium, etc.,' for that affords a strenuous relaxation and that was your gift. Thanks to it, the rectorial has made strides. Many pages have been re-written that are at least intelligible and sometimes melt into lucidity. After that exordium I must tell you what has happened in my leisure, since I received the couplet.

It seemed to me that there were only two things to be done with it: either to forget its form and attempt an original English poem on its theme, or else to aim at the most literal translation compatible with the retention of an English rhythm.

I have not tried the first. But who knows? That may follow the effort at translation. So far, I have tried my hand only at translation.

I have always felt that in a translation two rules must be observed. The translator must try to echo the form, *e.g.* he must not turn a couplet into a quatrain. If the original is a couplet, a couplet he must write. The other rule is that he must try to express all the meaning of the original and add nothing to it.

Within those limits he must seek to obey Rossetti's general injunction, viz. 'not to turn a good poem into a bad one.'

All this is, of course, impossible. But that is why it supplies so excellent a whetstone for wit.

If 'I, nimium' is to be translated at all, the translation must be a compromise between a complete and exclusive rendering of the Latin's meaning, on the one hand, and a decent approach to English rhythm on the other. And that compromise must be contained in a couplet.

I am still vacillating between two alternative compromises.

If the translation is to be more literal in its meaning than English in its rhythm, it would run :

'Go, too beloved ; God calls. Go, our soul's happier part,
That other grief shall learn to follow where thou art.'

But if the translation is to be more English in its rhythm to English ears, and more lucid in its syntax to English minds, it would run :

'Go, too beloved ; God calls, our soul's more happy part :
What's left shall learn from grief ; I'll follow where thou art.'

Sibell prefers the last.

I think I am right in translating 'bona' by 'happy.' 'Bona,' of course, means 'good.' But the word for 'good' in all languages often stands for 'lucky,' or 'happy'—which is the same, with greater dignity. Certainly in a celebrated Latin line—'O Fortunati *nimium bona* si sua nôrint'—'bona' means 'happiness.' The author of our couplet probably had that line singing in the back of his head, as he puts both 'nimium' and 'bona' into his first line.

Again, if 'happy' be justifiable as a translation of the Latin meaning, 'more happy' is justifiable in respect of English rhythm, for it is taken from Keats' 'Ode to a Grecian Urn.'

Probably the first course, which I have not attempted, is the best, viz. to forget the form of 'I, nimium' and write an English poem on its theme. 'Manet sors tertia caedi'—i.e. 'take a licking' and leave the Latin as it stands.—
Yours affectionately, GEORGE WYNDHAM.

759

To Philip Hanson

SAIGHTON, 30.ix.10.

MY DEAR P. H.,—I was beginning to miss any news of you, and beginning to hope that you might propose a meeting here. But 'mea culpa' I ought to have written to you long ago and urged you to come. My thoughts, like yours, have been turning back to old days. The sunlight here for the past ten days carried me back ten years. You and Norman and, I think, Ian Malcolm, played lawn tennis with me here in the sun, before we dreamed of leaving the W.O. And when November comes it will be ten years since you and I sailed over a blue sea to Ireland with the collie-dog Chief—a little puppy in a basket—on the deck.

'The days that I regret
Are those that are no more.'

But they were good days ; and I knew it at the time, so I have no remorse, only regret.

I wish you could pop over for even one of the sort of days we put up with now. Let me forecast the immediate future to that end, before I relate the immediate past. I go to London Monday night and return here Wednesday night, 5th October. That would be a good moment, or any other till Tuesday 11th, when I go to London and on to Clouds to celebrate my Father's and my Mother's Golden Wedding. I return on the 17th and that would be a good moment for a glimpse of you. Early in the next week I go to Whittinghame and deliver my Address at Edinburgh on Friday 28th. I return the next day, 29th, D.V., and 'in any case' on Monday 31st. That would do well, but not so well, because I then replunge into politics and hunting. This I have not done for many weeks, and am too rusty to answer your questions. Now I relate the immediate Past. I took a month of violent holiday-making after the Session. Played polo hard here

till the 15th August. Went to South Wales and bathed in the sea. Went to France with Belloc and walked miles and miles over hills to Burgundy and back by Vézelay, where St. Bernard preached the second Crusade. Went to St. Giles and Clouds, and got here on September 5th. Since then I have worked at my Address every day like a miner in the bowels of the earth, and have forgotten—*pro tem.*—all about politics. I have been in the valley of the shadow of composition, which is darker than any subterranean gallery and less securely propped.

Halt sunt li pui e tenebrus e grant
Li val parfunt e les ewes curanz.

This is not madness :—

High are the peaks and shadow-gloomed and vast,
Profound the valleys where the torrents dash.

Nor is this. It is an attempt at the meaning and sound of two lines in the Song of Roland.

I have thought of nothing but the subject of my Address since the 5th of September. I say the subject advisedly. For, provided I can make the Address tolerable, even to Scotchmen, I am using the lull of the Conference to learn all that appertains to a book which I mean to write. It will follow on to the 'Ronsard' and 'Walter Scott.' That is to say, its province will be early French literature, and its aim, another definition of Romance, reached by the historic method.

I wish you could come for a day and join in. I have just read the first half to brother Guy, who is here till Monday. He prefers it to the Glasgow address, and, indeed, if simplicity can be reached by agony, this should be a white lamb by comparison with that black and hairy Buffalo.

After all let me remember, for my peace, that in this address I am not taking on the History of the World, but only four centuries—1050 to 1450—confined to Western Europe—and tied down to literature. For the moment, my lamb is tied too tight; but, when I have got the

sequence of propositions in the *only* order, I shall allow that little lamb to frisk and caper like a goat.

To change the metaphor: after the historic work, I mean for my own delectation to soar from the earth into the 'blue inane' of metaphysics, like an airman (see 'Daily Mail' pattern). But, instead of coming down with a bump to the ground, I shall disappear 'Far in the unapparent' (see Shelley's 'Adonais').

Now am not I well 'Hedged'? I believe it will take an hour to speak the historic part. Very well, then I shall have all the fun to myself, and will make a book of it. That is my plan. But if I can pack the history into 45 minutes, the Scots, who like their metaphysics, will have to stomach mine; or howl me down. In either case we go off to luncheon together at the Union when the Address has been delivered, or interrupted.

More than enough of myself. You must not take 'the forties' to heart. When I had them, badly, in 1905, you helped me as much as any man has been helped by another man. What you feel I have felt. But, now that I am within three years of being fifty, I feel much better.

I cannot write of the Conference; but I am grateful for it. I love the lull. I am very sorry to hear of Lady Atkinson's illness. I laughed out aloud at his 'But it is not padded.'

I think you ought to succeed H—— and outstrip him in the end.

I am to speak on Politics most days, on and after November 7th. But to-day, and to-morrow, and until October the 28th, I am bathing in the 'Springs of Romance.' That (but this is, till then, a secret) is the short title of my Address. The full title is

THE
SPRINGS OF ROMANCE
IN THE
LITERATURE OF EUROPE

Note the limitation. I have tried to observe it. I did not mind foregoing Cathay. But to leave out Architecture

has been a grim business, considering that St. Bernard preached the second Crusade at Vézelay—which I visited last month—and that the second Crusade explains Romance, historically.—Yours ever,

G. W.

760

To his Sister, Mary

SAIGHTON,
CHESTER, 6.x.10.

MY DARLING CHANG,—The great point is that we shall all 5 be together at Clouds on the 15th.¹

I am not skilled in Heraldry, but I like it. If done at all, it must be correct.

One thing I do know, and that is that no woman can have a crest. Indeed, in the case of a married woman her husband bears her arms for her. It seems to me that this would not only be correct, but appropriate, to a Golden Wedding. The technical term is that the husband impales his wife's arms. The effect is like this :

[Drawing]

Au Bon Droit

In the half of the escutcheon which I have left blank the Campbell arms of Mamma's *Father* should be displayed in full.

A woman does not have a crest because she is not supposed to wear a helmet. Her husband is her helmet and her shield. So long as he lives, her arms appear beside his on one shield. Nor does a woman have a motto ; for that is a war-cry.

Before marriage, young ladies, and after marriage, widows, display their arms, not on a shield, but on a lozenge.

¹ For the Golden Wedding of their parents. The discussion of the arms was in connection with the presents the five sons and daughters were preparing.

I will see what I can do in the way of a dedication.—
Your loving brother, GEORGE.

P.S.—Minnie has some other idea. But I hold to the bound book. It should be made of paper, or parchment, and leather that will last for centuries.

761

To Charles Boyd

SAUGHTON, 21.x.10.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—Your letter of the 17th reached me to-day and was welcome. It would be ‘jolly’ if you reached Edinburgh for the Rectorial: Percy would have said, a year ago, ‘if you rolled up;’ now he would say ‘if you blew in’—a delightful addition to the vocabulary of nonchalance.

I am asking Walter Blaikie to send you a ‘confidential’ early copy. But, if you do ‘blow in’ at the M’Ewan Hall, do not read it. I would like—in that event—to know from a trusty and truthful comrade whether the thing is tolerable as a spoken Address. I think it is readable.

In speaking it I shall omit all quotations, references, qualifications and botherations, in the hope of presenting the naked argument.

But all these omissions will be printed. Otherwise many and, for instance, Andrew Lang, will be ‘as tiresome as ever.’

Blaikie has printed it magnanimously.—Yours ever in the bond, G. W.

762

To his Father

WHITTINGEHAME,

PRESTONKIRK, N.B., October 30th, 1910.

MY DEAREST PAPA,—I have booked December 1st and 2nd for shooting at Clouds.

I tried Adey's British Cigars and liked them pretty well for a time. But I got tired of them. I think Havannahs are the best.

I am posting a bound copy of my Address to Mamma. It is beautifully printed. Sibell has, I know, written her impressions of the scene, the interruptions made the delivery a strain; but I managed to fire off a good deal of it and all the end. We motored out, starting at 9.30. I saw dear aunt Connie¹ and Pamela; and had quite a company of close supporters in the front row. After the Address I inspected the Officers' Training Corps in the quadrangle and said a few words. Then Arthur and I were photographed in many groups. Then we had a huge luncheon—about 250—at the Union and, again, a few words in response to our guests. By that it was 3.30 and we were due at the General Council of the University, where Arthur took the Chair. Then to tea with Sir Ludovic Grant, the Regius Professor of Law.

I got an hour to myself before dinner and composed my next speech. I dined with all the Professors at the Balmoral Hotel. The dinner is called the Symposium Academicum. The other guests were Lord Finlay, Lord Dunedin and Lord Dundas. We turned out in the balcony to see the Students' Torch-light procession—a fine sight like the Carnival—with many cars and mounted men. The dinner lasted from 8 to 11.30. I returned thanks for 'The Students' as their representative and made a rather amusing speech. I walked back to the North British with Hepburn Millar, now a professor of law, who used to write in Henley's paper and hails me as a comrade in arms. We smoked a cigar together. He is a Tory of Tories. I took a walk at 8.30 the next morning and had three of the leading Students to breakfast with me at 9 o'clock. The two leaders of the Conservative and Liberal party and the President of the Union. They were very agreeable and we had quite a good talk. Then I motored here—where the strenuous life still continues, urged on by Sidney Webb and Mrs. Webb.

¹ Lady Leconfield.

To-morrow I return to Saughton for a week's hunting ;
and then a week's politics. Love to darling Mamma.—
Your loving son,
GEORGE.

763

To Mrs. Drew

WHITTINGHAM,
October 31st, 1910.

. . . I read three chapters of 'Martin Eden'¹ last night, and read it right through to the end to-day. It is a big book. I have marked many pages. Success did *not* come too late to M. E. If it had come a few weeks earlier, he would have married the false fool ; and that would have been hell for him ; not because she was false, but because she was so little in every way, mind, heart, body. When he was an awkward sailor he mistook the absence of mind, heart and body for the presence of the soul. The author may have lived this in his life or in his imagination. As it seems true, I incline to the belief that he lived it in his imagination. Chaucer could make Emelye, Creseyda and the Wife of Bath ; Shakespeare could make Juliet and Lady Macbeth : this creative business is done by imagination, not by suffering life. It is a protest against that suffering. What I believe to be true is that the author—at *present*—is under the spell of Herbert Spencer and Nietzsche. If he had read poetry instead of biology, Martin Eden would not have climbed through the port-hole at the end, but up to the stars and down again.

This book is a work of Art, and, like all works of Art, has a practical value which is—mercifully—denied to manuals of common sense. I say 'mercifully' because I hope they will all perish and leave the field some day to Imagination and Art.

The by-products of practical value are twofold. In the first place, it ought to be read by every young lady who contemplates matrimony : in the second, it ought to be

¹ By Jack London.

read by every poet who contemplates publication. The young ladies will learn what they are, and the poets will learn a great deal from the change in the author's style. At the beginning, by his Americanisms and sham culture, he disgusts—as *he meant to*: near the end and in the middle he writes the language which belongs to the truth that transcends nationality and sex and philosophies. In the last six pages he relapses into bosh—as we all do at moments of fatigue—and relapses the more deeply because he still, doubtfully, believes in Spencer, and still, doubtfully, admires the superman.

I infer that he is still young; still so young that he can be 'as sad as night for very wantonness.' If I am right, he will, in middle age, cry out, 'Hang up Philosophy! Can Philosophy make a Juliet?' He will never make a 'Juliet' or a 'Falstaff,' but he will make some people, and *is* somebody.

764

To Mrs. Drew

SAIGHTON,
November 1st, 1910.

Your dear human letter is opened last of 40 I found on my return to-night. Sibell tells me she has written about the Address. The youths meant well, but their occasional interruptions, paper darts and snatches of song would have beat me, if I had not worked so hard at the Address that I knew it by heart, and believed in it so much that I made them listen to the last part, after sparing them a good deal of the history and all the qualifications.

The only ones who really made a noise were the Officers' Training Corps. And the jolly, illogical fun of this kind of business is that immediately after the Address I inspected them in the quadrangle. They stood up like rocks and dared not blink an eyelid. To them—in *that* capacity—I was a grown man who had been a *real* soldier—that they respected. Romance they considered excessive. Then we had a public luncheon, and I made them

all laugh. Then we had a General Council of the University, and A. J. B. was profoundly perturbed at the suggestion to make French and German equivalent to Greek and Latin. As I discovered that the General Council has no power, I felt calm. For the time being Universities and Courts of Law are not democratic, which is as much as to say the puppets of Financiers and the halfpenny Press.

Then Sibell and I went to tea with the Regius Professor of Law, and were 'death on culture in Chicago' with the elect of Edinburgh, all in 'Edinburgh English.'

Then I dined with all the Professors and made them laugh again. Then I walked back to my Hotel with Hepburn Millar, who wrote 'The Literature of the Kail-yard' and 'The Bounder in Literature.'

Then I had the students—3 leaders—to breakfast with me at 9 a.m. on Saturday, and thoroughly enjoyed myself.

Then I motored back to Whittingehame and liked 'the Greek Chorus' very much.

On Sunday I played lawn tennis with the Greek Chorus in a grey suit, as a concession to the Sabbath. Then I read 'Martin Eden' from cover to cover.

P.S.—And all the time A. J. B. was quite delightful, a perfect host and friend.

765

To his Father

SAIGHTON GRANGE,
CHESTER, 1.xi.10.

MY DEAREST PAPA,—I will send a bound copy of the Address to dear Aunt Connie. It gave me great pleasure to see her there with her smiling face, full of cleverness and affection.

I enclose a letter from the Student (leader of their Conservative Party) who asked me to stand for the Lord Rectorship. You will see that they meant very well by me, in all their proceedings.

The 3rd leading article in to-day's 'Times' is on 'Romance' and based on the Address.

I did mention Homer, as an exception, and the 'Atys' of Catullus is precisely the kind of thing I had in my mind when I said that the Romantic touches in Classical literature were (1) mainly in the earliest or latest poems, (2) all in poems that deal with alien customs and superstitions.

The 'Atys' fulfils both conditions. It is early, before the Augustan epoch—and deals with the savage rites of religious mutilation.—Your loving son, GEORGE.

766

To Philip Hanson

SAUGHTON GRANGE,
CHESTER, 3.xi.10.

MY DEAR P. H.,—Your letter gave me the keenest pleasure. I was looking out for it and was determined not to make up my own mind about the Address until I had heard yours. I know that you always have a mind of your own and that you always speak it. Imagine, then, my relief at hearing from you that it was 'sweet and easy, simple and firm.' This to a man known only to write in Choktaw! I care for your appreciation far more than for the reviews in the Press. They, however, are far better than I expected. There is one in the 'Saturday' which I naturally like as it is favourable. But it is also informed and I don't know who wrote it. 'Birmingham Post' was good, but obstinate about Homer; 'Daily Telegraph' very friendly; 'Times' had a column; and so on.

I see in to-day's Literary Supplement of the 'Times' a review of Sidney Lee's book on Elizabethan borrowings from the French. They mention my name. But Sidney Lee borrowed the idea from my early article in 'Cosmopolis.' This is not mentioned.

I hunted Tuesday and to-day after dining last night

with the Tarporley Hunt Club and amusing them in a speech.

But now, my dear Philip, the blackness of night and Tariff Reform overshadows the next seven days. I must work for three, then on Monday, 2.30, I take the chair at a 'Dumping' exhibition in Manchester, speak at 8; move resolution at Conference at 11.30 Tuesday morning; and take meeting at Bolton on Thursday.

I hate politics more and more, and specially after seven weeks of pure Letters. What sort of a copy did Blaikie send you? If only in grey paper cover, I will send one in buckram.

You must get here somehow after the rush of politics. I hear, on good authority, that old Asquith is determined to have a short Session, 4 weeks, whatever happens. There is much to be said for a Prime Minister of his temperament.—Yours ever,

G. W.

P.S.—If you only knew how much I left out of the Address!

767

To his Mother

SAUGHTON GRANGE,
CHESTER, 6.xi.10.

MOST DARLING MAMMA,—I loved your letter, and if I don't write to you now, 'when will I?' For to-morrow I begin a row of speeches in our Lancashire campaign. I have written the first one out and sent a typed copy to the 'Morning Post.' The others must take their chance. I shall be staying at the Midland Hotel, Manchester.

I enclose a precious letter. Please return it. W. P. Ker, the writer, is the one man alive, now that Gaston Paris is dead, whose praise of my 'Romance' is a thing past belief. It has flabbergasted me. I asked him, humbly, if he would allow me to dedicate it to him; and he gave his permission. That pleased me more than I can say. And he is not the man to gush over anything. He is the dryest old sarcastic, silent, Fellow-of-All-Souls, on the old celibate foundation; the ripe embodiment of

the old Oxford tradition—‘nothing new and nothing true, and no matter.’ Besides Oxford, he is the history and literature Professor at the London University. Finally, and ‘therefore I love him,’ in spite of silence and sarcasm, he wrote ‘Epic and Romance,’ ‘The Dark Ages,’ and ‘Mediaeval Literature.’ And yet . . . I can’t quite believe that he wrote me this letter. Of course one must discount a good deal. It is the tribute of a sportsman to a poacher. And now I must forget it, and get to fresh work. But I must just explain that what he says ‘I don’t like being spoken of as a master’ is because, in the copy I sent him, I wrote ‘To William Paton Ker, the master, from George Wyndham, the disciple,’ and I meant it.

The fresh work I must get to to-morrow is all Tariff Reform and such tedious botherations, and suspicions, and jealousies, and ‘bull-rushes’ from Leo Maxse, and hesitations and all the -ations that rhyme with Damnation.

But, on that best of all days which we call ‘some day,’ I promise myself a combination of joy and work.

It occurred to me quite suddenly about 4 days ago. I remembered with regret the big book I meant to write about romantic literature, with a leaning towards the French. Then I began to remember all the things I have written, which I had forgotten. They are hidden away in ‘The New Review’ (extinct), ‘Cosmopolis’ (extinct), and in introductions to books that are out of print, or don’t sell. Then it suddenly flashed on me that, without knowing it, I *have* written $\frac{2}{3}$ (or $\frac{3}{4}$) of my book! And I see exactly what remains to be written. The ‘Springs’ is the first chapter. I never thought of that; it was a toss up to the last moment, whether I wrote it, or an essay on the theme of the 2 sonnets I read to you the other day at breakfast. Chapter II.—not written—will be ‘The Chroniclers and the Crusades.’ It is not written, but I have all the stuff and many notes. That takes me right through the 13th Century. It may become 2 chapters in order to bring in Dante and the Spaniards. Then, just to please myself, I am going to have ‘Songs’ (not written). But after that it is nearly all finished.

IV. (or V.) is my old Poetry of the Prison, about Charles D'Orléans and Villon ('New Review,' out of print); V., or VI., is Chaucer (not written); VI., or VII., North's Plutarch, written—indeed I must cut it down; VII., or VIII., is Ronsard, written. Indeed I have written it twice and there is a great deal in the old article in 'Cosmopolis' that I must print again. VIII., or IX., is Shakespeare, written, and must be cut down. IX., or X., is Elizabethan Mariners in Elizabethan Literature, written in the 'Fortnightly' 12 years ago. X., or XI., is Scott, written. XI., or XII., is the new French romantics—not published, but almost all written with many translations.

And besides all these I have written and printed, for a last movement, 2 speeches on literature to learned societies, my panegyric on Henley, my introduction, about Ruskin, to Mary Drew's book, that made £500, for her church not for me. My articles on Henley and Maeterlinck, printed in the 'Outlook.'

Aren't you astonished? I was. I must have written 3 volumes of prose, without knowing it—like M. Jourdain, all on Literature, and quite apart from 'The Development of the State' and articles on Politics.

But now I must go to bed.—Your most loving son,

GEORGE.

Enclosure

ALL SOULS COLLEGE,
OXFORD, 5 Nov. 1910.

MY DEAR WYNDHAM,—This is a glorious thing—only I don't like being spoken of as a master—tho' it is better than professor, when one thinks of it. I have read the discourse with great delight—it is encouraging, and so is your letter. Very different from the organised mechanical research that I come upon in the way of business. An American said to me yesterday that it was a complaint in the Universities there, how people seemed to give up reading when they took to the study of literature. Nothing good is done except by adventurers—in that branch of learning anyhow—and I hope you will go on.—Ever yours truly,

W. P. KER.

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*To Lord Hugh Cecil*35 PARK LANE, W.,
18.xi.10.

MY DEAR LINKY,—I am most grateful for Percy's poems. I like all those to which you refer me, and shall study them all. I like, too, 'The Image of the Heavenly' on page 19 of 'Broken Lights.'

I enclose the two sonnets. I had altered them in several places, but, on the whole, prefer the first form. To a certain extent they belong to you in that form, for I think I wrote them in close connection with a talk we had walking back from Broadway to Stanway.

I also send a copy of my Rectorial Address. It is chiefly historical and literary, but at the end—as the way is with my thought—it fades away 'far in the unapparent.' Yet the last movement was the first in my mind when I began writing.—Yours ever, GEORGE WYNDHAM.

THE GREEN ROOM

I

'The world's a stage:' to tread it we assume
 A sex, tradition, character and part.
 We take for granted a great Author's art,
 Dazed by the glare abolishing our gloom.
 Bright scenery suggests fair hours and room
 To conjure laughter, or to wring the heart.
 Who laughs? at what? Do any good tears start?
 We guess at all except the curtain's doom.
 What is the grave? A green-room where the soul
 Puts by the properties of man or maid.
 None has created, few can fill a rôle,
 Most only walk and leave their lines unsaid.
 The grave is dumb of all parts, and the whole—
 A drawer for masks after a masquerade.

II

'The world's a stage,' where courage, love, and fun,
 Answer the riddle of Man's agony.
 The Author, bent on grinding out these three,
 Contrives a trap no artifice may shun.
 His tragic plot entangles everyone,
 Till King and clown, hag, debutante, all see
 Danger's for daring; sorrow, absurdity,
 For laughter and kindness. Then the play is done.
 What is the grave? A green-room where the soul,
 Disrobed and cleansed from travesty of paint,
 Stops shuddering at 'the dagger or the bowl.'
 That grim alternative was only quaint,
 Since fun, and love, and courage, are the whole,
 And each poor player, a hero, fool, and saint.

G. W.

5.iv.09.

769

To his Father

35 PARK LANE, W.,
 November 18th, 1910.

MY DEAREST PAPA,—I am sorry to say that I shall not be able to shoot at Clouds on the 1st. There is more at stake in this election than in any of our time and I must be free to fight every day.

If I have a contest in Dover I shall speak there once. Perhaps, even if I do have a contest I shall get leave to fight where the issue is in doubt. In either case I cannot amuse myself during the battle.

As at present advised I shall begin in Manchester and surrounding District, work down the West to Cornwall, via Calley's seat in Wiltshire, and then ride a finish in Lincolnshire and Yorkshire.

Arthur made a splendid speech last night and things have gone well with us in the House to-day. So far there is nothing to regret and, even if there was, we have only to fight to the finish.—Your loving son, GEORGE.

770

To his Mother

HACKWOOD, BASINGSTOKE,
November 20th, 1910.

MOST DARLING MAMMA,—I loved getting such a full-blown letter from you at this fate-full crisis.

It would be ridiculous to explain. We must act.

Well ; I can only say this to you and Papa. All that I am from you—the largeness and the precision—I have been allowed to say in this *utterly secret private* body of persons who know, and care, and dare.

I do not believe that a more representative group could have met together. Curzon, Arthur Balfour, Lansdowne, Salisbury, Selborne, Harry Chaplin, F. E. Smith and self and others.

We have worked hard to-day for five hours.

I am satisfied with the result.

And now we must fight.

But it would make me happier to know that you and Papa realised that we are not sparing ourselves. We mean to declare ; to shew all our cards, to be honest and Patriotic and simple.

If we win, all is saved. If we lose ; we shall win when the electorate see.

There is nothing to regret. What more can a man ask for.—Your most loving son,

GEORGE.

771

To his Mother

35 PARK LANE,
November 23, 1910.

MOST DARLING MAMMA,—I agree with Major Poore. But we must not discuss details however vital, till we have won the battle of a real second chamber against no real one, but a sham, which would be more dangerous than none at all.

I feel quite sure that we shall win, if not in the next fortnight, then in the next eighteen months.

No ! I see that Major Poore has got hold of my plan—viz. : You must group County Councils and County Boroughs together ; and in that grouping we shall revert to something rather like the Heptarchy.

But now I must work. I am speaking at the Dover Chamber of Commerce dinner to-night, and shall revive dear Papa's old battle-cry by denouncing the Declaration of London, as he denounced the Declaration of Paris.

We are doing well all along the line. I go to Lancashire on Monday.—Your most loving son, GEORGE.

P.S.—If the other side demand details now our answer is that these are precisely what the Parliament they have burked ought to discuss.

772

To his Father

35 PARK LANE, W.,
November 25th, 1910.

MY DEAREST PAPA,—Delighted to get your letter in such good heart, considering the stresses we are in.

The Declaration of London is—as you guess—the outcome of Campbell-Bannerman's tomfoolery at the Hague.

In spite of what you say—justly—about the action of Conservatives in the seventies, I think it possible that this extreme folly may lead to a reversion in favour of your contention against the Declaration of Paris.

This new Declaration of London has been attacked by the Chambers of Commerce of London, Glasgow, Liverpool and Bristol.

The attack will go home.

Incidentally it is a great collateral support to Preference.

It is almost incredible but—shortly—this is the position.

(a) We abandoned our right to take Enemy's goods (by the Declaration of Paris) in *neutral* ships with—as a set-off—the abolition of privateering (not subscribed to by America and Spain).

(b) The new Declaration of London puts 'Food-stuffs' *first* in articles of *conditional* Contrabands.

The conditions allow Germany to take or sink any ship bringing food-stuffs to England ; and leave us powerless.

It is a premium on War by Germany on us, without declaration of War.

We may not transfer our shipping to another flag (an ignominious expedient—but the main argument for the Declaration of Paris urged by Sir W. Harcourt) unless we do so thirty days *before* War.

But Germany may change a merchant ship into a vessel of War, *after* hostilities. That is tantamount to reviving privateering.

And this is to be the rule of the game after

(1) We have surrendered the supremacy of the sea.

(2) Concentrated all our Fleet in the North Sea, leaving the Ocean unprotected.

(3) With no punishment for destroying a ship, except paying the cost if you are in the wrong !!!

(4) Whether you are right or wrong is to be decided by an International Board on which Roumania and Argentina have a voice equal to our own.

It is mad.

And so are the Governments.—Your devoted son,

GEORGE.

P.S.—But I do believe it will scare Lancashire.

P.S. 2.—If you want to look into this ask Lord Desborough (Willy Grenfell) to send you the report of the Committee of the London Chamber of Commerce over which he presided. He will be glad to get any further publicity. Tommy Bowles is wild about it.

Edward Grey has promised not to ratify until after a debate in both houses.

773

To his Mother

35 PARK LANE, W.,
November 26, 1910.

MOST DARLING MAMMA,—I am deeply grieved to read the sad news that our friend's wife is dead. I have written

one word to her son, Rudyard. Will you tell Mr. Kipling that I am thinking of him ? . . .

Asquith's speech is a splendid 'target.'

I have been hard at work, arming for the battle. On Monday it begins. My interventions are Monday, *Manchester*, Tuesday, *Manchester*, Wednesday, *Warrington*, Saturday, *Cheltenham*, Tuesday, *Stourbridge*, Friday, *Swindon*, Tuesday, *Ryde*.

Beyond that I wait orders. And probably I shall put in one or two more in between.

But these seven, that are arrayed, are all to big audiences of 3000 to 4000 each.

In one sense it is a great tax to take large audiences, but, in another, it must be more difficult to speak in rural villages. Each man to his job: and each man to the large audience of employers and artizans; or to the small audience of squire and farmer and solicitor and labourer—can be quite sure of his cause on the Constitution and on Tariff Reform; and sure that we are fighting honourable. Very well! I repeat this is very well and to my taste. It is a great comfort to say 'Let God defend the right'—and to mean it!

My love to Papa.—Your loving son, GEORGE.

774

To Charles Whibley

SAUGHTON GRANGE,
CHESTER, 21st December 1910.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—I am moved to write to you. I am back here after six weeks and two days of Politics. I wish you could come here for a bit in the course of the next fortnight. You may retort that I have not been to Wavenden Manor. That is true. But consider to how many places I have been owing to the combined results of democracy and an inept central office. During this Election, and well inside of three weeks, I have been up and down England three times. I think I have done

nearly 3000 miles in the train. Very well, then; why should not you come here even although I have not been to see you? I put it to you that I ought to stay here for at least a fortnight. I must think, before acting.

I ran up against Northcliffe in the corridor of the Houses of Parliament, just before the Election. We suddenly met and pleasantly. I would now like to do what we have spoken of more than once. I want to get five or six or seven who belonged to W. E. H.¹ to dine with me in February. I note that W. E. H.'s 'lines' are becoming parts of English speech. He would have been glad to see that happen. It was inevitable. But it has happened soon. I wonder if this always happened soon. Did everybody with an inkpot quote 'I could not love thee, dear, so much,' etc., within ten years?

I purposely take a hackneyed quotation. Some things stick. 'Where's Tray and where's the Maypole in the Strand' sticks. 'It's only pretty Fanny's way' sticks. And now quite a number of Henley's lines have begun to stick. But it is of his best that sticks. He is there with his best. That is a great sign of excellence.

All this is relaxation. I have been fighting hard in twelve constituencies, and I know we have to fight harder for all that has value. I should like to talk over the muffled revolution with you. I don't want to 'spar' in private. But I do want to submit my idea of a counter-revolution to a friend who is not a politician, but a student of politics and an Imperialist.—Yours ever,

GEORGE WYNDHAM.

775

To Hilaire Belloc

SAUGHTON,
Xmas Eve, 1910.

MY DEAR HILAIRE BELLOC,—I will write to you once more about your 'Verses';² but only garrulously. This is not a considered appreciation. It is the resultant of

¹ W. E. Henley.

² Verses by H. Belloc. Published by Duckworth and Co.

two forces. New poetry compels my attention. Old letters—and how many lie unanswered before me—dispel my industry. I will have none of them to-night. I have done my share of work the last six weeks. I had taken a resolve not to lapse into letters. I had sworn to myself that I would rest and ride and tackle Politics in four days' time. And, then, here you come along with your volume of Verse; and I don't want to rest; I read them before dinner; read some of them to Sibell at dinner; read them again after dinner. Now I am in a warm, lighted room at the top of my tower. The wind is trying to say the world's story of wrong and liberty. It is trying to talk like a dog whose feelings have been hurt by its master's absence, or like a ghost with a tremendous secret and no articulate tongue to tell it. The wind shuffles and whimpers round the corners of the tower and bluffs off in gusts of despair to the hills, and then comes back suddenly and tugs at the latticed windows. The wind's inarticulate tongue and wounded wrath and soft gushes of clean air prove to me the great need of verse. Without verse Man is as helpless as the wind and more miserable. Glad am I to have not only the lighted warmth but also your Verses.

I will not deny that people are right when they say that 'The South Country' is the best of them. Nor will I deny that your sarcastic verses about the rich and South Africa seem to me not so much out of place as in the way of the larger sayings.

'Everybody,' I suppose, will say these two things: and I belong to the herd.

Perhaps because this is Christmas Eve I am lured by 'Noel' and 'The Birds' and 'Our Lord and Our Lady.' But, of that group, 'In a Boat' is the one that hits me and will hit the herd, some day.

In literature a great deal depends on what the writer does with the great emotions of Man; and by these I mean—at this moment)—Passionate love, Passionate courage and Passionate fear.

Now most writers shirk Fear. Some—and I am one—smother it under Courage and Love. I have said that

courage is the fundamental thing. But—after reading your Verses—I am prepared to be taught that Fear is under courage. I used to hate the ‘Fear of God’ in the Bible. But no honest man will deny that the sense of chasm and inanity and being lost—like a child—is the base of man’s being. You get that ‘In a Boat’! You soothe that in ‘The Night.’ You comfort that with magic in ‘The Leader.’ ‘The Leader’ is large enough and vague enough to help us all. It helps the practical man in us with ‘And after them all the guns, the guns.’ It helps the seeing man in us with

‘She stretched her arms and smiled at us
Her head was higher than the hills.’

And then you revert to the primal truth of our station, or absence of station :

‘She led us to the endless plains,
We lost her in the dawn.’

‘The Leader’ is a poem: I believe, a great poem. But the *biggest* thing in your book is ‘The Prophet Lost in the Hills at Evening.’ That is great; because you have taken the emotional vision which came to you in the Pyrenees; and made it true for us all anywhere. It is as true of a General Election as of ascending a mountain range and coming down on the same side. This is the *biggest* thing you have done; and you have done it on the right, crusading, side of Faith. When Peter Wanderwide meets St. Peter, the Porter of Heaven, and St. Michael, they will both know beforehand that you wrote it. They will love you for your faults but they will respect you for this.

You will, probably, be very angry with me for saying so, and furious when I compare it with Henley and Kipling. Yet that is the comparison. Your ‘Prophet’ is as vast and true as ‘out of the night that covers me’ but it is more true. It is as brave as Kipling’s ‘But I didn’t, but I didn’t, I went down the other side’; but it has the humility of a greater courage. ‘By God ’tis Good’ (Ben Jonson), and it is by God. . . .

At this moment the Waits have come to sing outside my Tower. In their way they are singing 'And harbour me—Almighty God!' under the inscrutable stars. And the uneasy wind has dropped. It is rumbling an obligato accompaniment to their simple crystal melody of certitude in the inane.

Naturally I delight in the 'Cuckoo' and the Drinking songs and 'The Little Serving Maid.' These are the songs that men have sung for 30,000 years and you sing them well.

If I presumed to 'appreciate' I should rank them next after the Christmas Carols—Our Lady-group. Both these groups are of things that are necessary and you have done them right well for us, once again.

'In a Boat' is a transition from these to the heights of 'The Leader' and the summit of 'The Prophet Lost in the Hills at Evening.'

The other Group in your book that ranks with these and will be preferred by some—though not by me, is made up of 'A Bivouac.' (That's true! It happened to me in the Soudan. I was asleep dreaming behind the Zariba of those I loved, and then the Hadendawas suddenly shot at us and knocked out the signal lamp.) And of 'The Yellow Mustard.' The Yellow Mustard is as good as it can be. Some will prefer it to the 'Prophet.' It is the way, or *a* way, by which some, who cannot defy the chasm of space, or appeal from its grisly immensity—'And harbour me—Almighty God!'—do get to an absolute release from horror. Any man who can sing

To see the yellow mustard grow
Beyond the town above, below
Beyond the purple houses, oh!
To see the yellow mustard grow—

is happy, and *safe*.

He doesn't know why he is happy and safe. But he knows that he is secure. He breaks out of the prison of Time into Eternity. Like God, in the first chapter of Genesis, he sees that it is good.

I am not as well versed as I should be in the 'Old Testament.' But, speaking from memory on the moment, I believe I have always felt that in Genesis alone God descends to Man, and that, between Genesis and the Incarnation, you have nothing but the Chasm and Jeremiads.

The best things in your book are—each in its separate way—the 'Prophet' and the 'Yellow Mustard.' One gives a refuge and the other an evasion. But the refuge is best. In the 'Prophet' you sing of immortality in immortal words. . . .

And now, once more, the Waits are singing the English version of 'Adeste Fideles.' I am glad to know that the tune is comparatively modern. 'I am not Time's fool,' though I do hanker after the thirteenth century. I can say with all my heart and more than all my brain 'O come let us adore Him.' The little figure of Notre Dame de Paris which I bought, '*te duce*' after our walk into Burgundy, is now in a beautiful gold shrine (in Sibell's chapel) made by the village carpenter.

How and when did you write 'The Prophet Lost in the Hills at Evening'? It does not matter. Thank God that you wrote it and accept my thanks as an earnest of Man's gratitude. 'By God 'tis Good.' I don't suppose you know how good it is.

The critic will say that

I hunger and I have no bread.

My gourd is empty of the wine.

Surely the footsteps of the dead

Are shuffling softly close to mine !

is the best thing in it.

He will fail to observe that this imaginative simplicity is led up to by the two preceding quatrains. He will fail to observe the 'It darkens,' that follows immediately, and the repeat, 'it darkens,' which precedes the climax.

Stand about my wraith,

And harbour me—Almighty God !

I am glad that so big a thing has been done *secundum Artem*. To make 'wraith' rhyme with 'Faith' at the

finish—not only inevitably but, accumulatively, ‘beats Banagher.’ But all the rhymes are glorious and the Poem they wing on its flight hits the gold of emancipation from the sorrow of Man.—Yours ever, G. W.

P.S.—‘And I am awfully afraid.’

I bow to you for that line.

The whole poem is the best I have read by any man now living. It will be repeated by little children—knowing nothing of the horror you have sounded—as long as our language is spoken. My Christmas present to you is a solemn declaration that in this poem you have ‘done it.’ You, who are more troubled than I over Immortality, have attained it in this poem and given it to others.

What a mercy it was that you lost your way in the Pyrenees !

776

To his Sister, Madeline

SAIGHTON GRANGE,
CHESTER, 11.i.11.

MOST DARLING MANENAI,—I must wind up to-day with a word of love to you. For one reason, naughty Sibell only gave me *to-day* your little Christmas note of 23 December 1910 ! I do not blame her. In the absence of Benny and Shelagh she tries to run everything. To-night she went, with Clare, who is here to hunt, to Chester to judge a children’s Fancy Dress Ball for the League of Pity. But where does Pity come in ? It left me in, even for me, the most funny surroundings. I dined alone with (1) Clare’s French Governess, (2) Ursula’s German Governess.

Well, I made the best of it, and really enjoyed my evening. We talked French all the time and wound up with Rostand’s ‘Chantecler.’ I was quite happy and welcomed the opportunity of three hours’ French on end.

Pamela sent little Clare here, to hunt and be with us. So far it has been a great success—I think—and we are off to hunt together to-morrow.

Charles Gatty, George Street, Mark Sykes, Mahaffy,

Ronny Norman, and so forth, have been here—all very literary and archæological.

But we did get a point on Saturday. We went to Beeston, the old Norman ruined castle on a crag. On the way up, Mark Sykes said, 'That cutting—the way they rode up—must be Roman, not Norman.' I answered, 'Roman! My dear boy, a knob like this has been held by man for 10,000 or 20,000 years before the Romans got here.' Hardly had I spoken, when at the very top, loosened out from its secure abode by the last night's rain, we found the most perfect *little* flint arrow-head I have ever seen, with clear cut edges, point and both barbs, and as transparent as onyx—a gem.

My dear! why do we fret? Life is immortal.—Your devoted brother,

GEORGE.

777

To Wilfrid Ward

SAUGHTON,

CHESTER, January 13th, 1911.

MY DEAR WILFRID,—I have read the January 'Dublin' with deep and varied interest.

Your political article is most true, because it is profound and calm.

My knowledge—such as it is—informs me that 'Democracy' has never lasted a whole generation. Ferrero's new history of Rome demonstrates this. When an oligarchy, based on war and farming, perishes, you get a good two generations, or three generations, of 'Roman Equites.' The prudent and thoughtful oust the political militia. But, they always invoke Democracy after thirty or sixty years. Then Democracy develops the 'cry' and the 'caucus' and so dies; giving place to Bureaucracy, or Cæsarism, or a combination of the two.

My 'little knowledge' tells me that this is our disease. But my astonishing—at forty-seven years of age—credulity and buoyant animal spirits say to me 'Tush! the English will do something that no one else has done.'

If it were possible to tell one's friends all that one thinks and writes and does, I should like to show you all the memoranda I have written during the last year. But that would take as long as it has taken to play my part in this obscure drama.

Again, in the January 'Dublin,' Belloc is good. Some will denounce him for making things too obvious. Still, he does, in that article, explain to Tariff Reformers, and Socialists what it is that is worrying them.

I read again, after many years, Ruskin's introduction to 'Unto this Last.' Some one, who has time, ought to write an article on that. It is wonderful that any man in 1858-9 should have demanded (1) for the start of life, National Education; (3) for the end of life, 'Old Age Pensions.' Given these ratifications of what *then* seemed ranting, it is well worth any man's while to read his (2) for the middle of life. It is the middle of life that I care for. The voyage is more essential than the yard in which the ship is built or the 'port' which she makes. The 'yard' and the 'port' exist for the 'voyage.'

Of course I was enchanted by Eccles on Romance. I can't say how glad I am. I knew where he would criticise; and deliberately left out the argument founded on St. Michael, which he puts in a foot-note.

W. P. Ker who knows more about these things than any one now Gaston Paris is dead, wrote me a letter about that address which took my breath away. He is not lavish of praise, or, indeed, of any words. Yet he said 'This is a glorious thing.' So, I got the only people for whose opinion I care; on that subject.—Yours ever,

GEORGE W.

778

To his Mother

SAIGHTON GRANGE,
CHESTER, 23rd January 1911.

MOST DARLING MAMMA,—It was like you to produce the very box for my flint arrow-head. I got a glimpse

of Cyncie on Thursday and dined with Benny. I had not seen him since his South African tour. We had a great talk over S. African politics and his 2nd. property there on which he is growing wonderful crops of cotton. This venture is exactly the kind of thing which rich people ought to do and all the cotton magnates are agog with interest. He has grown £5 worth of cotton from each acre for which he paid two pennies. But, then, he took the lead and the risk and is now deeply interested in getting the Chartered Company and the Colonial Office to realise what has been done. I do not suppose that you know what good work 'Timmy' is doing as a director of the Chartered Company. Timmy, with Birchenough and Jameson, are the three whom everybody respects for their work, and for 'developing' the country instead of merely 'floating' shares.

Benny, Perf and I, had quite a good day's hunting on Friday, and on Saturday we had the 'real thing'—a slashing gallop and forty minutes to the first check. I enjoyed it hugely, but was *very* stiff after it. Yesterday I dined with our new General, Sir W. Henry Mackinnon at Government House, and had a useful evening. At last we have a man who will move. We have got one, and may get two, ranges for musketry. Chang, Ego, Letty and Guy Charteris came here Saturday to Monday. We hunt to-morrow and other days. On Friday I must attend my half-yearly Railway meeting, but get back to have the 2nd in command, 4 Squadron Leaders and Adjutant to dine and sleep here; so as to discuss Yeomanry before I am engulfed in Politics.

Of course I am doing too many things. But . . . well? I still like doing them; and the Railway people, and Yeomanry and soldier people, and hunting people all help to pull together; so do the literary people. I brought Belloc back late last night after my dinner with the General. He had been lecturing in Manchester, and Liverpool and lectured again to-night. He was in great form and enchanted us at luncheon to which Benny came. The Political people, on the other hand, with whom my

lot is cast, do not pull together and do not enchant me. Yet—as a consolation I reflect—that the great woof of English life, with its soldiering, and railways, and sports, and literature, goes on getting woven and is far more substantial than the intrigues of Party Politics or the grasping dreams of Socialism. That is why I cannot share dear Papa's depression over politics. The real working life of the country is so much more to me than the mischievous tomfoolery of cranks and seamps.

I do not deny the menace of their tomfoolery. But I do defy it. I do not believe in its lasting power for evil. I know that all the people feel with me and would follow if one ever had to give a lead. Meanwhile, no doubt, it is irritating to be bound down to the theatrical insincerity of Politics. But that is the price, paid beforehand, for perhaps one more chance of making something—an army, perhaps, or a sensible Poor Law, or an Imperial Tariff. It is so delightful to make anything that will last. That being so, naturally, the price of the chance of making anything, is a high one in Politics. But it is not higher than the price of making anything in that or literature. In any case, to 'make' anything,—from a horse out of a colt, or a book out of the English language, or a human society out of the jealousies and vanities of mankind—is not easy. It is not meant to be easy; and demands, in each case, a sort of careless courage, which helps and calms.

Of course there is the danger of getting to like 'the pretty quarrel as it stands' for the sake of its neat antagonism. But the truth of the matter is that even Sir Lucius O'Trigger does not enjoy pretty antagonism, unless he believes in something worth fighting for. If a man believes that the Universe is not necessarily absurd because it is incomprehensible, he can be happy in that belief, and all the happier because the riddle exercises his ingenuity and patience.—Your loving son, GEORGE.

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To his Father

SAUGHTON,
29th January 1911.

MY DEAREST PAPA, —I was very sorry indeed to hear of Mr. Kipling's death. I enjoyed my last evening with him and we shall all miss him very much.

I agree with you about the Declaration of London. We have got to think of these matters in terms of a War in which we are a Belligerent. All the mischief has arisen from the complaints of certain ship-owners whose vessels were interfered with during the Russian and Japanese war.

Percy and I have been hunting hard and having quite good sport. Percy 'pounded' the first flight yesterday over a gate that was tied up.—Your loving son,

GEORGE.

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*To Philip Hanson**Private.*

35 PARK LANE, W.,
1st March 1911.

MY DEAR P. H., —'Them's my sentiments.' I believe that everything turns on achieving fairness between 'Parties.'

In work of this kind one must expect 'ups and downs.' After writing to you I had a bad 'down' on Monday. But yesterday I had a much better 'up,' and I am hopeful. When I say 'hopeful,' I am not thinking of the immediate future: I mean exactly what you say, viz.: that honest work, based on the facts and on prolonged thought, without any party bias, must have a touch of immortality in it, and must be useful.

I have a speech to make to-morrow in Hammersmith. Unluckily I have a heavy cold on me, so that 'the dull brain perplexes and retards.'

In spite of that, I shall try to do some 'thinking aloud.' The occasion is fairly suggestive. It appears that on

the 2nd March twenty-five years ago, Randolph Churchill invented the name 'Unionist,' and we celebrate the anniversary.

I am trying to say that 'Unionism' is a true and lasting Political Creed opposed to all other -isms, and profoundly different from Opportunism and from log-rolling.

(I did not know I was saying that till I wrote it to you.)

I did mean to say—and shall say—perhaps with that addition—that Unionism consists in finding certain principles common to several 'parties' or 'States in the Empire,' and then standing on those principles, and inviting others to stand with you; and that this involves the mutual concession of many political predilections which do not conflict with those principles.

Suppose, for example, that quâ the Constitution I laid down

I. Stability.

II. Predominance of the House of Commons.

III. Ultimate decision of the People.

I could deduce from those principles a Constitution on which most people could agree if they were ready to waive non-essentials.

I. Stability does involve two Chambers on facts and possibilities, for a 'written Constitution' comparable to that of the U.S.A. is neither actual, possible, nor desirable.

II. Predominance of House of Commons does involve a smaller second Chamber, and does, I believe, exclude a second Chamber wholly elected, from huge Constituencies.

III. Ultimate decision of the people does involve either frequent Elections on mixed issues, or Referendum for rare and grave cases.

These are only examples, but they are fundamental.

I should then say that on the political creed of Unionism it was impossible to present such a scheme unless in a shape which was not only sincerely, but obviously, free from Party bias.

I believe I can make something of this. But to-morrow the offspring of my brain can only be embryonic. By

next week, when I speak at Cambridge, I shall have licked the cub into shape.

My crux at this moment is the difficulty of persuading good, clever and honest men that they must not 'pack' the initial 'second Chamber.' They cannot 'cast their bread on the waters.'

The clever ones give excellent, and sincere, reasons for refraining from that imaginative exercise, *e.g.* 'We shall be betraying the Union'—a shaft peculiarly deadly when it is shot at me, although, if Ulster speeches mean anything, I am now credited with having done as much to save the Union as anyone else. I can think of a far more clever defence for 'packing,' but God forbid I should tell them of it. The clever defence of 'packing' would be that under any reasonable plan for a second Chamber, *e.g.* with longer tenure of office on (a) 'big constituency elections,' and (b) nominations by P. M., *we* should now have a 'remainder' majority in the second Chamber, that *we* are, therefore, entitled to 'make it so' in initial, transitory, provisions; arguing, at the same time, that the permanent provisions will give Asquith a majority in the second Chamber before his majority in the House of Commons is melted or reversed.

That argument is not only clever, it is, also, sound. But to strike the imagination it is essential to be, not only fair, but generous. If only all could grasp the exaggerated profits of the 'beau rôle,' all would be well.

Unluckily they grasp neither that nor anything. They clutch the air with cramped fingers.—Yours ever,

G. W.

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Telegram

EAST KNOYLE,
March 13, 1911.

To Charles Gatty, 92 Victoria Street, London, W.

My dear father passed away quite peacefully soon after ten this morning.

GEORGE WYNDHAM.

CLOUDS.

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To Charles T. Gatty

CLOUDS,
EAST KNOYLE, 16.iii.11.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—Bless you for your kindness. You know what the loss is. My Mother is splendidly brave ; my dear brother, Guy, has just arrived from Petersburg. It is hardest for him.

I believe dear Benny is coming to the funeral. Come too. We shall all love to grasp your hand and you will see nothing here but courage and peace. Of course you must not if it is at all inconvenient. The train leaves Waterloo at 11 a.m. on Saturday. Bless you.—Yours affectionately,

GEORGE WYNDHAM.

783

To Mrs. Mackail

CLOUDS,
EAST KNOYLE, 17.iii.11.

VERY DEAR MARGARET,—I loved your message.¹ I have thought of you and yours very often during these last days, because of Wilbury, and because of Rottingdean, Dear, when I had a second vision of you, doing, so beautifully, what I have been trying to do.

And before this came I often thought of you as I realised that I could not bicycle down to see you and Angela and Denis and Clare and the Dormouse—(was it a Dormouse ?)—as I did once or twice, to be happy, and learn about clavichords and spinets.

I have realised that very often. But I did not regret. Because I am quite sure that the few, really beautiful things that come to us, are immortal, somehow or other, and, probably, in millions of ways.

I do thank you and bless you.—Yours,

GEORGE WYNDHAM.

¹ On his father's death.

784

To Philip Hanson

CLOUDS, EAST KNOYLE,
SALISBURY, 5.iv.11.

MY DEAR P. H.,—I would have written long ago to thank you for your letter, had I not been in bed for a week with tonsilitis. My dear Father was absolutely himself to the very end, and was, indeed, ready for either alternative. He did not surrender weakly, but neither did he struggle to live. His mind was as clear as crystal to the end. The evening before he died he saw Percy, asked about his hunting in Ireland, and his musketry at Hythe, and then said ‘I’m very sorry about G——’s marriage, you won’t do that, Percy?’ in a clear, kind voice. And Percy answered ‘No, I won’t.’

All the work I have to do here only increases—if that were possible—my deep respect for his definite character and my admiration of his justice and generosity.

Let me know if you are likely to be over any time after Easter. Nothing could be more consoling than a good stump with you round Regent’s Park. My dear Mother sends you her love and is wonderfully brave and well.—
Yours ever,

GEORGE WYNDHAM.

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To his Mother

35 PARK LANE, W.,
19th April 1911.

MOST DARLING MAMMA,—I loved your letter because it was like you. I am not going to guess and fret over the mere machinery of living ‘at my time of life.’ But just now, for these few weeks, partly because I have great, deep waves of sadness sweeping through me from the loss of Papa; partly because that feeling impells me to try—at least—to realise his objects; partly because it is only by using my brains and energy *now* to put the new life on

a self-working basis, for the very purpose of freeing my brain and energy for large national and imperial duties :— for these three reasons I am concentrating, just now, on the ‘mere machinery of life.’ I hope I have not ‘fussed’; but, if I have at all, it is only to protect all concerned from ‘fuss’ in the near future and the far future. I believe that everything will work out well, if I put in a little concentration, and I know that nothing will work out if I don’t. Also, I know that my chance of concentrating is a short one. Yesterday, for example, I was, at once, sucked into the Parliamentary Vortex and found myself in charge of our side till 4.30 a.m.! This morning I was in charge because Arthur went to vote in East Lothian, and nobody else was there except Lyttelton, whom I sent to bed, as he had to speak to-night. Bless you. *I love you* and, between us, we will see that everything goes well.—Your most loving son, GEORGE.

786

To his Mother

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
20th April 1911.

MOST DARLING MAMMA,—Rather a curious thing happened to-day. Our lawyer, H. White, told me that Lloyd’s bank had a small parcel of jewellery¹ which they could only deliver to me. It has to be valued. So I called on my way to the House at that Bank, after making an appointment by telephone. They brought the little parcel and made me open it—to show it had not been tampered with. It was sealed; twice, on the outside cover of brown paper, and once on the inside cover of white paper, and addressed to Papa care of Herries and Farquhar. I do not know the handwriting. The seals show a crest of a stag’s head, and on the shield a stag’s

¹ The jewellery had belonged to his great-grandmother Pamela, Lady Edward Fitzgerald. It had been placed in the bank by his father, and owing to some mistake in the receipt could not be traced by the bank a few years before his father’s death. Hence it was believed to have been lost.

head in a twisted rope across the shield. The *date*, on both covers, is March 1871; just over forty years ago. There was a small square case inside, about the size of a case for a miniature; and in it one narrow necklace of rather small pearls, with a little round ornament of small diamonds; and second necklace consisting of an ornament, a little gorget I suppose it might be called suspended on a thin chain. I have told them to preserve the paper covers in case the seals and handwriting can throw any light on it.

Do you think these could be Aunt Helen's? You once told me that some packet of hers had been lost. We had better not jump to conclusions; or speak about it, until I have set White on to tracing the seals and handwriting. All love to you most beloved.—Your loving son,

GEORGE.

787

To Mrs. Hinkson

44 BELGRAVE SQUARE, S.W.,
May 29th, 1911.

MY DEAR MRS. TYNAN-HINKSON,—I love 'The Dearest of All.' The poems are beautiful and most true of this sorrow which has come into both our lives. I will never shrink from the dear Dead; and am sitting in my Father's chair at this moment.—Yours very sincerely,

GEORGE WYNDHAM.

CHAPTER XIV

JUNE 1911 TO JUNE 1913

Wookey Hole—The 'Die Hard' Movement—His Silver Wedding—The Chapel at Clouds—His Library—His Son's Engagement and Marriage—Rural England.

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To his Mother

THE SWAN HOTEL, WELLS,
SOMERSET, *About 4th or 5th June 1911.*


MOST DARLING BELOVED MAMMA,—Your letter about the soft green boughs waving their welcome with the noiseless motion of an owl's flight was delicious. And here we are very happy in this glorious weather. Dear Benny is lending us a motor that arrives to-day. But we wanted to take this place in slowly first. We started from Paddington at 10.30 yesterday, changed and had luncheon-basket at Westbury; changed at Witham, and arrived at about 1.30. (When we have a motor the 10.30 from Paddington to Westbury will be an alternative route to Clouds.) Apart from preliminaries in and around the Cathedral, Palace, Deanery, Close, Chain-gate and St. Cuthbert's—I walked to *Wookey Hole*, of which I have heard all my life. It is a cavern in the Mendip Hills—1½ miles off. Out of it the River Axe flows, transparent and green, into a wooded cleft in the hill-side. I found the guide—a youth at the farm—with candles and a can of paraffin oil and in we went. It is marvellous. These are the entrails of hill in which our early forefathers took refuge. When the lake-village by Glastonbury was destroyed, the Celts—Britons—hid in this long hole, and have left their pottery, and coins, and needles and pins, and their bones, in the soil. This—Wookey-Hole—is but

one of five great galleries into the rock. The other four, above it, used to be the bed of the river Axe ages and ages ago; now the Axe wells in pools, and flows down the corridors in the lowest gallery; but you can climb up into the fourth with a rope-ladder. Sometimes the passage is quite narrow and so low that you have to stoop; then it opens into great chambers, like chapter-houses, 75 feet high. If you scatter paraffin on the Axe and light it, you can see into its green depths. I found out from the guide that the leading spirit in the excavations is a Mr. Balch, in the Post Office. I walked back over the hill by a footpath with a distant view of Glastonbury Tor and—as I reached the ridge—the Cathedral before me in the evening light. Directly I got back I started out to find Balch and unearthed him in a cottage with a garden full of flowers and children. He was a man after my own heart and in two minutes we were hard at it—just as if I was talking to Charles Gatty. My dear! what a good talk! He has querns found in the cavern, in which he has ground corn; a beautiful silver *denarius* (Roman coin) of 124 B.C. Now—perpend! How is that? The Roman conquest was in 70 A.D. I plumped at once for the theory that it had filtered through the dim, but civilized, Europe of which Morris tells his tales. And Balch agreed with me. Then he showed me a piece of pottery, striped, but with little holes punched between the stripes, and scattered like constellations, or the chance borings of book-worms. Yet each had been made with an instrument. He asked me what I thought it could be? I said—I have never seen anything like this, and he answered ‘and no one else before six weeks ago when I found it.’ Then I hazarded ‘Is there any repetition of the pattern, because, if there is, you might find a likeness to oghams¹—just dots in clay, instead of notches in stone.’ And his wide, speculating blue eyes, lit with almost insane enthusiasm. He gasped out, ‘Yes, yes, there is repetition, I sent it to London and only one of the Archæological

¹ Ogham is a particular kind of steganography, or writing in cypher, practised by the Irish.

Society doubts—it's *accepted* as writing ; and as wonderful as Egyptian hieroglyphics—only we can't read it.' He has other pottery, with wave patterns, and rows of the wooden combs with which those patterns were drawn—precisely as the 'British Workman'¹ grained his oak, and a little triangle with a hole in each corner. That stumped me. But by the striation in the holes he proves that it was an invention, perhaps of one man, for twisting a triple cord ; and he can make a beautiful triple cord with it. And so on, as the sun set, and the flowers lit up and the moths came out and bats ; bats early in June ! When I told Sibell she telegraphed for Gatty. But we do very well as we are. After dinner I took Sibell up to the ridge and walked back by moonlight, and finished the evening watching a cheap-Jack selling his wares under a gas-flare in the market place.

To-day we went to early service at 8. Then I thoroughly explored the Cathedral and at 12.15 got into the library with Canon Holmes and had a debauch with old Manuscripts. They have a Papal Bull of 1061 with this excellent

abbreviation at the end  which is BENE VALETE—

Fare you well, so I will say Fare well, darling. To-morrow we do Glastonbury, sleep here again, and on Tuesday motor to Dunster. I will plant the oak as soon as possible after coronation day. But you must choose where he is to live. With all love.—Your most loving son,

GEORGE.

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To Hilaire Belloc

SWAN HOTEL, WELLS,
(SOMERSET), 5th June 1911.

MY DEAR BELLOC,—I did not answer your letter because you threatened never to write again if I subjected myself to that exertion. Also I was busy and could not see you on Friday. I was busy because I meant to escape—a

¹ A book of comic pictures by Sullivan.

good word for a great adventure—on Saturday. And escape I did with Sibell by the 10.30 a.m. from Paddington to *Westbury*, where a slip-carriage pulled up in obedience to immutable law (of gravitation). There I remembered with a sharp pang that I had so waited, on the same platform, on my last visit but one to my father, and my last visit that was to find him as I had known him from my childhood.

But I did not dwell on this, since my purpose was to escape. I 'changed' and went more towards the west to *Witham*. There I 'changed' again and went still more towards the west in a panting little train by *Shepton Mallet* to *Wells*. I thanked God, and the imbecility of the English, for a train service which—so far—has protected *Wells* and left it habitable.

I went to *Wells*, for a number of reasons: *imprimis* Sibell loves to live near a Cathedral; (2) I wanted to see the Cathedral again myself (3) I wanted to have a quiet spell in the library (4) I did not know Somerset and cherished a great regard for Somerset. It is a Diocese which coincides with a settlement. It is a port—indeed it is—of the Europe before Rome conquered Europe. It was a settlement of the Belgæ 800 or 900 years before it was a settlement of Saxons. It was once upon a time a system of sea-meres (Sea-mere-settlement)—akin to your Landes and to Venice of the Veneti. It was and it is a part of Europe, and not a settlement for coal-soot.

In the train I glanced—but once, say twice—at a Guide book and learned that Wookey Hole was near Wells. I walked from the station to this town whilst Sibell took the one-horse bus. Twenty years ago there was a one-horse bus at Chartres. That is still the vehicle at Wells. As I walked I read 'Wookey Hole' on a sign-post: and that determined my fate.

[But here I must digress. I admit that the sign-posts in Somerset are enamelled in white and blue like advertisements of 'Simplex' or 'Cymplus' water-closets. I admit this. But take it that the boys of Somerset have

so bombarded the sign-posts with stones as to leave little of the enamel and much of the rusted iron foundation.]


That sign-post decided my Fate. On the plea that I needed exercise—after a perfunctory turn round the Cathedral—I walked to Wookey Hole. It is a pure joy : I think the only natural wonder and human legacy from languages in this country which has not been spoilt. You ask for a guide at a farm ; walk through somebody's stable-gates, into somebody's orchard full of white chickens, wander on by a path that undulates on one wooded bank of a dell hewn by the river Axe and wait for the guide. When he comes he is a farm lad of fifteen years armed with two candles and a can of paraffin. With that boy you penetrate into the entrails of the Mendip Hills. You climb and descend tortuous corridors into great chambers, like Chapter-Houses, and see beneath you the subterranean River Axe. Now, the boy-guide speaks of one, Mr. Balch, as the excavator. So when I emerged (like Virgil) and returned to Wells I sought out Mr. Balch, the assistant Post-Master, and found him in a cottage—no more—with a garden full of flowers and his children. In two minutes we were at it, talking as we talk together of old times. That man has the fiery particle. He is a Celt, with blue eyes. His pride is that Wookey Hole was not inhabited in the Stone Age, but was a fastness of Celts, who used bronze and iron and made pottery, and wove and kept goats. He has an immense collection of their works. He rejoices (as our grandfathers did over Waterloo) because when the people who lived in the mere by Glastonbury were swept away, some Celts—' our people '—held on in that ' *reduit* ' of the limestone crags.

I could tell you of the coins and combs and needles and querns that he has found. But I won't. Not I ! For I purpose that you and I shall one day—and *quam primum*—start from Clouds, with a motor (merely to revert to old routes and save time) ; and that we shall ourselves try to understand the civilization of 300 B.C. (1) on the upland of Salisbury plain (2) by the Sea-meres that—being reclaimed—are now So-mer-set.

Meanwhile I am sure of many things that I suspected and of one that I never guessed. The one thing I never guessed, though you may have known it for years, is that the comb, as an ornament for a lady's hair, is the comb with which she pulled down the warp on the web, when weaving, and, sticking it in her back-hair (as a clerk puts his pen behind his ear) retained it for an ornament and symbol of married estate. It would be great fun to discover that the spinster only spun and that the mother who wove stuck the weaving comb in her tresses. What fun that would be ! And that is the kind of fun which I mean to combine with shooting partridges for my younger friends.

I have mentioned the comb. But I have three things—much more marvellous and enticing—of which I will say no word ; no ! not one word even when we meet. They are the bait that are to attract you to these parts.

You may infer that I have cared only of archæology. You are wrong. I had a great time in the library also. What I liked best, and far beyond an autograph of Erasmus, an Aldine Aristotle etc. etc., was just a Papal Bull of 1061 A.D. five years before the conquest. It was a comfortable thing, in legible Latin ; Petrus et Paulus—or it might be of last week. And it ended with an excellent abbreviation as this :—

 = Bene Valete

and so say I to you and yours.—Yours ever,

GEORGE W.

P.S.—I go to Dunster to-morrow. Then to Cirencester. Then north and my next 'address' is Hewell Grange, Redditch. (*Hewell Grange, Redditch*) on Friday. I shall fetch London about the 16th.

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To Charles T. Gatty

THE SWAN HOTEL, WELLS,
SOMERSET, 4th June 1911.

Facing the Cathedral.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—This is the kind of hair-pins we are. Sibell was so impressed by my excitement over Mr. Balch—assistant Post-master (for his profession) and a genius at archæology (for his glory and our delight)—that she telegraphed incontinently to you to join us. I knew it was impossible. But the ebullition expressed our feelings. Let me explain at once. . . . Mr. Balch burrows into the entrails of the Mendip Hills and emerges from Troglodyte habitations, laden with flint implements, bone implements, bronze implements, iron implements, and the bones of our predecessors in Britain. He has been a pure joy to me—a Celt with speculation in his clear blue eyes, who rejoices, as our grandfathers did over Waterloo, because in his opinion (buttressed by an array of facts) when the Lake Village near Glastonbury was blotted out, ‘our people’—as he says—stuck it out through the Roman occupation, returning to the caverns of the Stone Age and the Hyæna, and held their own till the last waves of Saxon conquest pushed them over the Parret river, and even into Wales.

Having explained why I am pleased, I will now revert to the Historic Method. By this device you will know all the time that ‘Balch’ is looming beyond the normal expectations and fulfilments of a visit to an ancient Cathedral.

We left Paddington at 10.30 a.m. yesterday, Saturday 3rd June, 1911. It seems years since to me. Our ‘slip’ carriage stopped at Westbury—in obedience to the law of gravitation. We changed and went West by Frome to Witham. We changed and went West again by Shepton Mallet to Wells. Thanks to the imperfect railway system of our Motherland, Wells is habitable. We arrived about

1.30 on a sultry day. Perfunctory glances at the 'Guide to Somerset' had—as I travelled—told me that 'Wookey Hole' was near Wells. I walked to this Inn, whilst Sibell took the one-horse 'bus, and, so, passed a signpost on which I plainly read Wookey Hole. This determined my fate. After a preliminary stroll round the Cathedral—and *that* is wonderful for the statues, and specially the statue of William the Conqueror, with his elbows more than akimbo by 45 degrees—and the chain gate, etc., I said to Sibell that I should be bilious if I did not take a walk. So, on the plea of health, and the cheerful disposition that springs from health, and is essential to a holiday, I started along the road (knowing no better) for Wookey Hole. I vaguely knew the name and was informed by the Guide book that Boyd Dawkins found a Hyæna cave there 50 and more years ago. That was all my knowledge, but enough to direct my purpose.

I found the village of Wookey Hole, and was told I could get a guide to the Cavern at the farm by the paper-mill. All in due order, a smiling maiden at the farm set me on the track to the cavern, and said the guide would come. Charles, as Sir Thomas Malory frequently remarks, 'all this was but enchaînement,' for Wookey Hole is no place of holiday resort, like Stonehenge. When you leave the road, by the Farm, you pass through a stable gate into an orchard full of white chickens; you see a little path from the orchard beginning to climb and fall and climb along the left side of a steep dell, which promises to become a gorge, with the river Axe—that is so soon to make paper—translucent and green over white sand below you. You sit down and await the guide. He appears—a youth of 15 or 16 years, with two candles and a can of paraffin oil. He speaks in the language of Barnes,¹ which is easier to read than to hear. Away you go with him along the dell that becomes strange. It is heavily wooded on both sides; there is a hanging mist over the water. The path rises, and, as the river Axe is now 50 feet below you, issuing

¹ The Dorsetshire poet.

from the rock, you are confronted by a beetling crag of limestone, from every ledge of which the jackdaws discuss your advent. In the base of that crag there is a little locked door 4' 6" high. You unlock it. The youth advises me to leave my stick inside, I add 'and my hat.' He says 'No, it might save you from a blow on the head later on.' We light our tapers and go in. The narrow passage, between boulders, and threatened by hanging boulders, descends and mounts as the path had undulated. Only it is inside the mountain. He throws a flask of paraffin on the rock and lights it with the taper, now and again, to assist climbing or descent. Then he began to talk about what sounds like Mr. Bosh. I become interested in Mr. Bosh. I ask—how tactlessly!—him to spell the name. He thinks there is a *r* and an *h* in it. But, anyway, this is where his hero found a skeleton of a man and the skeleton of two goats and pottery. And this—shewing a sheer cliff up to the left,—is where his hero gets up by a rope ladder into other galleries and halls. After descending a steep incline, so steep and long that we reach the *level* of the River Axe, we come into a great cavern, like a Chapter House, 75 feet high, with a diameter of 40 yards, and there is the River Axe. He throws paraffin on its surface, lights it, and reveals cool depths of translucent green over white sand. We go on, and do this twice more. For there are three great chapter-houses inside the hill, and more beyond, now blocked by the water-level. Balch has explored them when the water is drawn off by the mill, half a mile behind us.

We return. I walk back by a footpath over the hill, with Glastonbury Tor six miles to my right and Wells Cathedral in front of me. I miss Sibell, and ask for Balch. I need him. I am conducted by the 'bus-driver of the Inn to an alley leading to a cottage garden full of flowers and children. The 'bus-driver goes to the back and hammers. Balch, the blue-eyed Celt—appears at the front door. I announce myself, and—my dear Charles

—in two minutes I am ‘up to the hilt’ with him—as though you and I were talking together. My dear, this man is a man to know. He has plans and sections. He has written ‘The Nether-world of the Mendips.’ He has his rows of flint implements and his photographs of all else. He is perfectly simple and wide-eyed with enthusiasm; but a true scholar. There are the querns from Wookey Hole which he has mounted, and with which he has ground flour to taste what it was like. Then come the simple questions, ‘What do you think of this Denarius of Marcia 124 B.C.? It is nearly 200 years before the Roman occupation.’ I say I think it was not hoarded by a Roman, but that it filtered through the Europe of 124 B.C. He agrees. We get on to Rhodes’ gold coin of Antoninus at Zimbabwe in Rhodesia. He knows all about that and has a brother there. Back, then, to Wookey Hole and Conundrum No. 2. He shows me the bulk of an earthenware jar with stripes from top to bottom, and between them *holes deliberately made with a wooden tool*, but disposed—well—like the constellations, or the chance holes made by bookworms in wooden bindings. And he asks what I think of that. I say ‘I have never seen anything like it.’ He answers, ‘Nor anyone else till six weeks ago when I found it in Wookey Hole. I’ve sent it to London. What do you think it can be?’ I felt excited and said, ‘If there’s any repetition of pattern, or anything like the oghams, holes in clay, instead of notches in stone, you may have got a script.’ His blue eyes blazed. He said ‘They all think that in London except one man. We read the Egyptian hieroglyphs and dig in Crete; why don’t we try to understand the things here?’ I said, ‘I hope you can stay here.’ He answered, ‘I have stayed for sixteen years and prevented my promotion, and now my friend, who worked with me, is gone.’ I asked if the P.M.G. knew of his work. He answered ‘No.’

Then he came to Conundrum No. 3. A bronze equilateral triangle with a round hole in each angle. I was

absolutely flummoxed. I thought of silly solutions—an ornament for harness stuck on with gold pins, etc.—anyway a plaque of some sort. But he said ‘No; each of those holes is striated. This is the invention—perhaps of one man—for making a perfect *rope with a triple cord*; and I’ve made them with it.’

Well, my dear, I must not go on any longer. But this is a man to know and a place to study. I asked him to luncheon with Sibell and self to-day. He accepted. But I saw it would be better not to press. I said, ‘This is my holiday at Wells. But it’s your holiday too, and you must not bother about me. I live within easy motor reach and have a friend, Charles Gatty, who loves these things, and we must come to see you together.’ So he gave me his address, and showed me a short way back to the Inn, and remained in his cottage garden full of flowers and his children, just as the moths and bats were coming out in the sunset air.

Sibell was an angel about my delay and merely telegraphed to you. I walked her out after dinner by moonlight to the heights; went to early service at 8, and collared Canon Holmes and got into the Library at 12.15.

The Library! But for the Stone Age and the Celtic resistance to Rome and the Saxons, I should have been wild over the library. Mark you, there is no break in the Deans of Wells. It never had a *Monastery*. So Henry VIII, of uxorious memory, did not smash it. Freeman says that here are more ecclesiastical buildings still devoted to worship and learning, than in any other city of Europe. And that is so. We have a Cathedral, a Palace, a Deanery, a close, a Theological College in the buildings of the 14th Century, and miles of high walls overgrown with saxifrage and Valerian—‘lilac d’Espagne.’

What I liked best in the Library—above other treasures—e.g. an autograph of Erasmus and a Pliny by Jensen—I think—is a Bull of 1061—five years before the Conquest

—in legible Latin—*Petrus et Paulus*, etc. With this perfect *abbreviation* at the end

=Bene Valet

and so say I.—Yours affectionately,

GEORGE W.

P.S.—We do Glastonbury to-morrow. Go to Dunster Tuesday. To Cirencester Wednesday, and wind up on Friday the 9th at Hewell Grange, Redditch.

It is evident to me that you and I must motor to Wells from Clouds, and stay there two or three days, and hear all that Balch has to say, and see all that Balch has to show.

Also, perhaps, you—being in touch both with Hudson and Archæology—and loving the Celts—might let Lloyd George know that Balch ought to have a Chair of Celtic archæology in a Celtic University, or that he should, at least, be curator of a Celtic museum.

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To his Mother

KING'S HEAD,

CIRENCESTER, 7th June 1911.

MOST DARLING MAMMA,—S. S. and I have been drinking in this miraculous June weather, so I just write to tell you, Darling, that we do know how wonderful it is. We have never had a motor. I have known for long that S. S. would like to do a tour in England, Benny lent us a motor and—here we are. I told you a little bit about Wells and forget where I left off. But that does not matter, for the beauty of these days is continuous, like Eternity. It has no end and no beginning; but pervades.

I have seen some things in these two or three days that belong to eternal beauty. And I enjoyed them all the more because a rush south from Dunster to Exeter, through 'scenery' (The Exe river valley) set an edge on my rapture over things that are so much more beautiful than 'scenery.' If I tried to tell you of orchards, and the horizon of the Down and many churches and some tombs,

and high walls with Valerian in full bloom, and one rose-bush near Glastonbury and the after-glow this evening, and the moon, with a planet hard-by, this night : I should drop into the language of Bottom the Weaver. 'This shall be called Bottom's dream because it has no bottom.'

Wessex in such a June is profound and ethereal. I have learned much history and invented more.

But to take the bones of our voyage :—We left Wells yesterday morning ; sped across the old sea—Mere—(whence Somerset—Seo—meare—soetan)—past Glastonbury, the Isle of Avalon (built by Hugh of the other Avalon in Burgundy) up the shoulder of the Polden Hills (here was the rose-bush) and then down the spine of them (they are low amicable hills) with the plain of Sedgemoor to the Quantock on our left (or West), and the inland mystery of Avalon enclosed by the Mendips on our Right (or East) and so, turning West, to Bridgewater and over the Parrett river (with ships in it) that was for over 100 years the frontier between Saxons and British. We sped then along the west of the Bristol Channel to Dunster. The Priory Church is beautiful, the screen right across the church, from wall to wall cutting off both circles as well as the Choir,—is evidently—the model which Bodley has imitated and profaned. Beyond it were many monuments of the de Mohuns and one that made me gasp. It had a head on a cusp—one of four heads. But the one

[Drawing]

I have marked X is of such surpassing beauty—of the beauty of 1220 A.D. that I go on bowing to it like a china Mandarin. Need I say that there is no copy, or drawing, or photograph or cast of it in all England. But there it is, and also in my mind's eye for ever.

Then, as we have done forty-six miles before luncheon, as I knew S. S. liked to see all Cathedrals and as Exeter was but another forty-two away, I plunged right South to Exeter along the Valley of the Exe, and we watched it grow from a spring to a river. It was a glorious day.

But that valley is 'scenery' and Exeter Cathedral is *not* of the 13th, still less of the 12th, century. It has two Norman towers, oddly enough, perhaps uniquely, at each end of the transept. And it has one tomb of my Black Prince period. (There is no photograph of that tomb.) Then back those forty-two miles to Dunster.

We are glad we did this. Because it is glorious to move through the air on such a day and because it made to-day more beautiful. To-day, with a fresh wind blowing and a power for seeing for forty miles, we came back up the Polden Hills, saw the Tor of Glastonbury and understood its place in the Europe of 300 B.C.

Here I digress, to give, or anticipate, a view—long held—which I focussed at dinner and, now, knew to be true. Near Glastonbury there is a lake village. Archæologists start with the idea that Lake Dwellings are *primitive* and almost savage. They are surprised to find, combs, bronze bowls, etc., etc. They don't see two things. (1) the point is, that if people lived thus on mud-piles in a swamp, other people in 300 B.C. must have lived far otherwise and to more splendid purpose on the Isle of Avalon. The Lake Dwelling was to Avalon what Pentonville is to St. James's. (2) The second is, that a few years before 200 B.C. the 'Gauls' captured Rome, and overran Asia Minor.

Now, think of those two things. Do they not demonstrate the absurdity of considering all that happened *before* the Roman conquest of Britain as barbarous and primitive. I could go on. But what a digression! I conclude it.

We got back to Wells and shot up the East shoulder of the Mendips—on to the uplands—and lunched at Ammerdown with Lord and Lady Hylton. We started again at 4 p.m. through Trowbridge, passing the old Inn at which Monmouth slept the night before the Battle of Sedgemoor. Then we turned due North to Melksham, and Chippenham and Malmesbury. At Malmesbury we had tea, and saw all that is left of the Abbey. I cannot explain my satisfaction at being back—architecturally—in the 12th and early 13th century. But I know. Without attempting argument I assert; and, if challenged, I avoid discussion

to silently believe, that the art of 1180 to 1230 was a perfect expression of man's tenure of this planet ; There it was ; and there, thank God, some of it, is. Then we called at Charlton ; a good Jacobean House. Then we shot, further north, to this place, Cirencester. I had associated it with rhymes to 'sister' and Percy's 'point-to-point races.' Instead of which—the church—though late—is wonderful. There is nothing tremendous between true 'Romanesque' (Norman and transitional, if you like)—and the ethereal decadent (?) attempt to say 'I will build my Palace of God out of Glass.' This Church is a wonder, of aspiration and stalwart discovery. Because—evidently, to the eye—when they pulled down the old thick walls of the Early English nave, in order to build four naves, which you can see through (such is the extent of the glass) they said to themselves—'But will the old Tower stand ?' They asked themselves that question. And they answered it by two stone flying buttresses—such as I have never seen : for they go from the shoulders of the Tower right down into the earth. And they undulate to leave free the West windows of the naves. This was long after dinner in the after-glow. The tower was rosy from the after-glow and, when you went beyond it, a dark blue concentration of stone against a star-lit aquamarine sky. But, to me, there was something greater and more homely and immemorial. My Henry II. had built Almshouses on arches. And there they are. For nearly eight hundred years his foundation has sheltered the wrecks of men.

Well, well, enough, if there could ever be enough. The moral is : to travel, and in England, and in June.—
Your most loving son, GEORGE.

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To Hilaire Belloc

44 BELGRAVE SQUARE, S.W.,
17th June 1911.

MY DEAR BELLOC,—Hurrah for 'More Peers.' I found them on my return yesterday and took both copies to

dinner with Westminster; so that we could read aloud to each other at the same time. And this we did with glee.

Let me know when you will be in London and let me see you soon.—Yours ever,
G. W.

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To his Mother

44 BELGRAVE SQUARE, S.W.,
20th June 1911.

MOST DARLING BELOVED MAMMA,—This is your dear Birthday and I have not written in time! But I am thinking of you and loving you and wishing you many many returns to be loved by me and all of us. I saw Percy who had loved being at Clouds.

I now send you back your little tree notices. The Valuers have been here. The 'expert' says the picture of Percy O'Brien Wyndham—is it?—that hangs in the front drawing-room over the cabinet between the two doors—is a Romney. I wonder if it is. And he made a great fuss over the Monk in a red hood eating gruel, that is in your boudoir.

I expect he means to crack it on both of them.

Darling I am longing to see you. S. S. and I enjoyed our motor and when we have yours, you and I must go to Wells.

I will write you a proper letter soon. This is only to send you all my love, Beloved.—Your most loving son,
GEORGE.

794

To his Mother

44 BELGRAVE SQUARE, S.W.,
29th June 1911.

MOST DARLING MAMMA,—The last few days have been rather strenuous for me. I had said, weeks ago, that I would move the first resolution at the Annual meeting of

the National Service League. Lord Roberts asked me to do this. And the debate on 'The Declaration of London' came on at the same time. So, on Saturday to Tuesday I had to study all the voluminous material on two big and complicated questions, and to prepare a speech on each. Then the usual things happened. I spoke to a full audience in the Queen's Hall on 'National Service'—and no paper except the 'Morning Post' reported me. In respect of the speech on 'Declaration' I was told to speak to-day, then telephoned for to speak last night, then told no more. So I had to speak suddenly at a few minutes notice. Under all these discouraging circumstances nothing but my love of Papa would have helped me to prepare, at all, a speech on the Declaration of London. But, just because he worked so well against the 'Declaration of Paris' in 'the days of ignorance,' and the House was 'counted out' on the night when he had first place, I did, superstitiously, and filially, work at the second speech. So, when, quite suddenly I had to get up, I spoke for forty-five minutes in the House.

I did this work as a tribute to Papa, who understood forty years ago, what the people are learning now. But for my memory of his undeserved neglect, I could not have gone on.—Your most loving son, GEORGE.

I had such happy dreams after making up my mind to go on.

795

To his Mother

44 BELGRAVE SQUARE, S.W.,
1st July 1911.

MOST DARLING MAMMA,—I loved getting your letter. It made me glad to have spoken to the House and glad to have written to you about it.

The ills from which England is suffering demand a long cure. I may not live to see her convalescence. But I think we have 'touched bottom,' or sunk so deep that we *must* believe in rising.

I do believe that we shall rise and emerge. And I know that when that happens all men will revert to revere the memory of those who, like Papa, saw clearly in the dazzle of false sunshine. My duty is to see clearly in the gloom of real darkness. I do see, and I shall act.—Your most loving son,

GEORGE WYNDHAM.

P.S.—I am not gloomy. There is less light. But the *things* are here in England. We shall see them when the sun rises.

796

To Hilaire Belloc

44 BELGRAVE SQUARE, S.W.,
1st July 1911.

MY DEAR BELLOC,—The ‘British Revolution’ is huge and subtile. I have been reading it to Westminster and he has carried off my copy. ‘By God ’tis good and if you like ’t, you may.’ We do like it.

Although you and I and Westminster and *e.g.* Sir Francis Hopwood—let us say—differ over theories, all *men* are agreed that what is going on is absurd. The Party System, and the House of Lords, and the bumptious Colonials and the Humanitarians and the Socialist gaolers of children are absurd. Let them go, and if to Hell, why not? Unless they go there; everybody else will.

I wish I could laugh at it, to stop crying—like Byron. But I can do neither. It is too ridiculous for laughter and too sad for tears. It is only silly. England—like poor Ophelia—is drowning herself to echoes of Bawdry and simple flowers. Meanwhile other Powers are more philosophic than Hamlet and more resolute than Fortinbrass. ‘Under these circumstances’—and Hurrah for a cliché—I will wear no willow. Let us rather enact what faded prints report of our ancestors.—Yours ever,

G. W.

797

To Hilaire Belloc

44 BELGRAVE SQUARE, S.W.,
3rd July 1911.

MY DEAR BELLOC,—Thanks for a great letter. I hope that you will heckle Baron de Forest.

And now you are never to talk of not coming in, or of not proposing yourself, at any hour on any day : for many reasons of which I will instance a few, *e.g.* (1) this is the basis of friendship. (2) It is my protection against those who are not my friends eating into my life or, to change the metaphor, perturbing its orbit. By a friend I am never perturbed. (3) By coming in and talking about the Declaration you enabled me to speak on it, the day after my National Service speech. (4) Had you refrained I should have addled my brains over one speech instead of clearing them over two. (5) I insist on seeing you when you—who are really busy—have a spare moment.

Agadir. ‘Does my memory serve me’ in ‘seeming to suggest’ that you told me the French greased the boots of their Infantry to prevent the occupation of this very place and would have fought on that issue?—Yours ever,

GEORGE W.

798

To Wilfrid Ward

44 BELGRAVE SQUARE, S.W.,
July 19th, 1911.

MY DEAR WILFRID,—I have read the eleven slips. But I doubt if, beyond chronicling that fact, I can say more that is worth saying. For, at this moment, I am not only watching, but taking part, in the political welter, comparable to the theological welter of seventy years ago and onwards. And this demands all my energy. But—and this is my excuse for writing at all—it does not exhaust it.

On the contrary, your acute analysis of Newman’s temperament and intellect in a theological whirlpool,

helps me to grasp the antics of my comrades in a political whirlpool.

Let me jump to the moral. The moral is that action (by martyrdom or championship) does more at the moment and, often, for many years, than can be effected by a balance of acumen and virtue.

On the other hand, the strange, or rare, (same thing) combination in one man of 'sceptical' acumen with 'military' loyalty—if he has the gift of speech—leaves a cue to the progressive integration of Truth, which becomes intelligible and illuminating after seventy or one hundred and fifty years. Then, and then only, is that man acknowledged as something else, or beyond, a martyr and champion. It is then seen that he was a seer.

The mechanical difficulty with which you are to contend consisted in the anachronism of writing the life of Newman 50 or 100 years before the world can be expected to detect the prophet as the third person—(if I may use an analogy which is *not* profane)—in a Trinity, which includes the more obvious champion and martyr. For any great cause there is needed the champion of the past—and the past is the Eternal Father of the present and future—there, is, also needed, the Martyr to the exigencies of the present, in conflict with tradition; and there is also needed the Prophetic soul, *proceeding*.

It is this proceeding which gravels the critics. They can dimly perceive and, in part, assess the creative tradition; or else, they can assert the majestic agency of the irreconcilable offspring. But they rarely connote the two; and the critics never apprehend the ghostly emanation from that conflict which is the Comforter of the elect.

Now, to drop this parable, you have tried to explain the co-incidence in Newman of the Champion and Martyr; and, not satisfied with that attempt, you have proceeded to invite a world-wide acknowledgment of a ghostly emanation from his alternations of triumph and despair.

You are right! But you are so right that you are in the same boat with him. That is to say that you are in the boat that is always—apparently—wrecked by the

waves of the world that sin against the Holy Ghost. But that is the only boat that—in reality—reaches the Haven of Peace.

I know that boat; and am trying—very ineffectually—to navigate it through my little cess-pool of Politics.—

Yours ever,

GEORGE WYNDHAM.

799

To his Mother

44 BELGRAVE SQUARE, S.W.,

29th July 1911. 10 a.m.

MOST DARLING BELOVED MAMMA,—If anything could make me love you more your letter would. But nothing can as I love you all together and your letter is a piece of your own self.

If only the 304 Peers who mean to 'walk out' of History into limbo and nothingness had been born of Mothers like you History would be different.

'Non ragionem di lor mal guarda a passu.'

Now I am back to the fight. Bless you, darling.—Ever most loving son,

GEORGE WYNDHAM.

800

To Hilaire Belloc

44 BELGRAVE SQUARE, S.W.,

29th July 1911.

MY DEAR BELLOC,—I have read your article on the Declaration with interest and approval. But don't you think that amendment should not be confined to food *i.e.* to Food as conditional Contraband?

Surely we ought also to insist on amendment in respect of the destruction of neutrals when taking them to a port involves 'danger' . . . to the operations in which the captor is at the time engaged?

The destruction of neutrals in 1904 by Russia shocked the world. We protested and received some assurances. The practice was discontinued. When it was repeated in 1905, we protested and Russia replied it was a mistake

due to their maritime disorganisation. Surely it is preposterous for us to ask the world to sanction the depredations which shocked the world at that time and conduced, perhaps more than anything else, to precipitate an attempt at improving International Law? As a minimum of compromise (1) Food should not be contraband unless obviously for the use of armed Forces and (2) Neutrals should never be destroyed unless (1) carrying munitions of war and (b) no other course is open to the captor.

Please read the report in Hansard of the speech I made yesterday. The 'Times' report is an outrage. Yesterday they 'boycotted' my speech on National Service. To-day they mutilate my speech on the Convention and put (hear, hear) at the end instead of 'cheers.'

This declaration of London is a bad business.—Yours ever,

GEORGE W.

801

To Wilfrid Ward

44 BELGRAVE SQUARE, S.W.,
July 30th, 1911.

MY DEAR WILFRID,—Your letter needs no excuse. It states simply what is in the minds of most men.

There is a fierce indignation against those who threaten to vote with the Government against their own convictions, for the sole purpose of preventing the creation of peers at all costs, including the cost of a general acquiescence in a policy which the majority of Englishmen believe to be disastrous. That indignation will burn up the Unionist party if this outrage is committed.

Against the Peers who have formed no judgment of their own nothing can be said if they follow the advice of Lord Lansdowne. But among those who have announced their intention of 'walking out' with Lord Lansdowne there are some who will do so from a sense of loyalty, although they have formed a judgment opposed to his view, and are sincerely convinced that they ought—if free—to vote against the Government.

There is a strong feeling that Lord Lansdowne ought to restore liberty of action to men whose consciences are wounded by what he asks them to do, and that he ought to denounce the project of any Unionist Peer voting with the Government.

Those of us who act with Lord Halsbury will not yield to any pressure. The Peers among us will vote with him, and the members of the House of Commons will support their action in the country.

We shall not publish a list of Peers who will vote, for two reasons. In the first place, the essence of our cause, is that members of a second chamber ought to be independent, and ought not to be 'items' in a voting machine. We hold that their personal independence is necessary to the corporate independence of a second chamber; just as we believe that the corporate independence of a second chamber affords the last safeguard of the nation's right to pronounce on grave measures before they are decided by the Party-caucus. In the second place; if we withhold our list those who say they will vote with the Government must discover for themselves the exact number of 'black-legs' needed to consummate the ruin of the House of Lords and destroy the constitution for ever. We are not going to measure the margin of treachery required to complete so infamous an act. They must attempt that nauseous task unaided save by the authors of the Revolution and the Harmsworth Press. We believe that they cannot effect their purpose and are determined to defeat it.—Yours ever,

GEORGE WYNDHAM.

802

To Wilfrid Ward

44 BELGRAVE SQUARE, S.W.,

August 4th, 1911.

MY DEAR WILFRID,—I must write a line of thanks for your letter and enclosure,—although I am tired. Our Meetings to-night at Chelsea and Holborn—which were only advertised to put hearts in our troops—have been passionate triumphs.

I cannot explain the situation, for it changes from hour to hour.

Last night the Government decided to risk defeat without creation of Peers; as preferable to risking *both* defeat and creation of Peers.

To-night—on the brink of our Meetings—something like a white flag reached us by devious channels from the ‘Abstainers.’

But nothing will shake or divide, or puzzle us. We shall fight on Wednesday unless *all* our opponents—friends and foes—surrender. And we shall stand the racket of a ‘stricken field.’

If we are beaten by Unionist abstentions and desertions to the Revolution—all is lost except—and for this we fight—the one chance of restoring the constitution which resides in our refusal to abandon the constitution.

If we win on Wednesday we win ‘the day’; but know quite well that victory will be the mere beginning of a long campaign.

I do not share Froude’s regret, and yours at the absence of public response to Norfolk’s letter. He has saved the State. We ask no more than he has done. It is enough if the Peers are not deaf to the call of Honour and blind to the signals of common sense.

All through the days when the Court, the Bishops, the Press, and both Party machines were firing at us, with threats and ridicule and bitter blows—I have believed. I told Sibell there would be a miracle. And behold!! we have the country with us and—what is far more—a sure faith that will survive defeat and save this nation.—
Yours ever,

GEORGE WYNDHAM.

803

To Wilfrid Ward

ST. FAGAN CASTLE,
CARDIFF, August 13th, 1911.

MY DEAR WILFRID,—The issue is tragic, even more so than you would deduce from our numbers—114—in the

Lobby. We knew that we should reach that figure—there or thereabouts. But we hoped—I did almost to the end—that we should get a rally from independent Peers who had not declared themselves. We thought that our case, being the best case, would win votes during the debate ; and the more so, since our speakers by their sincerity ought—in our judgment—to have prevailed over the insincere and base and timid.

I went through our list of promises with Willoughby de Broke, for the hundredth, and last time on Friday morning. We numbered 115. In view of the chances and changes of life it was a splendid result to poll 114. In Politics we are always told to deduct 10% from promises. But our Poll represents over 99% of the result indicated by promises.

Of course there were slight variations of detail. Abercorn deserted in the afternoon and Mayo was too ill to travel. As against these two we got Norfolk and Halifax. There was only one missing whom I have not traced.

Our estimate on the morning was that—taking gross numbers, our 115 versus all official Liberals—adding to them ten Bishops and twenty-one renegades,—there would be a tie at 115.

Some of those who played the poorest part, kept assuring me that there would be few renegades. I was shewn a list of nine. But I replied that we put them much higher. To all intents and purposes 37 men voted against their convictions and the Archbishops and Bishops were 13 instead of 10.

It is a bad business. For the moment I cannot see the future.

There is no getting away from the fact that Unionist Peers and Bishops carried the day for single-chamber tyranny, knowing that it inevitably involves Home Rule and Disestablishment in Wales ; and that they did so at the bidding of Harmsworth Press which was directed and informed by Curzon and Midleton. I would—and I will—dismiss the suspicion that our Leaders connived

at this tragedy. I will believe that they were blind and obstinate. . . .

Even so, I cannot see any Future. Perhaps there is no future. I try to dismiss this as an effect of fatigue and prefer to think that a mist has risen between me and the future, and that it will evaporate and reveal some horizon again.

After a short rest, during which we have agreed to say nothing, my Friends will meet and consider the new situation.

I cannot get to 'Lotus' next Sunday and will write in a day or two to say if Monday the 21st is possible.

I have not shaped my views and must await a clearer vision. But they tend to condense round the three propositions :—

(1) There must be action.

(2) Action must *not* be hostile to the abstainers, but

(3) It must be separate from them.

So it seems to me. But I must rest and think and confer. Then we must act.—Yours ever,

GEORGE WYNDHAM.

804

To his Mother

44 BELGRAVE SQUARE, S.W.,
24th August 1911.

MOST DARLING MAMMA,—I never answered your last beloved letter. I go to Saughton to-morrow for only a day or two. As they have cancelled Army Manœuvres—a bitter disappointment to me—I must arrange for a Camp and training in Cheshire. I am coming to Clouds on the 31st with Perf and Guy and no one else just to look round at the partridges and shoot a few for your dinner.

I cannot write yet about the Betrayal in the House of Lords. But I have not been idle. I should have wished to act at once. But others cannot be got together at present. Still I am not letting the grass grow under my feet and the 'Conspirators' are in close touch through the post. I am afraid that the news about Germany is worse.

I was very pleased with my Yeomanry as I had only 20 applications for leave. I should not have granted more than ten and would have brought out the regiment practically at full strength.

I shall now put my back into training them and then prepare for hard politics all the Autumn. All love to you, Most darling, and may England pull through the betrayal of politicians, strikes of socialists and menace of Germany. *Anny* way, we have to help Her all we can!—Your most loving son,

GEORGE.

805

To his Sister, Madeline

SAUGHTON,
27. viii. 11.

MOST DARLING MANENAI,—I must send you a line of intense regret over the cancelled manœuvres. It is cruel to lose such a joy. But there it is—precisely where most of the things one cares about are. It was a shrewd blow to be beaten in the Lords by 13 Prelates and 31 traitors and 6 mountebanks. My 'book' on the morning of the 10th allowed for 10 Prelates and 21 traitors. And, behold, there were more.

But so things befall in these days.

And we must begin all over again like Robert Bruce's tiresome spider.

I have begun the manœuvre business 'over again' by getting a capital camp in the Park here at Eaton for training. I have fixed up the water supply, settled a road for access, etc., etc., and to-day walked 9 miles with Percy over the adjoining country making out schemes for field-days.

I mean to give them the best training I can, because—like Cassandra (who was always right though never regarded)—I take a grave view of the Franco-German mess in Morocco. It is always 100 to 1 against war till war breaks out. But one must treat the off-chance seriously.

Indeed, I cannot take the cancelling of our manœuvres because of 'drought' seriously. They were cancelled the day after an inch of rain fell. On the same day the German manœuvres were cancelled—I don't know why. The French manœuvres were cancelled because of 'foot and mouth disease.' Our Indian manœuvres were cancelled because of drought. And the French Ambassador to Berlin went to bed, instead of going to Berlin. All this is—as Alice in Wonderland puts it—'curiouser and curiouser.' So I train here close to headquarters and give no leave.

If you, Charlie and Poussins—all or any of you—are left rather 'flat' by the cancelling, do come—all or any—to Saughton for our training, 9th to 23rd.—Your loving brother,

GEORGE.

806

To Charles T. Gatty

CLOUDS, EAST KNOYLE,
SALISBURY, 2.ix.11.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—This is a scribble, to try and secure you for a little archæology from Clouds.

I hope to get back here from Yeomanry on 23rd September, and have suggested 25, 26, 29th or 30th for a visit to my friend Mr. Balch, of Wookey Hole. He writes that all his Celtic 'finds' have now been returned from London, and that he has a good deal to show me.

He would like to see any of my books about Celtic inscriptions in Ireland.

My Yeomanry trains 9th-23rd in the Park at Eaton. I wonder if you could come to Saughton first and see something of Sibell, Benny and self? Then we could travel back together on the 23rd. We might motor all the way in the new motor and look at Stokesay Castle en route.
—Yours ever,

GEORGE W.

807

To his Niece, Clare Tennant

CLOUDS, EAST KNOYLE,
SALISBURY, 4th September 1911.

DARLING LITTLE CLARE,—I loved your letter and the Equestrian portrait. I shall frame it and keep it in my room. It is very good and natural.

Percy and I have 8 hunters here. They love being visited. When they hear my steps, out comes a long row of long faces on long necks over the bars of loose-boxes. Then they rub me with their noses and think in their dear, slow, puzzled way about hunting; remembering dimly that there is something else in life more glorious than eating.

On Wednesday to their huge surprise at 6 o'clock in the morning they will see the Hounds and the Hunt Servants' liveries. Then they will remember it all distinctly, and give a little squeak of joy and throw a buck. But the summer flies will remind them that it is only cub-hunting, and their slow thoughts will revolve back to the cool comfort of their stables. But on Thursday Terence and Cardinal will say 'Hullo, going by train, are we?' and get into horse-boxes by force of habit. When they get out in the evening they will think they are going to their stable at Saighton, and wonder why they are ridden to Eaton. Then they will see white tents and remember the call of trumpets and the other glory of mimic war, and 'the thunder of the Captains and the Shouting.' So they will be very happy doing the things that their ancestors did with Man's ancestors 15,000 years ago. For the men of the first Stone Age drew some excellent portraits of long-faced horses on the tusks of mammoths; and, we must suppose, loved the horses.

Terence and Cardinal will feel that it is wise to go on doing what horses have learned in 5000 generations to do. They feel this. They will not think it, for they are happier than philosophers and feel things—an art which philo-

sophers lose the knack of. They will see and smell and hear that, in camp, there are as many horses as men, and be very proud of the equality, and of the number of horses all pawing the ground and grunting together. When the silver-throated trumpets blow 'Feed'; they will all neigh together; partly because they are always ready to eat; but, also, because they feel a strange thrill in their slow brains when one sound makes them remember one thing distinctly: the strange thrill that Man felt when he was learning to speak.

The next morning when the trumpet sings 'Troops right wheel'—round they will go—so suddenly that the recruit—more ignorant than they—will nearly tumble off on the near side. Thus, again, will they feel the joy of companionship with Man, heightened by generous emulation in the Arts of Peace and War.—Your loving uncle,

GEORGE.

808

To Hilaire Belloc

CLOUDS, EAST KNOYLE,
SALISBURY, 6th September 1911.

MY DEAR BELLOC,—I write a few words of companionship. This letter is not to suggest or settle anything. It is only, in written words, that which, in spoken words, is called—by the young and careless—'passing the time of day.' For this is a profound truth and a nice discrimination between categories. The old, who are wise and careful, say 'It's a fine day' or, perplexed by doubt, ask 'Do you think it will rain?' But the young—and the very young with greater insistence and repetition ask—again and again—'Please, Sir, can you tell me the time?'

Now we, who are neither old nor young, may wisely avoid assertions about the weather, and, yet, usefully, communicate knowledge about time. For example, I will—even now—tell you that it is twenty minutes to twelve, after noon, on this day, the sixth of September A.D. 1911 (6.IX.11). Of that I am sure. (For I have looked

at a good clock, after looking at the stars.) And, thus, we may hug some security : and take heart of grace.

I have been happy to-day. I got up at 5 a.m. and rode out through the mists with my boy at a quarter to six and drew for foxes (Cub hunting) and found them and then breakfast at 9. And then, the Estate Carpenter (who employs ten men) at ten. And then the Secretary for a bit. (As a result *he* has written thirty-seven letters.) And then the agent (of the farmer class) and then lunch. And then household business ; and then two hours sleep. And then Lawn Tennis. And then old memories at dinner with my mother.

Now, all this sounds trivial. But it means content to a number of Englishmen.

And through it all I have been reading G. K. C.'s Ballad of the White Horse.

And through it all I have been hoping that you and he will—some day, on a day of the days—come here and take in the downs and the vale with me and be glad of England.

I say 'and be glad of England.' Of course, politically and economically it is sad and we are divided about remedies, and prepared—if it must be—to be beaten, or shamed by Germany.

But the lovely land is here and the loveable folk, and the old memories and the hope as good as when the same stars shone on it, any time these ten thousand years.

Some day I would like—I would love—you and Gilbert Chesterton to poke about the detail of this bit of Wessex with me ; not as archæologists or 'literary gents' but as lovers of this land and of its people.—Yours ever,

GEORGE W.

P.S.—You may consider this letter an affront to Sussex. On the contrary the *Habitable* or *Æcumenical* parts of the earth consist for *Englishmen* in the counties of Sussex, Wiltshire, and parts of the counties of Gloucestershire, Hampshire and Dorset. With the rest we have to do, but it is in these that we can live. And to applaud the

excellence of any one of these is—for us—to assert the necessity—to us—of them all.

If we grasp that we can understand—on equal terms—the Latin and the Gael. I will not be troubled over others. And, we can revel in ‘The Ballad of the White Horse.’ Nay more—if you come—we can go and look at him.

P.S. 2.—I am aware that Chesterton has gone to live in Kent—and deplore his departure from London. There was much to be said for Kent and something may still be said. But, O Lord, the aliens that infest it! London—but to write of London would be excessive. In a second postscript it is enough to say that London—if Cockney—is respectable.

809

To his Mother

CLOUDS, EAST KNOYLE,
SALISBURY, 1st October 1911.

MOST DARLING MAMMA,—I cannot say how much I miss you here at every moment. I don’t think I have ever been at Clouds without you. I went out early the morning after you left and found two doves, one on each feeding-bracket to right and left of your window, like supporters to a coat of arms.

Detmar Blow put in good work over the Memorial¹ and the Library. The Partridge shooting was a success 136½ brace and 110½ brace. I have been wandering about the Park and, when next you are here, we will toddle round together and you shall confirm or advise on some cleaning up and clearing out, which would I think enable people to enjoy the views and good trees better.

I shall have to be in London on business and Politics (Die-Hards) for a day or two this week. So we will meet, darling Mamma.

Perf thinks that when there is Electric light—when?—the lamp-room would make a beautiful Crypt chapel for S. S.

¹ To his father.

Charles Gatty has been looking through some of the old deeds about this place and has found two beautiful ones.

(1) of Charles II, with engraved portrait of the Monarch and gold letters.

(2) of Oliver Cromwell, Lord Protector. I am going to frame them—leaving a record that this has been done and putting the record also on the backs of the frames. They are beautiful bits of engraving and writing and interesting. So they ought to be seen.

Darling I do miss you here very much indeed and very badly.

The Pomegranate has blossomed on the 1st of October !

—Your most loving son,

GEORGE.

Willoughby de Broke was enchanted with the place.

810

To Mrs. Hinkson

35 PARK LANE, W.,
October 12th, 1911.

DEAR MRS. TYNAN-HINKSON,—You have often given me joy by your books ; and by your letters, at those moments of life that count for ever, a sense of peace and companionship. But I like your last letter because it is long and a letter of a friend, though we have never met. As life goes on, and some are taken from us, and some whom we love are away for long absences, we realise the minor importance of such accidents as seeing and hearing. Such a friendly letter from one whom I have never seen chimes with such thoughts. I did like the new poems and am glad that you write in the 'Eye-witness.' To read a poem by Katherine Tynan in a paper edited by a friend carries me back to the days of the 'National Observer' and Henley. I will send you a photograph and believe that prayer and kind thoughts are an armour of protection.

I wrote a few lines the other day and send them as a poor return for your poems.

ARX AMORIS.

Because I love, and death threatens, but shall never
 Take into darkness my adored,
 I will build a city that shall last for ever,
 And fight for it with my sword.
 Truth soon grows old, life lags for death to end it,
 Love only is beautiful and still new :
 I will cradle it in stone, and set steel to defend it,
 And forget fear and be true.

—Yours gratefully,

GEORGE WYNDHAM.

811

To Lionel Amery

35 PARK LANE, W.,
 18.x.1911.

MY DEAR AMERY,—I have had a bad cold since the 12th, and a good deal of work. So forgive the delay of this reply.

I have studied your notes on the Home Rule Question carefully, and will make, first, some comments in passing—necessarily hurried—and then state, also shortly, the policy which I believe should be pursued.

(1)

(2)

To sum up. My conclusion is that, now, with a fight before us, for National and Imperial existence, we should, in respect of the Irish section of the Fighting Line, do 3 things.

A. Denounce the tainted origin of the Home Rule Bill ; decline to look at any measure by means of the overthrow of our Constitution ; insist that the Union was handicapped by *charges* of political corruption and duress and that Home Rule—cannot even by Home Rulers—be launched by the actual commission of those crimes. And retaliate by declaring that, being at war, you will disfranchise Redmond's rotten boroughs.

B. (1) Strike at the false analogy with Colonial self-Government and strike hard.

(2) Declare for Ulster and never abandon her.

C. (1) Insist on Tariff Reform and National Tariff.

(2) Restoration of Land Purchase; National welfare.

(3) *National Transport*. This needs more careful consideration, in the course of which two factors must be taken into account. (i) We shall have a recommendation in favour of nationalising Railways; supported by Socialists and resisted by Shareholders. (ii) If credit and cash is devoted to this object, there will be neither for the institution of small ownership.

My inclination—and I would be glad of your view upon it—is

To defend the shareholders against the Socialists, and, as a quid pro quo, to get *through rates* for agricultural produce on all railways in the United Kingdom; accompanying this stipulation—if need be—by guaranteeing existing profits on transport of such produce in return for the construction of suitable rolling-stock, refrigerator cars, etc. This has been done in Canada.

We have a great opportunity which will be missed unless we link up a 'Rural policy' with a 'Railway' policy; and cannot be taken until we get Tariff Reform.

Such a Policy would tighten the Union and relieve our Industrial centres from the back-wash of ruined husbandmen.

It is a Unionist Policy for all parts of the United Kingdom, and leads to what I most desire, a square fight of Unionists against Separatists and Socialists.

812

To Hilaire Belloc

35 PARK LANE, W.,
22nd October 1911.

MY DEAR BELLOC,—I am ignorant and eager to learn. I only know of Alfred's doings in our country by oral tradition and the names of 'King's Settle'¹ and 'Alfred's Tower.'

¹ A wood near Shaftesbury.

But I am sure you are right. Alfred camped just west of Great Ridge Wood. I have always felt the mystery of that spot. You may remember that I pointed it out to you as we motored from Warminster and that I told you I must take you to Wylde Wood: that's the place, or hard by to it. Why called Wylde Wood I don't know for it is miles from Wylde village and the river of that name.

I am sensitive to such places. I discovered some such interest about the Lea Mill near Saighton and took people to see the place and feel it for years before I knew that Sir Hugh de Calverley lived there. But the wild land between the west of Great Ridge and Wylde Wood is haunted. Here we have one of those eddies of deep emotion which persist long after the stream of Time has passed on. It is a haunted spot. The Stone-Curlew or Thick-knee breeds there.

Just off to Clouds after making a speech about Nelson last night.—Yours ever,
G. W.

813

To Charles Boyd

SAIGHTON,
23.xi.11.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—I am grateful for your thoughts. Think of me again to-morrow, Friday, night. I have to take on the Free Trade Hall—a large order. I am deeply interested in Tariff Reform, but it is difficult to put it to a vast audience.

I felt the sadness of things when Arthur Balfour resigned. But he chose the moment with all the wonderful clearness of his mind, and the manner with all the kindness of his heart.

‘He nothing common did, nor mean,
Upon that memorable scene.’

And he wrote me an affectionate letter which I prize, and told me not to be too pessimistic. For all that, and all that . . . you can understand.—Yours ever,
G. W.

814

To his Mother

CLOUDS, EAST KNOYLE,
SALISBURY, 11th December 1911.

MOST DARLING BELOVED MAMMA,—I was just going to write to you 'for company' when S. S. brought in the design of Fisher's Cross for dear Papa's grave. I am so glad that you do not like red brick. Here in this land of green and grey waiting for the glories of blossom in Spring and Summer and of the Sky, at many hours on most days in the year, it is an outrage to put red bricks anywhere, and an insult to put them in the grass, near a wood, hard-bye to a 13th century Church tower and under a northern sky that changes from dove-colour to crimson and gold, and Persian blue behind the shifting scenery of soft clouds.

Your cross with green-sandstone about it will begin my monument in the right way. I shall finish my monument or—if I die—Percy will finish it. But the great thing is to begin in the right way. Then the rest has to conform.

I shall finish our plot in the church-yard and my library just with Mallet,¹ using the wood that grows from, and the stone that lies beneath this soil. And, most beloved, your beginning will guide me.

All the 'ways' of life show me that Eternity is true, and not time, and that other 'times'—however good—are manifestly false. Blow,² who lived in 1220, now lives in 1690. But we live for ever and must say so in what we make. I shall, therefore, to come back to the library, do it in my own way and not in Blow's 'period.'

All this consoles me for the cross-purposes of Time. I had arranged my duties so as to be here with Percy. But, I had to make speeches while he was here and now that I am here he has to do Adjutant at Wellington Barracks. So it is and how can I regret?

I do mean to get out of Politics when I can. But I

¹ The estate carpenter.

² Mr. Detmar Blow.

can't now. Percy is so sought after in his soldiering that I have had to pursue him in order to arrange my own Time-Table so as to see him sometimes.

He was offered, and accepted, a staff post as Aide-de-Camp—to General Rawlinson commanding the 3rd Division at *Cholderton*(!) Then he was offered the Adjutancy of his battalion; and he had to choose. He has chosen the A.D.C. job. I think rightly; as he had said 'done' on that before the other chance opened. I think that Papa would have liked him to stick to the thing he had accepted.

As that is so; he will live—and that does 'touch up' the past—at Park House where we used to go and see the race-horse Fox-hall!

I hope—after the next three days at the House of Commons—to get four weeks solid here and to get Percy for most of it.

After that I have to run a political campaign in Herefordshire and another—big one—in Lancashire and Cheshire. Meanwhile I am to write an essay on 'Land Purchase' for a book—jointly composed—against Home Rule: and I am Chairman of the Sub-Committee on 'Defence' in the Halsbury Club. So that; with these two campaigns of speaking and two campaigns of writing and organising I am 'full up' till Easter; as I shall have to do 'Army Estimates' and also—so I hear—our opposition to Welsh Disestablishment.

I got a day's hunting to-day and—as Perf is away—had three horses to ride. I enjoyed it very much; had good talks to farmers, got very hot; and felt fairly young.

Love to darling Manenai and to Charlie and Poussins and all love to you, Beloved.—Your most loving son,

GEORGE.

815

To Charles T. Gatty

CLOUDS, EAST KNOYLE,
SALISBURY, 19.xii.11.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—We are overjoyed! I think you had better telephone to the stationmaster at Waterloo and

ask him what would be a good train, and then let me know. The usual afternoon train is 3.30 p.m. to Semley. But the time-table may be altered.

You will find me hard at the Library. We have knocked down four walls and are up to our waists in bricks and mortar.

Also, to descend to the basement, I am making a chapel for Sibell in the lamp-room and have got about 100 feet of beautiful old panelling, with pilasters.

I have four different plans for using the panels, and you shall help me to decide.

I am glad you are coming.—Yours affectionately,

GEORGE W.

816

To his Mother

CLOUDS, EAST KNOYLE,
SALISBURY, 21st December 1911.

MOST DARLING BELOVED MAMMA,—I send you all my love for Xmas. I miss you here all day long; and am counting the days till you are back to look at the first flowers. I hunted Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday and hope to hunt Friday and Saturday. Meanwhile Mallet and I are getting on very fast with the library. We had to change Blow's design as it would have cut down the windows outside and spoilt the face of the house. So this gave me a good excuse for changing his plan inside too. Only I wish, most Beloved, that you were here to tell me how to do it. I must send you his drawing and Mallet's; so that you can tell me to stop if I am spoiling it. I don't think I am. Blow left $1\frac{1}{2}$ feet between the book-cases and the beam in the ceiling with an ornament squashed by the beam. Mallet and I are carrying the cases up to support the beams.

It will look safe and I believe be safer.

Then, Darling, in the Lamp-room I am making Sibell's Chapel. I bought about 100 feet of very dark, formal, beautiful panelling, with a lovely pilaster every twenty-

seven inches dividing the panels. It is exactly the right height ; and with a white-washed barrel-vaulted ceiling, and red brick floor, gives a simple deep colour chord to the whole.

It was the deuce to know how to manage the panelling round the two square brick columns that carry the two low arches running North to South between the three barrel-vaults. But I think I have done it and Mallet approves ! I put a pilaster in the centre of each face of the two columns ; and in the centre of each face of the four projections—two in north and two in south wall, that are opposite the columns. Then I put a pilaster, the middle one of nine, in the centre of each of the side walls West and East. By a miracle if you mitre the panelling on each side of the pilasters round the two square brick columns they fit with a waste of only two inches of panelling.

But I can't describe this. I will draw it for you.

And now I give you a great hug and all my love and a longing to see you.—Ever your most loving son,

GEORGE.

817

To his Mother

CLOUDS, EAST KNOYLE,
SALISBURY, 21st December 1911.

MOST DARLING BELOVED MAMMA,—I said in my letter of this afternoon that I could not describe my idea for Sibell's chapel but would draw it for you. Well—here is the scrawl I have made after dinner !

Owing to drawing away without a plan it looks like a hall in a Palace. In fact, the space is limited and the ceiling low. Also the breadth west to east is less than the length north to south, whereas, in the scrawl you would suppose the contrary.

The scrawl is made from my memory of the Lamp-room and from my imagination of the Chapel.

The points are three :

(1) The cornice of the panelling exactly reaches to the spring of :

(a) The 3 barrel vaults springing from W. to E.
and

(b) The spring of the 4 low arches that (in two pairs) divide the barrel vaults.

The plan of the room is like this :

[Drawing.]

(2) By putting a pilaster

(a) On the S. faces of the projections from the North wall ;

(b) On the N. faces of the projections from the S. wall ;

(c) In the middle of the W. and E. wall ;

(d) On *all four faces* of the two columns :

It follows that the pilasters conform to, and emphasise, Philip Webb's architecture of 3 barrel-vaults, divided and supported, by two low arches.

So much for form.

(3) *Colour*. The floor is rich red bricks. The panelling is deep brown old Italian 'noce' chestnut-wood. All the roof (vaults and arches) is white ; white-wash on good brickwork.

That—those three things are the idea.

The luck was that having been in the Lamp-room once I saw at a glance that the panelling would just do the trick.

The charm is that the Lamp-room becomes a brother to the chantry underground at Assisi which I saw in 1887. The purpose is to have no little things in this chapel.

It needs no more than some silver sconces and the smell of bees-wax and incense.

Of course I leave the space behind the altar *i.e.* between the projections from the south wall to S. S.

There she can go 'nap' by degrees in a gold-cloth reredos and embroidered altar front.

The opposite recess will have no pilasters for two

reasons. (1) There are none to spare (2) It will be the family seat and a flat back to one's own back will not be amiss.—Your most loving son, GEORGE.

P.S.—Detail. I have got 39 pilasters to 'play with.'

On S. wall 3 each side of Altar recess = 6

On W. and E. walls 9 = 18

On N. wall (W. side) = 3

27

That leaves me 12

To wit : on face of N. & S.

projections 4

On four sides $\frac{1}{2}$ Columns 8

12

The altar recess in S. wall has no pilasters ; because it can have a reredos. The opposite recess in N. wall has no pilasters because there are none to spare and we don't want to scratch our backs. The remaining third of the N. wall has no pilasters because there are none to spare and there is the wide door into the chapel which can be adequately treated with jambs and a panel on each side.

It is almost miraculous that a chance purchase should fit the lamp room. (S. S. is really pleased) It is not quite miraculous because the whole thing is—as men of science say—'susceptible of the simplest explanation.' The explanation is that Philip Webb¹ was a man of genius. S. S. tells me that the wine-cellar—if properly treated—might challenge the forest of pillars at Cordova. I shall look for the Lion-Court in the *Brush-room* !

818

To Hilaire Belloc

CLOUDS, EAST KNOYLE,

SALISBURY, 22nd December 1911.

MY DEAR BELLOC,—It is high time I should write to you and Christmas is the time for writing to friends. Yesterday I wrote to my Mother, my brother and three

¹ The architect of Clouds House.

sisters. To-night I write to you : not that I am overburdened with news or with views. I have nothing to say. I follow a natural inclination. As the vernacular has it ' I feel like writing to you.' And I just do it without excuse, explanation or purpose. It would be an impertinence to tell you what I have been doing (and suffering) : because we have not been doing and putting up with it together. It would be a savage act to solicit your account of your farings. But I must fore-gather with you in the lull of Christmas. Lord ! How I love that lull. Like so much else it is mechanical. I contrive it by sending my secretary away to his home, for his holiday ; and then, treating my correspondence with contempt. He ' barges ' in from Chester, where his Father lives, with ' urgent business.' I lock it up in a despatch box and swear to Xmas that no business will I ' transact '—That was the word ?—before the 5th of January. I escaped from the cut-throat cage of Politics, in which slime usurps the place of gore, last Friday. I became once more an animal and a man. I shot rabbits with two neighbours on Saturday. I hunted the fox, with neighbours, on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and to-day Friday. I shall hunt the Fox to-morrow with neighbours. On Thursday I wrote of my love to my nearest and dearest.

This Fox-hunting is a great matter. I have not lived here since 1886-87. But, just by these few days, I know the whole terrain 30×20 miles and I know many who—such is the pass we are in—were eager to welcome me. Now, to-day, just because my boy Percy and I asked forty Farmers to course hares here twice, farmer after farmer found me out and begged me to ride over their land. The coursing of Hares—stigmatised by the Pundit of Fox-hunting as ' mad for a minute and melancholy for an hour '—is the oldest sport. And now that—Alas !—fewer farmers can afford to hunt the Fox—it is what they love. They breed the greyhounds and have as a rule, only two outlets for their skill and keenness. They read the $\frac{1}{2}$ d Press about the Waterloo Cup and have one rotten, betting-bedevelled-meeting. But when you

welcome them all onto the land and have a lunch of sandwiches in a barn and a bottle or so of vintage port, why then you feel that in the South Country we have not been Jew-ed out of the England of Shakespeare and Chaucer (before him) and Michael Drayton who—in Polyolbion has a great passage about coursing hares.

What a glorious piece of the earth is South England ! And how happy we can be together in it.

Now—about your coming here and Mrs. Belloc and your musical cousin, if she so pleases. My holiday lasts only to the 5th January. Then I must work and go to Hell, viz. : the Platform till the end of January. But, after the end of January, I mean to take the first fortnight of February solid here, with my friends. So, if it smiles on you come from now to 5th January or, from 1st to 14th February ; or both. February would be the best time ; as Christmas and the New Year involve local duties.

I hunt the Fox most days and you may infer that I should not be companionable. On that supposition you would err. Because I have a motor. That implies that my friend—if he likes—can go out with me in the machine leaving at 10 a.m., see the country, visit the ancient monuments ; lunch at an Inn and take me back at 3 to tea here at 4 and have four hours to dinner ; two hours at dinner and two to three hours after dinner. During these hours—9 to 12—I prosecute the Muses and two—as I think—interesting ventures. I am making the whole top of the house—on South side—into a library and, in the bottom of the house—I am making a chapel for Sibell. It is great fun. I am doing it with my carpenter. We have knocked a vista from one side of the house to the other upstairs : and are just at the ecstatic moment of deciding the size and shape of a band of mullioned windows West and East of the roof. Downstairs in what was the Lamp room and will be the chapel of Our Lady I am having the time of my life. This crypt—for such it is—consists of three barrel-vaults with two pairs of low arches between them. I found thirty metres of old Italian

panelling with thirty-nine pilasters. I am enthralled in the task of making that Lamp-room a counterpart to the underground church at Assisi:—with no silly pedantry. The carpenter and I do it.

I have just read the last 'Eye-Witness.' It is very good. Wedgewood is insane and that spoils his paper. But the rest is all I could wish. But here I stop. God forbid that I should slide back into the slime. I liked Junius' letter to Brookfield. He puts far better—what I said to Selborne and others three weeks ago. They were babbling in chorus on the false line. I stopped them by saying 'If I make a silly joke about the Holy Ghost it may be in the worst taste but it is not so offensive as a long dull book to prove there is no God!' I gather that Robertson in 'Pagan Christs' has concentrated the range and venom of Frazer. I have thought since the *first* (mild) edition of 'The Golden Bough'—that comparative Mythology ambushed Christianity to a more deadly result than (1) Astronomy (2) Geology (3) Darwinism.

But, when I first reconnoitred this new attack, I replied to Wilfrid Ward (1) If there was a revelation it could not be in Choctaw. It was in Greek. (2) It could not be in mythology as alien from Mediterranean thought, as Choctaw from the Greek tongue. It was in the religious tradition of early Europe.

Since then I have reflected that Western and *Northern* Europe (with Baldur) provided the channels which the Jews and Arabs could not provide for a—relatively—fuller revelation of God. The Epiphane was the other way about. It was only when the Jews hit the West that Christianity began. It was only when the North hit the Mediterranean that God was—in part—revealed. The true date of the Epiphane is about 1170 A.D. The result may be seen in the architecture and social fabric of the 13th century. The effects of reaction towards the East may be read in the 'Eye-Witness.'

A merry Xmas and a Happy New Year to you and
Mrs. Belloc.—Yours ever, G. W.

819

*To Hilaire Belloc*CLOUDS, EAST KNOYLE,
SALISBURY, 29th December 1911.

MY DEAR BELLOC,—In order to be clear I begin about dates. Your dates are the best for me, say 6th February to 13th. On that day I must dine with Bonar Law before the By Our Lady Session.

I have steeped my body and brain in wind and rain. For I hunted five days last week and four this and always get soaked to the skin. But in the ancient riding-coat, leather breeches and boots this does a man good. He becomes a hot, happy, soppy, sweaty animal with a blithe heart and no mind. So I cannot write lucid prose or undulating verse. I can only wish to you and Mrs. Belloc All Happiness in the New Year and say how glad I shall be, and Sibell, to welcome you on the 6th February.

—Yours ever, G. W.

820

*To Mrs. Hinkson*CLOUDS,
SALISBURY, December 29th, 1911.

MY DEAR MRS. TYNAN-HINKSON,—I did not know to whom I was indebted for the 'Life of Edward Fitzgerald' and now hasten to thank you for the gift which I shall prize. It will be a link between us if you should live at Frescati and will deeply interest my beloved mother. She was touched and pleased by your book which reached her through Lady Grosvenor.

I can only thank you with all my heart for the unseen, but nearly felt, friendship which you show me and wish to you and yours all happiness in the New Year.—Yours very sincerely,

GEORGE WYNDHAM.

P.S.—Your letter made me home-sick for Ireland. We talked only of Ireland last night.

821

To his Mother

CLOUDS, EAST KNOYLE,
SALISBURY, 29th December 1911.

MOST DARLING, BELOVED, MAMMA,—This is *not* a letter, only a line of LOVE and little outburst of my need to talk to you, at every moment of every day, here.

Mallet is a real trump.

I keep getting further and further away from Blow's design for the library. Having 'scrapped' it in principle I am now at new detail in close harmony with Philip Webb's work. But I walk warily. I was struck the other night by the fact that Webb's oak panelling on the staircase does 'die into' his white panelling round the Hall. That made me look at his oak panelling round the column in the library. Out of the two Mallet and I have concocted a flat 'bench-end' with panels; and set it up in dummy. I think I shall get it quite right by degrees. The new windows outside will be $\frac{1}{2}$ -sisters to the window in the roof of the kitchen; and the panelling and book-cases inside will be $\frac{1}{2}$ -brothers to the wood-work in the hall, staircase and dining-room.

I think that dear Benny is coming to hunt here with Perf and me. Indeed I feel sure he is as he is sending four grooms and six horses! So there will be twenty horses in the stables.

And now, Darling, once more I wish you a most Happy New Year and *lots* of it spent together.—Your most loving son,

GEORGE.

822

To Hilaire Belloc

35 PARK LANE, W.,
29th January 1912, a Monday, 10 a.m.

MY DEAR BELLOC,—Your letter rejoiced me. And, when you and Mrs. Belloc come to Clouds I shall rejoice

the more. Sibell is grieved at having to be away but she always goes to Lettice when another little Beauchamp enters this perplexing place of existence and this time her presence is exacted by the fact that Beauchamp has to be away a good deal for Cabinets. If anything could increase my pleasure at your both coming it would be that without you I should be very lonely during the last few days before the horrors of Parliament. I had kept them clear for merry-making, and merriment there shall be, seasoned with deep discourse on the possibility of saving agriculture and creating owners of the soil.

There I am with you, and, what is more, I found that working-men in Lancashire, weavers, spinners and a miner (one) quite understand that Rural England must be restored.

I cannot write about politics for I am but just reviving. I was 'ridden out' by Saturday night having made eleven speeches in five days at Chester, Southport, Blackburn, Warrington, Bolton, Manchester and Rochdale. Golly! what a country or, to be precise, what a town. It is one town. But the people are sound and strong. It is the Merchants who live on commissions and the Oriental Financiers that ruin it.

I was so tired that I could not eat, and could not drink. The last day I drank only light beer; which is meat and drink and the only fuel for a tired body. I went to bed at 9.30 last night. This morning I hear from you of your 'Enchanted Mug.' I might have gone on another week had I possessed such a treasure. I want someone to give me a simpler aid to existence; a case for my glasses (pince-nez glasses) that shall be of a brilliant scarlet colour with gold spots on it. The dark-green one I try to possess eludes possession. It performs its own 'escamotage' and I spend say one hour fifteen minutes a day looking for it in my pockets and on the floor.

I read the 'Eye-Witness' with close attention and interest on (1) Expeditionary Force (2) Belfast. I could say—not write—much on these subjects and listen to any amount. It is strangely refreshing to find a newspaper

and one mind that sees these problems and refrains from hiding them. Ninety per cent of our countrymen cannot see them. Nine per cent see them and say 'O Lord! nobody else must be allowed to see.'

The main objection to a separate Expeditionary Force is a conviction—not negligible because it is based on experience—that separate Armies go to the Devil themselves through pride and exclusiveness and send other Forces to the Devil through a soured humility. It may be that a solution lurks in a revival 'up-to-date' of the old system of a 'rota' by which a particular regiment, keeping its tradition, is ear-marked during a period of years for a particular kind of service. There are remnants of this system in the practice still observed of a regiment going to India for fifteen years with a different—and larger—establishment and longer period of service with the colours.

This might be expanded and differentiated to subserve the several military needs we have to meet. I worked it out once and have the Memo somewhere. *E.g.* as a rough illustration—out of 100 battalions 30 for Expeditionary force, 20 at Home, 50 in India. Next you must decide on colour and reserve service for each, during its allocation to its task and these will have to be shortened all round (a) to meet the difficulty of landing men in civil life when too late to learn a trade (b) because with the multiplication and cheapening of transit it is foolish to keep a man eight years in India and cheaper to increase the vote for Transport than to increase the vote for pay and *Pensions*. The Recruit will choose the service which he fancies and the first should offer better terms in pay and deferred pay; *e.g.* for Expeditionary Force three years with colours three in reserve, for Home battalions two and six. For Indian battalions five and 3.

The last adjustment I shall not attempt—it is for what periods the *battalion* (not the man) shall be detailed for these three services and in what order, it can be done. But enough of this except to say that (*me judice amico contradicente*). National training however short in a

Territorial Force would enlarge, and not restrict, the number of men who would be tempted to take any one of the three options in the Regular Army, each of which must be voluntary.

The main objection to the Belfast Enclave is that (a) there are many Nationalists in Belfast (b) many Orangemen in Down, Antrim, Monaghan etc. Intellectually the heart of the problem is that you must 'satisfy Ireland's aspiration in a way to which you can secure England's consent.'

Unless you believe that can be done in a new way it is better to stick to the old way—however unsatisfactory. Dismissing—for a moment—the 'tainted origin' argument against the Union, (for why bandy words? It is easy to retort that the alternative is being launched by bribery and corruption) it remains true that Pitt and, above all, Cornwallis sought by the Union to give Irishmen (not you may say Ireland) political equality with Englishmen and that Grattan, Sheridan and other Irish leaders said that Ireland would *not* be satisfied with anything less than political equality. It is probable—and I believe—that this is still true.

The 'dry light' shews me that to give Ireland 'self Government' and deny her government any say in Defence and Finance is an enormity too monstrously divergent from all known types of politics. It would not last two years.

On the other hand psychological instinct tells me that the English will not consent to making Ireland a Sister State with as much latitude in respect of Defence and Finance as is granted to Canada, Australia and South Africa. The English instinct is probably right; just because of Defence and Finance. It is not that Ireland is more important than Canada. It is that altering a Frontier and dividing an Exchequer are damned ticklish jobs.

That is the heart of the problem.

The 'representation at Westminster' argument is merely dialectical; because who is represented at Westminster now? And by whom? and how? and why?

Observe—to go back—that if England treated the sister state solution with a gambler's generosity it might work. But, also, if Ireland treated the Union in like manner, it also, might work.

Either might conceivably work. But to me it is not conceivable that a Plan would work which pretended to give Ireland self-government and gave her no say in Defence and Finance. So, till the 6th and come sooner if you can.

With my best wishes to your wife.—Yours ever,

G. W.

823

To his Mother

CLOUDS, EAST KNOYLE,
SALISBURY, 1st February 1912.

MOST DARLING MAMMA,—I got back here on Tuesday after a very hard ten days' tour which tired me out. But I have revived. S. S. is with Lettice and kept there as Will Beauchamp has to be away for Cabinets. So Perf and I are two bachelors. None the less we have entertained a lady. Dear Lady Paget came and stayed although S. S. could not be here. I have asked dear old Guy to come with all, or any of his family, to keep company with us. Belloc and Mrs. Belloc are coming on the 6th—otherwise we mean—as it is still freezing and we cannot hunt—to do all that Miles¹ and the farmers and folk can want in the way of understanding and planning.

I went to see your cross on dear Papa's grave. It is very good. Mallet and I will complete the wall and plot without further reference to Blow.

It is—perhaps?—too cold for you to travel as yet. But here we are if the spirit moves you. If it is too cold, let us all come here together for Sunday 25th or the next Sunday so that you may see everything and help me when the first flowers come out. It would be heavenly if you felt inclined to come now. But you must not make an

¹ The agent,

effort. Only if you felt inclined I would meet you in the motor at Salisbury any day. I come to London on the 13th.—Your most loving and devoted son, GEORGE.

824

To Philip Hanson

CLOUDS, EAST KNOYLE,
SALISBURY, 5.ii.12.

MY DEAR P. H.,—I am wrestling with my Essay on Land Purchase under notable disabilities.

(i) I am late because of Tariff Reform tour (a success, but O! what a grind—11 speeches in 5 days).

(ii) I am torpid owing to frost.

(iii) Poor Hyde¹ is in bed with influenza.

There is one small point on which you could help me (but don't if it is a trouble, for I must—as things are—avoid small points and figures and boldly assert).

The small point is this :—

Mr. Stewart's letter to you of 15th December 1911 gave from 9th September to 1st December, 1911,

| | |
|--------------|------------|
| Applications | and amount |
| 2,227 | 348,660 x |

Your letter to me of 14th September,

| | |
|-------|-----------|
| 2,227 | 651,340 x |
|-------|-----------|

Your figure agrees quâ applications, differs quâ amount.

Your figure is obtained in both cases by subtracting the figures up to 9th September (Report of Landowner's Convention, p. 8) from the figure totals in Mr. Stewart's letter of 14th December, 11.

How then does he get £348,660 for amount?

When he and you give 2,227 for applications?

If there is any easy—and readily accessible—explanation, may I have it?

But do not put yourself out. I must avoid figures and go for big features.

I have all that is necessary in my memo. of 1908, and, above all, in *our* correspondence of that date.

¹ Denis-Hyde, his secretary.

There is also this further cause for content. In the memo. I put £300 as 'outside estimate' of average price for farms still unpurchased. Well, the average price since March 1908—closing point of memo.—is £283. This confirms my argument that the best articles were sold first, and proves that the worst will cost less.

The real big points are

(i) If you stick to abolishing dual-ownership, the problem is not large.

(ii) If you add to that the new inflated dealing with congestion—a question of policy—you increase the size of the financial problem—but over many years and only by £10,000,000.

(iii) If you cut up the grass to start new men, you shatter the show and make the Finance impossible for a United Exchequer and preposterous under Home Rule.

(iv) The starting of new men is a policy to be considered, if at all, for England no less than Ireland, on equal terms, in a remote future, after (a) abolishing dual ownership in Ireland, and (b) helping tenants in Great Britain to buy their holdings.

Lady Grosvenor is with Lady Beauchamp, so Percy and I are two old bachelors at Clouds.—Yours ever,

G. W.

825

To G. K. Chesterton

35 PARK LANE, W.,
(Feb. ?) 1912.

MY DEAR CHESTERTON,—You are not to answer this letter. I must write it. I must thank you for the 'White Horse.' I cannot go on reading it to myself (4 times) and reading it aloud at the top of my voice (5 times) and refrain any longer from thanking you. It is your due to be told that many eyes shine with delight at its strength, and that knots climb up the throats of women and men at its beauty. Its wisdom we shall patiently learn. 'At last!' and 'Thank God!' are what people say when

they read it or hear it read. But I thank you in addition to thanking God and my stars, for having been given what I most needed in the largest measure. I am not selfish over it. I do not hoard it for my own satisfaction. On the contrary, I read it aloud to all my friends and have huge joy in watching it working in them. This I can easily do over the top of the book, as I know most of the plums by heart. Like all great gifts, it goes round. It can be shared. It is not like a diamond or a sonnet in a language that few people know. To read the 'White Horse' aloud is like bathing in the sea or riding over the downs in a company that becomes good company because of the exhilaration.

Belloc tells me that the address 'Beaconsfield' will find you. I hope so, as I cannot contain my thankfulness.—Yours sincerely,

GEORGE WYNDHAM.

826

To Wilfrid Ward

CLOUDS,

SALISBURY, February 11th, 1912.

MY DEAR WILFRID,—I was on the point of writing many days ago to congratulate you on the achievement of your great work and on the reviews being intelligent. Then I was tempted to wait until I had read the 'Newman.' It arrived with the Publisher's compliments. Doubtless I owe this to you and am most grateful for the gift. When you come to Clouds I will ask you to 'inscire.' I am making a library which will I hope be not unworthy of such works. But I was tempted, once more, to wait till I had read the two volumes. Well, I have not done so yet but I can no longer delay the congratulations of a friend to a friend who has triumphed.—Yours affectionately,

GEORGE WYNDHAM.

827

*To Charles Boyd*44 BELGRAVE SQUARE, S.W.,
27th February 1912.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—Your letter is most helpful, and please thank your brother from me for the information it contains. I hate bothering anybody about my private affairs, but the difficulties of the gentry have ceased to be private. I hear next year's Budget is to finish off those who love the land.

Very well, I don't believe it. But even if it should prove to be true, we have no grievance against Fate. We are not forced to say with Fleury, after Sedan, 'Never mind, we have amused ourselves well for twenty years,' because we have been a happy part in the being and doing of England for much longer. I shall stick on—and your letter helps, in its degree, to show how.

These personal and class problems do not interest me much. I am not supercilious; the pictures and 'marbles' and books that the Gentry collected, were worth collecting. The sport they gave their neighbours was worth giving; the services they gave their country—when others had no opportunity—as soldiers and sailors and ambassadors and statesmen, has been duly—perhaps excessively—acknowledged: their 'urn will not be unlamented.'

What does interest me—I will not say frightens me, for, rather, it suddenly arrests attention, is the census of production. It startles to know that, of all our people, only 7,000,000 produced only £700,000,000 worth of goods (omitting agriculture and fishing) in a 'boom' year 1907. For think what that means. It means less than £2 a week per producer for taxes, rates, depreciation, experiment, profits, wages.

In the light of that revelation the 'minimum wage' and the National Insurance Bill becomes incredible. The 'balance of wealth' falsely so-called, comes from invest-

ment—*e.g.* the Robinson Mine ; and ‘ virtuoso ’ performances, *e.g.* the barrister who earns £20,000 a year, and the musical comedy lady who earns £100 a week. It is—politics apart—impossible to tax *Finance* and [word illegible] *i.e.* skill in producing intellectual or sensual luxuries without smashing the machine which makes production possible, and extends the higher rewards that persuade a people to produce.

The situation—quite apart from Germany’s challenge, Ireland’s dissidence, and the coal crisis—is dark and damnably like Byzantium before the Turks took that Banking Centre in 1453 (I think ?).

But just because the future is so dim and the present so precarious, it is more worth while to be living. To hear a thrush sing in February, or to see a soldier on sentry-go, prove that it is well to live in England and right to die there, or elsewhere, for England. I am dropping into the ballad vein, as thus . . . how shall it go ?

THE SOLDIER’S SONG

(TO GERMAN AIR)

I’ll not bewail my home
Or loves that waved good-bye ;
Soldiers engaged to roam
Without a sigh.

Far lands are calling loud,
Louder than winds that cry ;
But I am glad and proud
To do or die.

That is the sort of stuff that soldiers like to sing. But, as Ruskin observed in the ‘ Roots of Valour,’ they *do* go and they *do* die—if need be ; whereas the merchant and the usurer do not go and do not die ; they remain and prosper.—Yours ever,

G. W.

P.S.—The socialists’ argument depends on asserting that a paint-brush is a little broom ; because it looks like it, and the house *must* be swept ; whereas the picture

need not be painted. For all that I am—this may shock you—theoretically persuaded that a minimum wage is right; with, of course, the corollary that the man who can't earn it is a deserving object of discriminating charity. Ruskin was right. The State ought to launch the young; and provide a haven for the old. Between youth and age, the State should say that a good man deserves a living. At what year in the human span you can end youth and begin age depends on the amount of wealth accumulated. It is really simple. Nothing surprises me more than that we do—in the country—give a minimum wage and yet are horrified at proposing it for the Town. I pay a stableman £1 a week in Cheshire and 16/ in Wiltshire. If he cannot groom two horses I get someone else. This has been done for 200 years in the country. It is not socialism, but a survival of the wise Middle Ages. Cobden was a donkey.

828

*To his Sister, Pamela*35 PARK LANE,
11.iii.12.

DARLING PAMELO,—I simply *must* dine with you on the 18th, if you will have me on the basis that I may be forced to return to the House about 10 p.m. I hardly ever accept an invitation to dinner; but this is different. On the days of the *week*—owing to Leap Year—this is the day on which Papa died. All that happened last year on the Sunday, Sunday night and Monday morn was very present to my mind.

I can't tell you the loveliness of the dawn at Clouds this morning. I watched it, and sunrise, and the mists, and the moon, from my window for 1½ hours. It was more beautiful and more dramatic than any opera of Wagner.

All the while I felt glad that Papa's spirit was not perturbed by the incidence of strikes—and so forth—through the limitations of illness. He would have been unhappy if he had lived.

Do you know Richepin's poem about a Mother's Heart ? It means something like this :—

'There was a poor wretch who loved a woman who would not love him. She asked him for his Mother's heart, so he killed his Mother to cut out her heart and hurried off with it to his love. He ran so fast that he tripped and fell, and the heart rolled away. As it rolled it began to speak and asked "Darling child have you hurt yourself ?"'—Your devoted brother,
GEORGE.

P.S.—'The last person in the world' etc.—*i.e.* a political agent, asked me to locate a quotation which he could not remember, or attribute. But he wanted it for a speech against killing birds, for ladies' hats ! This is the best news I have had of Party Politics for a long time. 'Epuis la memoire.' Even agents perceive beauty and shrink from silly destruction.

I feel sure that the quotation he sought must be—

'Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
With sorrow of the meanest thing that *feels*.'

WORDSWORTH, 'Hart-Leap Well'—

and I advised him to that effect by return of post.

829

To Hilaire Belloc

Personal.

35 PARK LANE, W.,
14th March 1912.

MY DEAR BELLOC,—Only a word between friends before I go back to my task at 11 p.m.

I have just read to-day's 'Outlook.' I daresay all I read in it on the pro-striker side is untrue—'What is truth ?' I am sure it is *ex parte*—the presentment of a case from one side. But it is profoundly interesting, illuminating and moving.

I do not easily surrender to another's will and I never surrender conviction.

Yet I say to you that I am now persuaded that you were right over the falsity of Parliament and the venality of the Press.

A fortnight of free Debate in the House and of free journalistic comment would not have been too much for a free country to ask.

I daresay—again—that the case of investors in coal mine securities would be—*ex parte*—very powerful on the other side.

What I declare to be intolerable is that neither side should be able to state their case in Parliament or the Press. Yet that is true of this urgent, immediate national domestic problem.

It is also true of Defence.

To-day the Speaker prevented any demand for a reply from Seely on the criticism of admitted gaps—yawning chasms—in our Army Defence. So we talked about pensions.

On Monday the Navy will be ‘starred’ and ‘boomed’ to side-track the Coal-strike and—only no one thinks of that—the need for an Army.

Times are bad ; but friends are good—so I wave to you in the gloom.—Yours ever, G. W.

830

To Hilaire Belloc

35 PARK LANE, W.,
23rd March 1912.

MY DEAR BELLOC,—Just a ‘signal of Amity.’ I have not had a moment last week. But I think we ought to meet Tuesday or Wednesday. This has been a tense week.

I doubt if we should agree about the problem. I don’t mean on the solution—on which any ? intelligent men differ—but on the terms.

To my thinking the only question at issue is whether it is best to have a statutory presumption for rates of wages by ‘callings’ ; or for rates of wages by the custom of districts. Let me illustrate that. In the North, railway-men get higher wages, which are lower than the wages of artisans. In the South railway-men get low

wages which are higher than the wages of agricultural labourers. Which is best to create a parliamentary presumption that 'porters' and 'signalmen' are to have a normal wage, as such, with exceptions *quâ* districts; or to create a parliamentary presumption that 'porters' and 'signal-men' are to have a living wage in their respective localities?

The test case of the *whole* problem is the agricultural labourer's position.

Unless we can help him the whole nation is damned. Can we help the agricultural labourer by saying that no Englishman ought to be such a 'mean white' as to earn less than 20/ a week? That to me is the crux. And I say no; we cannot help him in that way.

We might enact a 20/ minimum per week for him—and it would be little enough. But if we did—as a Free Trade country—all England would go under grass, of which two-thirds would become mossy grass.

With 'the best intentions' we should depopulate rural England.

I would like to hear your comment—or denunciation—as your lucid mind may decide.

More widely. Does not a minimum wage imply that if any trade, in any District, cannot support that minimum, then it ought to be 'scrapped.'

Now I admit, and assent, that a Patriot can patriotically say 'yes' or 'no' to that question.

But I incline to the belief that Ruskin was right in 'Unto this Last' and that the true answer is for the State to run industries with a high minimum wage against any who prefer—masters and men—to run industries at a low minimum wage, in order to have any wage.

I think Ruskin will prove right here, as he has proved to be right about Free Education at the start of life, and about Old Age Pensions at the end of life; both of which were scouted by all men in 1860, when he laid down the three propositions. However that may be, I am unable to understand any one of the views we are asked to consider in the absence of a Tariff.—Yours ever,

G. W.

831

To Hilaire Belloc

STANWAY,

WINCHCOMBE, 4th April 1912.

MY DEAR BELLOC,—Deep gratitude for your letter and adequate information *in re* Hague Conference. But I have got my mind hitched (like some weeds caught round a snag in a river).

I have been riding for two days on the Cotswold. I have read at night your last volume of Essays 'First and Last Things.' The snag that snared my mind was the essay called 'The Lost Things.' It told me of other, and more notable, examples of what I saw: and could not understand.

What I saw (a) on the map, the Roman roads shooting out from Cirencester: (b) as I rode, undoubtable pre-Roman roads along the heights that were lost in some valleys, to reappear on the next height and so on all the way to Kelmscott on the Isis.

How, when, why, were they lost? Again, how, when and why did your road to Boulogne get lost? The answer came to-night, '*Perdo*,' I lose is also '*Perdo*,' I destroy. They were *Perdita*, destroyed. Yes, but how thoroughly? I would say as thoroughly as the degree we may gleam from the Old Testament—an excellent book. Not one stone was left upon another; then the thing was ploughed up; and, afterwards salted. These 'things that are lost' were destroyed as Bridges, and Railways are destroyed by modern armies; but to a more lasting purpose.

Each conquering race—with its plan—meant its plan to succeed. Each conquering race effected that object by two means; (1) by the excellence of their plan; (2) by the imbecility of the older plan.

They made the best plan they could as, *e.g.* the roads (Roman) of which Cirencester is the star-point. But they took jolly good care to make the plan they superseded

imbecile. They 'blew it up' where it could not be mended.

I know that this is the answer to your question, because I have followed a pre-Roman road on horseback in the morning and read your Essay in the evening. It was so.

Even if I had not seen it,—I could have guessed it after reading your Essay.

I now know that this has happened many times. What the Romans did to the Roads of their predecessors, the Normans did—when it suited their strategy—to the Roman Roads. And the predecessors of the Romans with iron weapons, did it to their predecessors with bronze weapons, and they did it to their predecessors with flint weapons; and each wave of intelligent strategy was guided more—in this matter of perdition—by the transport-habit than by the missile-habit of the people they ruined: and shoved off the open spaces into the bogs or mountains.

This truth can be *seen* on the Cotswolds and on Salisbury Plain.

I have, also, seen it in Africa. There, too, when once you are up above the morass-level, you see a network of roads and tracks.

Everywhere some of these roads, or tracks, end inexplicably—except on the hypothesis, that new-comers with new tracks for new military and commercial needs, spoil the old tracks by deleting them where they descended into valleys, or approached harbours, or fastnesses.

The Arts of War and Peace consist in making your Roads, and destroying the Roads of your predecessor and possible antagonist.

That has always been true and it is true now; but the Cobdenites have forgotten the truth.

I do not ask you to believe me. If you ever come to Salisbury Plain or the Cotswold, you will believe your eyes.

You asked me to write of anything. I have written the truth.—Yours ever,

G. W.

832

To Hilaire Belloc

44 BELGRAVE SQUARE, S.W.,
25th June 1912.

MY DEAR BELLOC,—

The passer-by shall hear me still
A boy that sings on Duncton Hill.

Perge, prosit, esto perpetua-or-us. O King, live for ever !
You have written the wisdom that never did die in simple
words that live for ever. You will sing for ever in the
morning.

And now I must go to bed.

And to-morrow I must wrestle with a speech and be
damned to all such thoughts !

The passer-by shall hear me still
A boy that sings on Duncton Hill.

Lord ! How I do love that.

If I had read those two lines in the waiting-room of a
railway station, with texts on the wall, a decanter of
water, one glass (unbreakable) and a Bible in American
leather on the table, I should not have rested until I had
found the man who wrote those two lines.

But I must go to bed. Also believe me that to say of
new flames that they are like leaves of Holly is to be
Immortal.

To Feed, to Fight, and to Be-get offspring are the heroic
purposes of man. But to sing is to be more than man.
And to sing of Eternity without singing of love is Divine.
I can only sing of love when I escape from time and so
sing sadly ; as thus :

But since such joys are doomed by time
I take Eternity
And all the stars that wheel and climb
For you and love and me

The galaxies of endless space
 Contain not room enough
 To fold the radiance of your grace
 And the passion of my love.

It is better to sing for ever, a boy on Duncton Hill.—
 Yours, G. W.

833

To his Sister, Madeline

35 PARK LANE, W.,
 6.viii.1912.

MOST DARLING MANENAI,—When your dear letter reached me at Clouds, I did not understand it, as I had no idea you were all going to spoil Sibell and me with such a lovely present. I am most grateful to you and dear Charlie for joining in this beautiful gift.¹

We took in with great solemnity and put the Cross on the altar.²

I wish you could have been at Clouds for Chang's birthday: and you must come some Sunday after manœuvres. I shall see you then. I am by way of going with Sir John French, but could I come to you just before, or just after?

I motored Chang all the way to Pixton to see Mary Herbert's home yesterday, and am very sleepy and end-of-the-Season-ish. I wonder if you and Charlie and a Poussin, or so, could come to Clouds earlier, say the week beginning September 2? There are no partridges to shoot as they are all drowned. But perhaps Lettice is coming and we could make an expedition to Wells.

Bless you, Darling, again.—Your devoted brother

GEORGE.

¹ His mother and brother and sisters gave as a silver wedding present a cross designed and made by Mr. Fisher.

² In the chapel that he had designed and was then carrying out the work of at Clouds.

834

To Hilaire Belloc

CLOUDS, EAST KNOYLE,
SALISBURY, 24th August 1912.

MY DEAR BELLOC,—I have mislaid your last letter—at least I think so. I have one of 19th before me which says you cannot come here on September 2nd. Damn! Come on 7th. I can't make out when you start for Russia.

All I do know is that the 3rd Division—which I call Percy's Division as he is A.D.C. to its General—Sir H. Rawlinson—will be inspected on the 9th and 10th. That means that they will do a scheme—probably near Pewsey, North of Salisbury Plain, over 48 hours or longer.

I have asked Repington here for it and shall look on by means of motor and horses—and sleep out at inns. Now if you can come it will be a joy.

When that is over I shall go to Cambridge and see the Army Manœuvres which begin on the 16th.

The rain depresses me. I am also hipped as I am preparing for a Tariff Reform Campaign. I go to Cumberland on Wednesday, speak *Workington* Thursday, *Cockermouth* Saturday and return that night. I stay at *Cockermouth Castle*. This will please me; as I lived there from the age of one to the age of six and remember hearing my Father speak from the *hustings* in 1868 on the meadows by the river where I, in turn, shall speak on August 31st after an interval of forty-four years.

When will the Burgundy I bought be ready to drink? Our friend of the *Hôtel de la Poste* said in three years. So I fear I must wait one more year.

Now let this be a warning to you.

Next year you must come in September and look on at the troops and drink our Burgundy.

We are not immortal. *Anni labuntur*. It is good to be in the open air with soldiers and to drink Burgundy afterwards. But these manly exercises are denied to those who go in for Foreigneering and travel—for five days I

think—in a train propelled by the burning of wood, instead of coal, in the hope of seeing *Moscow*.

The rain has dished me. The wheat—cut ten days ago—has begun to sprout. Also owing to Foot and Mouth disease I could not sell 500 sheep at Bridport a month ago and must wait to sell them at Wilton in September. Meanwhile the brutes eat all the winter feed and I get no cheque for sheep sold but overdraw at my Bank, instead.

The library here is going to be a perpetual delight. The solid oak is going up and by October I hope it will be finished.—Yours ever,

G. W.

835

To Wilfrid Scawen Blunt

CLOUDS, EAST KNOYLE,
SALISBURY, 12.ix.1912.

MY DEAR WILFRID,—I am moved to write first, to ask whether you will be at New Buildings 27th and onward, because—if that be so—I will send you 3 hares ; secondly, and generally, to exchange such news as either of us may feel disposed to give ; not that I have a large parcel. On the contrary, for my part, I have become a squire with an interlude of Tariff Reform speeches in Cumberland.

The interlude, of aforesaid propaganda, had its touches of mortality and the remembrance of childish joys, for I stayed at Cockermouth Castle with Charles Leconfield. I had not slept in that house since I was 6 years old, or seen it since I was 14. I found and recalled my night-nursery and day-nursery. My Mother's room over the gateway is now the housekeeper's. The place is the same. I felt that I had dreamed for 43 years of the ruins, and the sound of the weir and of the wind through the trees in the courtyard. The eagle-owl I knew in confinement is now stuffed in the sitting-room. The stone hall, adorned in old days, somewhat gauntly, by the skin of General Wyndham's charger, has fallen in and joined the ruins. The frame of the large window that commanded the Derwent river, remains in a framework of touchwood. I

left Clouds at 9 a.m. and reached Cockermouth at 9.40 p.m. I had not dined. I supped with Charles and his wife looking on. The next day, after preparing a speech in the morning, I looked on at two 'sports' of which I had heard, but never seen. Both are good for spectators. The first was a trial of sheep-dogs who, obeying the gestures and whistles of their owners, tied by a string to the starting-point, persuade 3 sheep to follow an intricate course round flags and between hurdles and finally—but how rarely!—induce them to enter a narrow pen. The second is called a Hound Trail. Some 15 lean fox-hounds, all baying the welkin in agonised expectancy and wild recollection of earlier triumphs and defeats, are unleashed in a row on a drag, and are off like a flight of arrows. They disappear into the scenery. I am told that the drag has been laid over 17 miles to Bassenthwaite Lake and Skiddaw, and that I shall see them again coming down the ridge of Hay Hill. This prophecy—after watching the jumping of horses and wrestling of men in a withering wind—proves true. They appear and amid a hubbub of hoarse cries the winners and second and third come through the last fence and are caught, 1, by Lady Leconfield, 2, by Charles, 3, by Jefferson, M.F.H. 'Climber,' the favourite, was beat by a neck, and 'Merry Maid,' an outsider, at 40 to 1, launched a lad of 13 years on the road to ruin, or fame, by winning him £5 for the modest risk of half-a-crown.

At 7.20 p.m. Charles and I went in an open motor through blinding rain to Workington, and there, in the 'Opera House,' I spoke for an hour and then for 20 minutes to an overflow. Next day, 30th August, I started at 9 and shot grouse with Charles on Fauld Brow, and recognised the mountain scenery that I knew long ago and have seen magnificent in dreams ever since. On the 31st Charles entertained 700 Tariff Reform delegates to luncheon in a vast tent, and I spoke to 3,500 people from a large—Punch and Judy show—platform, in the open.

I travelled back here, through the night and half the next day, to be a squire, diversified by being a

conceivable Minister for War looking on at Manoeuvres near Stonehenge, where I hawked and hunted, not so long ago, but still many years since, from Wilbury.

We have looked at what should have been the harvest ; wondered if enough partridges have survived the deluge, sold 550 sheep at Wilton for just over 40/- apiece, exhibited 2 hunters at the Shaftesbury Show, and ridden over the plain 4 days to observe the final training and inspection of what I call ' Percy's Division,' because he is A.D.C. to the General. Manoeuvres in these days are realistic. Nobody ate and few slept for 48 hours. In the course of such exercises the whole division passed the Avon between Amesbury and Bulford after midnight and fought till 1.30 the next day.

Now, that is all my news. My Library goes on and takes shape in close conformation to my idea. I shall roof in the Windmill before the frosts, with a stone-slate roof, like the shell of a tortoise, and four dormer windows from which it will be possible to enjoy the landscape of the South-West in any weather and ensure complete seclusion in an upper chamber, approached by a staircase winding in a spiral up the interior walls of the old building. Again, I am building a cow-shed for 36 cows at Pertwood, where I have already started a stud for hunters on the tiny scale of one mare, ' Justice,' with a filly ' Portia,' by ' The Duke.' The sire of the next foal being ' Border Prince,' the offspring—if a colt—will be named ' Jedburgh.' For the moment I am no more concerned with politics than to mete out ' Jedburgh Justice,' if I can, on the Plutocrats who have bought the Government in order to sell the country.—Yours affectionately,

GEORGE WYNDHAM.

836

To his Mother

CLOUDS, EAST KNOYLE,
SALISBURY, 27th October 1912.

MOST DARLING BELOVED MAMMA,—I am treasuring up next Sunday to be here with you.

What a bust we are going! I have to make seven platform speeches between now and Christmas, in addition to House of Commons. I am really 'training' for it.

I have managed to put the dates on Thursdays in the hope of getting here for the Fridays to Mondays.

But two Sundays are gone—one the 8th to 10th to stay with Willoughby de Broke and 29th to 2nd December to stay with Cuckoo.

That leaves me Friday 1st (and you), 15th and 22nd to be here. Perhaps you can run back with me for those two also if the weather is fine and, any way, I shall 'infest' 44 Belgrave Square and sometimes bring Carson and your fighting friends to dinner from the House.

I have seen a good deal of Carson lately. We are closely bound by kindred passions for *definite* fighting. I have been too busy to write.

My 'raid' on Limerick was a joy to me, it made me happy. Perf accompanied me with a large stick. I think that—at the back of his head—he meant to hit anyone who hit me. But we revelled in it all. We crossed on Tuesday night the 8th, breakfasted at the North Wall with Hanson! and then Hanson and I toured round all the old haunts of the Phoenix in a motor lent us by Horace Plunkett, it was a day of days, all gold and azure and diamonds in the air. Perf trotted off to see a horse near Sallins. I went on at 12.30 and picked him up; having on the train two luncheon baskets. Then we bumped along the old line to Boher, near Limerick, remembering old days. We stayed with Sir Charles Barrington at Glendall. He was the perfect Irish host: aged 62 and singing all over the house. Indeed he sat down to the piano and sang 'The girl that came from Clare'—before dinner. The meeting was a huge success. Then we had a riot and ultimately had to wait in a garage till we could motor out to a wayside station. I had the old campaigner's sense to telegraph for luncheon baskets at Limerick Junction. It was 9 p.m. before we got them—half a hot chicken in each. After the meal you would

have thought two hawks had been regaling, for nothing but polished bones were left. Then across the sea to Fishguard. The stars were shining and the wind warm. I lay in my night things with the ports open and bathed in the sea-wind : an outing to remember and rejoice over for ever.

I liked your little hint about Death Duties and Insurance. But I have done it already. Papa used to say—and I quite agreed *then*—that people with an income from investments ought to save and not insure. Now all is changed owing to the heavy death duties. If I died before I can save Percy could not live at Clouds, so I have insured my life and my saving must consist in paying the premiums. With that Perf could find the rest without having to let the place.

I have paired for Monday to attend the opening meet of the Hounds with Perf.

Give my great love to darling Aunt Emily and all my love to you.—Your most loving son, GEORGE.

837

To Charles T. Gatty

35 PARK LANE, W.,
9.xii.12.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—I am counting on you for Christmas.

What, you may well ask, is Christmas to such as you ? I reply (a) *I* go to Clouds Friday *next* 13th, and if I return to House of Commons on Monday 16th, still (b) I return to Clouds again on Friday 20th and stay there till Monday 30th. So much Asquith permits. Very well then :—Come on the 13th and stay till the 30th and—if you will—stay on to greet my next return on Friday 3rd January, 1913, to Monday the 6th, and so on, indefinitely. The ‘fat’ of the business is between the 20th and 30th, the ‘frills’ before and after.

It remains to ask and answer two questions. (1) Who

will be there ? No one but us, for certain, but I have a hope that the Edmunds [Talbots] and Marks [Sykes] may come. They are nibbling. A neighbour at our gates has a Chapel of your Faith. And where else *can* they go for so short a time ?

(2) What will be there ? Our old friends the Library, the Windmill, the Chapel, the plantations ; in short, the 'angulus ille' and 'interiore nota' ; 'nunc veterum libris, nunc somno et inertibus horis' I invite you with me to 'Ducere sollicitae jucunda oblivia vitae' to taste the Falernian and pile up the logs on a hearth in a Home. It is very necessary that you should do this. There will also be Perkins and dogs and close friendships.—Yours affectionately,

GEORGE W.

P.S.—You needn't *ride* the Horses.

838

To his Mother

CLOUDS, EAST KNOYLE,
SALISBURY, *Xmas Eve*, 1912.

MOST, MOST, DARLING BELOVED MAMMA,—I *do* love you. I have been thinking of you so intensely and vividly ever since I got here on Friday night. I always think of you and love you every day of my life. I was worrying about you last week, when I had four days solid on the bench (Front) ! and kept wondering how you were and being sorry that I could not pop in to 44 to 'see for myself.' But here this place is you and you haunt it in the heavenly way of haunting. Next year you must be here for Christmas, darling ; and Manenai and the Poussins, too. I do hope and pray that you are well, Darling. Clouds has been beautiful these days. The Dawns are wonderful and I think of all the Dawns you have watched here. I think a great deal of Papa, and feel that he is pleased with Perkins and knows that all the farmers and everyone love him. I went round the Park with Miles and Perkins yesterday looking at each tree and settling where to put

some limes, that have grown too big for the nursery garden. I rode in the morning through Great Ridge to the view over the plain. On Saturday I had quite a good gallop with Perf in the Blackmoor Vale. He rides very well and sails away in front of everybody, and—as they say in Ireland ‘throws a great seat on a horse.’ The library is nearly finished. I am giving Sibell some *crimson* stuff to go behind the altar in the chapel; designed by Leonardo da Vinci with doves, and flames, and our motto—almost: ‘A Bon Droit.’

Give fondest love to darling Manenai and take in all the love I pour out to you and take *great* care of yourself and come here directly the flowers begin to blossom, and bless you darling Mamma.—Your most loving and devoted son,

GEORGE.

839

To Mrs. Hinkson

CLOUDS,

SALISBURY, *December 28th, 1912.*

MY DEAR MRS. TYNAN-HINKSON,—I wish I could! I should love to see your Irish home and to place in surroundings what I must be allowed to call our friendship. But, as things are, I am cast for the part of the ‘Flying Dutchman.’ I hardly know how to get to Limerick and back between duties before and after. So it is, but so it must not be. I want, badly, to come to Ireland for Friendship, apart from Politics, that weary me more and more. And, if ever you come to England, *do* come here and look at pictures that would interest you, and at the downs that are as poor and happy and hospitable as Ireland is.

It was most kind of you to write so dear a letter. I know that I had not thanked you for ‘Sally’: but I loved ‘Sally’ and waited for the right moment which you have bestowed.—Yours very sincerely,

GEORGE WYNDHAM.

840

To his Mother

35 PARK LANE, W.,
19th January 1913.

MOST DARLING BELOVED MAMMA,—I have been wanting to write to you. And now, first, just for business that's pleasure—could you, quite conveniently, put me up at 44 towards the end of this week? S. S. has let this house, I think, after the 28th.

I am off to Gateshead on Tuesday, 21st., to speak in Northumberland, and come back on Wednesday 22nd. If I could move my papers to 44 on Thursday or Friday 24th, it would help. But, darling, if it is not quite convenient it doesn't matter at all.

I'd love a talk with you one of these days. You will have known that—politically—the 'old' iron has entered into my 'old' soul, these last three weeks. Not that it's any use 'talking' even to you, most darling. Things are bad, and times are bad, and one must just put a brave face on them—and go on—and begin all over again, like Alfred in his march, and Bruce with his spider.

I didn't know that so many men were cowards. Yet, I ought to have known it! After the Lords ran away in the 'Die-hard' time on 10th August 1911, I never expected much.

For all that, and all that, I took them on at Llandudno on Wednesday week last, and at Dover on Wednesday last, and did the House of Commons Thursday; and spoke there Friday, and ran to Charing Cross and caught the train back to Dover; and made three speeches there yesterday; and attended the Parish Church; and got back here to-night; and, after work and the House to-morrow, I am off Tuesday to take them on at Gateshead.

I am not dismayed. But the words of Napoleon ring in my ears: 'Unless men are firm in heart, and in purpose, they ought not to meddle with War or Government' and, again, 'Whether to advance, or *not* to advance, is a ques-

tion for the gravest consideration at the *commencement of a campaign*. But, when once the offensive has been assumed, it must be sustained *to the last extremity*; and, again, 'In a *battle* your enemy's losses will be nearly equal to your own. But, in a retreat the losses will be yours only.'

I say this to you, Darling, but I say it over and over again to myself; and dream of it at night; and wake early to realise its dawn-cold truth.

But I don't let the poor shivering Sheep-men know that I know this. I tell them to go on. And if they are too sheepish to listen, I go on alone.

But it is not so bad as all that. On the contrary, Bonar Law, Austen Chamberlain, and Edward Carson are good men and true. We have been crushed together for company. And there are seventy men who mean well, of whom, unluckily, only fifteen can say 'BO' to a goose and quite one hundred who will 'rat' back to the seventy—if they think the seventy are going to win. So, to Gateshead, on Tuesday and—unless Fortune is a 'triple-turned whore'—a meeting soon in the Free-Trade Hall at Manchester.

Indeed, darling Mamma, I will go there alone. But I needn't be alone. Ten M.P.'s and three thousand artizans will back me up against a corrupt Press and the alien millionaires. Whatever else happens I do not think that Mond and Chiozza Money are the 'Natural Leaders' of the English people. '*I don't think.*'

With all and all of love to my lion-hearted Mamma.—
Your devoted son, GEORGE.

841

To Hilaire Belloc

44 BELGRAVE SQUARE, S.W.,
29th January 1913.

MY DEAR BELLOC,—I read so much as the 'Press' permitted of your duel. You did well to the old—only good—tune of 'Hey-diddle-diddle, Pink him in the

middle'—a good 'Naval engagement'—so I thought in so far as the Press permitted materials for an opinion.

And, now, I burst into *Song* !

How good it is that I and you
Are sure that nothing matters
If this, or that, obsequious Jew
From Mirth, or Terror, chatters.

He chatters of perennial Peace
And 'Bulls' to make a rise
In golden-edged securities
But 'O ! what a surprise.'

When Turks, are Turks, he understands—
In spite of Norman Angel,
That even Turks prefer their lands
To his brand-new evangel.

How good it is that you and I
Should know his abject terror
Is but the first reluctant cry
Wrung from abysmal error.

For when he 'takes on' Europe, then,
The children of the church,
Our mother, who has made us men,
Will leave him in the lurch.

And that is just the only place
Where he and his must die ;
Because no Fatalist dare face
The lot, like you and I.

Come one, come all, come Hell on Earth ;
No numbers can deceive
One man, whose heritage of *birth*
Is to Believe :

And so be 'damned' to the Usurers. They can't play their own game. We needn't damn them. They were born damned and unfruitful : just sterilities.

And now, my dear Belloc, having burst into song, I will go to bed : and make several speeches to-morrow

and then go *Home* and breathe the southern air and look at the Downs, and thank God, that my property, being chalk, will not be distributed by you—for who would thank you for distribution?—or nationalised by Shaw for what Jew would Finance the transfer?

No—my job is to see that the people who have lived there, shall live there, and drink beer, and poach Hares, and plough fields, and plash hedges and be merry.—Yours ever,
 GEORGE W.

P.S.—30.1.13

This is my first day out: Had a chill since Saturday last.

842

To Wilfrid Scawen Blunt

44 BELGRAVE SQUARE, S.W.,
 30.i.13.

MY DEAR WILFRID,—I write at once—although tired—because I appreciate a letter from you at any time, and, the more so, when I am having a bad time.

I got out to-day—a wreck—did a Railway meeting of shareholders at 12 noon; spoke in the House of Commons on Welsh Church; dined with Generals and the whole staff of the 'Times' on Army Defence:—a long, varied, exhausting day for the first day of convalescence. But so it is.

So—let me add—it should not be.

I do regret your departure from Chapel Street.

I hope that here, or at 35 Park Lane, you will be my guest, when Spring returns, and revives us; and I am determined to be your guest—with luck, when the birds are in chorus—and 'in any case' when the wild roses bloom.

You are fortunate. To select, and print Poetry, with dear Dorothy's accomplished assistance, seems to me, after influenza, in a dark drizzle, and damned to the hell of politics, an inconceivable extravagance of joy. Now, if this World was made, the design must have been for joy. If it was not made, our revolt should be for joy.

You are accomplishing the Design of the Great Artificer ; or else (if he never was) helping to fill the gap of his non-existence.

But I, Good Luck ! am a Member of Parliament !

I mean, however, to escape, and to get you to London to see pictures and plays ; or to go to you and hear the birds and see the blossoms.

I am glad that a Buck has been killed. Fond as I am of wild creatures and loath as I am to arrest their felicity, I am also glad when something definite is done.

Let there be murder, or even rape, rather than vague aspiration and no end achieved. Let something be done—even to DEATH. I feel this fiercely after my Parliamentary experience, in which nothing happens. Ajax defied the lightning because he knew that Achilles was an ass to sulk in his tent. A flash and a crash—even if they mean only the explosion of Obby's gun and the fall of a fat beast, are better, because more definite, than the murky drizzle of the Mother of Parliaments.—Yours affectionately,

GEORGE WYNDHAM.

843

To Hilaire Belloc

44 BELGRAVE SQUARE, S.W.,
5th February 1913.

MY DEAR BELLOC,—What ho ! P.T.O. Observe the rhyme ! And you will read an appreciation of your verse : Spondaic ? Why yes. You have more than once flattered my use of the heavy-footed Tum-Tum. And here—or there, over the page—it says, with due solemnity, what I think.—Yours,

G. W.

TO HILAIRE BELLOC

O, your Hexameter ! Aptitude tells us, ' Here is an Artist ' !

Pouring the lilt of our tongue into a mould of the past ;

Tense steel, blended by you from the phantasmagorical symbols

Folks, forgotten, shaped, long before nations were named.

You make new metal reformed arm'd mad petillations,
 Sparks, called 'soldiers,' crack, scaling the chimney of dreams
 Whilst you sing, Hearth, God, Home, hush'd penetralia, Life
 charr'd :—
 Only that embers may blaze shooting at stars that excel.

G. W.

P.S.—And it is a pretty compliment, but, let me add, a penetrating appreciation of your work. I have managed to say—in your damned elegiacs—what you are doing 'all the time.'

P.S. 2.—We belong to our age. My verse reminds me of Persius who wrote in a decadence. My verse exhibits the opalescence of decay. It is therefore prismatic.

844

To Sir Charles Waldstein

44 BELGRAVE SQUARE, S.W.,
 February 13th, 1913.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—All that you say is only too sad and more true than you can know. I am worn out with work. I get away to-morrow for three weeks' holiday. So Sibell and I cannot be in London before March 10th.

We had no holiday at Christmas, or, indeed, for years.

But I will not despair. A time will come, and then, when good times come back, we will meet and remember the 'good old times.'

At present my life is that of a train in a tunnel—that never ends.—Yours ever,

GEORGE WYNDHAM.

845

To his Son

CLOUDS, EAST KNOYLE,
 SALISBURY, 15.ii.13.

MOST DARLING PERKINS,—What a Valentine! You know how much I love you and that your marriage means far more to me than anything else could mean. You

are evidently in love ; and that is essential. I have read your letter several times, and the sentence ' I *know* I am doing right ' is the one to which I pin my hopes, although when people fall in love they rarely do know what they are doing. Anyway I give you consent, love and blessing, and will do all I can to add to the happiness of your marriage. ' I agree '—as you put it—to everything except—again, as you put it—that you have been a ' Blighter.' You have been a loving child to me and a good soldier. And I know you will go on being the first. I hope you will go on being the second. I was much pleased to read that the young lady ' wants you to go on soldiering and everything.' I see that her family motto is ' Retinens vestigia famae,' and I hope she will make you stick to it. If she wants to win my heart—not a difficult enterprise—you may tell her—with my love—that that is the way to set about it. You remember my joke about the blank stone to be kept in the cellar ? Already I shall not have to inscribe ' married nobody ' on it ; and if she helps you to serve our country, I need not put ' and did nothing.'

Darling Perks, I am deeply moved and will do all I can, and you must explain to Diana that I like being spoilt by being allowed to share in the happiness and purport of your life.

I have been saving every penny I could in case you came one fine day to say you wanted to marry. I make *no* conditions. I believe—as you know—in liberty and light hands. But you also know that, if you and she can, of your own free will, get to know this place, and help this little bit of England for which we are responsible, and ' *belong* ' here—then you will crown my life and I shall sing ' Nunc dimittis '—' my task is done.'

It was impossible to keep the secret here, what with asking to have your letter the moment it arrived and firing off our telegrams. So I told Icke¹—in the stentorian tone his deafness demands, and, at once, with an xviiith century bow, he replied ' I hope you will tell

¹ The butler.

Mr. Percy on behalf of us all here that we are delighted to hear it and wish him all happiness.'

If Rawley¹ gives any trouble I will wheel him into line. It will be great fun if I can take a Mrs. Perkins to manoeuvres in our motor, as extra A.D.C. to the 3rd Division.

Now for plans :—Memmy and I will bustle up to 44 by the 9.30 Monday, and tell Finlay to have a good luncheon at 1 p.m.

Then I will do whatever you wish. Perhaps it will be best to go back to Leicestershire together Monday evening. Indeed I would like to see what the last phase of your bachelor life was like. I have been getting well for that as quickly as I could. But, of course, if you would like to bring her here Monday instead, that would be delightful, too. In any case I hope she can come here Thursday or Friday. I simply couldn't forego the pleasure of welcoming Diana here on her first visit.

I am sorry she has to go abroad.

I don't know what your idea of a 'short' engagement is, but I suppose you mean April (May is unlucky !).

I am free till Monday 10th March. Then very busy till the 31st in London over Army Estimates. Then from 1st April on I could throw myself into settlements and trousseau.

Mrs. Simnet has just burst in and wrung me by the hand. She is very proud, as through a maid of Aunt Mary's, she knows the young lady's photograph; a feather in her cap which she flourishes. I don't believe I have ever set eyes on Diana.

I knew there must be something important when you wired me to look out for a letter. I had to tell Memmy it was no use trying to guess. We inclined to think it might mean that you were off with Rawley to the Balkans, or further afield.

Now I must stop. All love till Monday : Leicestershire or not, as you please; and, if you *can*, do bring Diana here Thursday or Friday. You can have the East

¹ General Sir Henry Rawlinson.

room to play in, and horses to ride. I must introduce her to Clouds and Wiltshire. Bless you, Darling.—
Devoted,
PUPS.

846

To his Mother

CLOUDS, EAST KNOYLE,
SALISBURY, 15th February 1913.

MOST, DARLING, BELOVED MAMMA,—I waited to get here to write lots to you about being with you in London, or your coming here.

And now, my dear!!! I have got lots—with a Blessing—of News. Am gasping at it myself. Percy is engaged to marry Diana Lister, Lord Ribblesdale's daughter. Well—there it is. . . . It is no use being surprised, or thinking of this or that—of course one does think. I had not the remotest inkling. But he is evidently in love; lyrically in love. And you must take risks for love and marriage, of health and fortune. Still it is better to be brave and rather careless than to be cautious and rather selfish. You know my views.

I am astounded; as people always are when their son marries the last person they would have thought of, as they often do.

The fact that she has no money is all to the good. The fact that he was very happy, soldiering and hunting, and not without friends, and happy with us all, proves that he must know what he is about; in so far as anyone can know what they are about when they fall in love.

He has written me sheets—all the old 'consecrated' litany that people smile at and that is so pathetic.

'It's really the most wonderful thing that has ever happened'—so it is. We've never heard that before. 'Yes, I don't think.'

And he goes on 'I can't explain it, but it's just absolutely perfect.—If only I had any command of the English language I might try and tell you, but it's beyond anything I know'—and so on, for pages! You will not be

surprised to hear that in his opinion she is 'perfect woman and girl mixed,' that she only wants to help him, that they like being poor, that he only wants an 'uneventful happy home life with a wife'—that he is 'quite calm and collected,' that I have 'only to see her to understand *quite*' 'et toute la lyre.'

Well.. well.. well, and it shall be well by God's blessing.

Anyway all I have to do is to join in from the start and not croak and suddenly pretend to be the 'Heavy Father' a part for which I have no aptitude. Let 'em try to be happy and I will help all I can.

Your most loving and devoted son,
Perkins is 25 and she is 20.

GEORGE.

847

To Mrs. Drew

CLOUDS, EAST KNOYLE,
SALISBURY, 15.ii.13.

MY DEAR MARY,—If I had surmised, however remotely, what I learn for the first time to-day, I would have consulted your friendship and superlative understanding of matrimonial problems. But—as things are—Sibell and I, alone here, in this vast, empty house, received a telegram from Percy last night asking us to await a letter by first post. I pointed out—as men will—the futility of guessing at its contents; and then—as men do—guessed away—not too cheerfully—for hours, and, at last, in the same inconsequent vein, said: 'Well! we must go to bed.' This morning I rushed down to grasp the letter and read, after endearments: 'Here is rather a sudden shock for you, but it is All Right!—I am *engaged* to Diana Lister.'

Sibell and I have been staggering together all day under this 'blessing' from the Blue. We had no idea—nor, indeed, do I think had Percy—But who knows?—that he contemplated marriage at present, or for years.

But there it is. I have never seen Diana Lister. I have heard praise of her sister, now Lady Lovatt. Do

write me an affectionate, indiscreet, understanding letter. Please do ! Dear Mary.

I have written this amazing intelligence only to my Mother, sisters and brother, and to You the Expert. But I must not pretend that I am divulging a secret which otherwise would not leak out. I should have thought that 'Mum was the word' till Tommy Ribblesdale had some say. But after telegrams to me—sheets—signed 'Percy and Diana,' and telegrams to Sibell signed 'Your loving daughter Diana,' well, My Dear, knowing the local post office as I do, and the young lady who runs it, further mystery at Clouds is 'off.' The Butler has made me a speech, the Housekeeper has wrung my hand, the Housemaid has burst into tears, the Agent has tactfully suggested that we had better postpone rebuilding the village in spite of the 'Land Campaign.' They are all quivering with emotion and tingling to ring the Bells. They are drinking their healths downstairs. So, reverent as I am of ancient decorum, I know that Tommy Ribblesdale and I have only to 'conform'; to get 'in front of the band' if we can.—Yours affectionately,

GEORGE WYNDHAM.

P.S.—But tell me all you know. I know nothing. Sibell's dear love.

848

To Wilfrid Scawen Blunt

CLOUDS, EAST KNOYLE,
SALISBURY, 16.ii.13.

MY DEAR WILFRID,—A sudden thing has happened, which affects my life and is therefore of interest to you because of our kinship and affection.

Percy—my boy—is engaged to marry Ribblesdale's daughter, Diana Lister.

I have written to my mother, sisters and brother, and now I write to you. But I have little to tell.

I came here Friday afternoon to rest after influenza and speeches. I received a telegram from Percy asking

me to look out for a letter by early post. Sibell and I, alone in this large, empty house, speculated on the import of a strange message from a competent child. I insisted—as men will in domestic circles, however confined—on the self-evident futility of guessing. But I guessed away and was disposed—cheerlessly—to imagine that Percy meant to go off, somewhere far away in the B. Empire you detest. It was not so. The letter—which I pounced on—at 8.30 a.m. yesterday—began, after endearments—‘This will be rather a sudden shock to you, but it’s All Right!! I am *engaged* to Diana Lister.’

It was sudden.

Fate is determined to intertwine our family with the Tennants.

It is pleasant that young people should ‘fall in love.’ I thought they had forgotten that declension.

Percy, whose orthography is a soldier’s, writes ‘I never meant to marry for years and I tried hard not to ask her for days, but it popped out last night.’ Let me explain. He rarely doubles his consonants. He means that his declaration ‘popped’ out on Wednesday. They hunted Thursday and—so he says—were ‘wildly happy.’

I have no aptitude for playing the part of the ‘Heavy Father.’ I revere Love. This is one of its expressions. They—the young pair—have not consulted me or Tommy Ribblesdale, we have only to conform. It is for them to set the ‘Pace and Direction’—and for LOVE to Laugh or Cry, over the End. But damn the End! Love is Love, even between a young Guardsman and a maid of 20 years whom he meets out hunting in Leicestershire.

‘Thine heart it was so ruddy red
That every Archer
knew How best he might impale thee,
And drive his Arrows through.’

Percy is a stricken heart: and I must provide, gladly, for their bower of bliss, and—I hope—a nursery to follow.

I write at once to you because you and one other are near to me in all that really touches my life.

Decorum would enjoin reticence until Tommy Ribblesdale had given his assent. But the young lady who pre-

sides over the Post Office at Clouds, though all but dense to the reception of a message, is all alacrity in the diffusion of gossip. After sheets of telegrams to me signed 'Percy and Diana,' and sheets to Sibell, signed 'Your loving daughter Diana,' there is no mystery about it in this village and household. The Butler has made me a speech in the smoking room. Bertha, the Housemaid, has burst into tears. Mrs. Simnet, the Housekeeper, has wrung my hand off. Mallet, the House Carpenter, has put in a few chosen words. They drank healths in the Room and Hall last night, and I was mobbed after Church this morning.

But—in so far as 'official' intelligence goes, I write to you, at once.—Yours affectionately,

GEORGE WYNDHAM.

849

To his Mother

44 BELGRAVE SQUARE, S.W.,
19th February 1913.

MOST DARLING MAMMA,—I long to share all this with you. I feel at every moment that if I turned round you would be there. Now, will try to tell you what has happened, and what Diana is like. We came up Monday and found your dear letter; also a very nice one from Tommy Ribblesdale asking me to call at 6 instead of 5.30. So I saw him at the Cavendish Hotel, Jermyn Street where he lives. He is very pleased and bubbled away. On returning we got a telegram asking us to meet Percy and Diana at St. Pancras Station 7.40 p.m. So S. S. and I bundled off in a taxi. It was a strange expedition. The train was 8 minutes late. We grouped ourselves under an electric standard, so as to be easily recognised. Of course we did not see them as the train pulled up. Then I got a prod in the back from an umbrella (Percy's) and felt a little dog bombarding my tummy with his paws (Peter). Then I saw Percy's grin to Diana, it showed simplicity

and courage to enter her new family, tired by hunting and travel, under the unflattering rays of a blue electric light. She was rather smaller than I expected. We all four got into the taxi, dropped Percy, then Diana, then Sibell then self: all very hungry. I liked Diana but, as you will hear, I am quite sure I like her *very much now*. This was the start. Tommy, dear old Guy, Diana, Percy, Sibell and I dined at last; after 9. Cuckoo had come in to hug them and I assisted in a dressing-gown. I liked her much more at dinner. Yesterday I took a little trip with her and Percy to a photographer, and whilst he waited at the Guards' Club was alone with her in the taxi and liked her more. Then we all dined at Leffie's (No. 13) to meet her family. Barbara and Wilson, Laura and Lovat; and an Aunt (also Margot) watched Perf and Diana and liked her most. They are very much in love. She is a little cameo; very well-bred, with a sort of look of Aunt Connie as a girl, only smaller. I saw the Aunt, Tommy's unmarried sister—watching them; and saw her face passing from the curious stage to frank content and admiration of Percy. And she looked such a lady, the Aunt. So I really was satisfied. Percy—the 'infatuated' started at 7 to hunt in Leicestershire and I am to take Diana down there this afternoon. We dine at Little Dally, Percy's bachelor hunting box. Sibell comes on Saturday to Gladys and Edward Wyndham—'Warwick Lodge.' S. S. and I return Monday and on to Clouds to welcome them on Friday 28th.

Now, darling, London is beastly just now—such a black bitter N.E. wind. Would you like to come to Clouds on the 24th and see the fun: probably a meet of hounds early the next week?

I will write again if this is so. If you stick to coming here 24th I could hug you on my way through. But I think Clouds would be better than London for you darling and I long to be with you.—Ever your most loving son,

GEORGE.

P.S.—I fixed up the settlements yesterday and the wedding will be on the 17th April.

They had never seen each other till 24th January out hunting and were engaged on 12th February. Percy said to Tony Shaftesbury 'It was no use beating about the bush.'

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To his Niece, Mrs. H. H. Asquith

THE VICARAGE, LITTLE DALBY,
MELTON MOWBRAY, *Saturday, 22.ii.13.*

DARLING NYNCIE,—It was dear of you to write. I am glad you 'love' Diana as I have a great opinion of your taste and wisdom. I am very fond of her. She rides beautifully. Percy was allowed to come here by the early train, so I had the honour of escorting Dián. We all hunted together yesterday and to-day. It is a glorious country and such fun to be humming along with young people and capering over the perfect fences.

I go to Clouds Monday to prepare a welcome and entertain Hugh Cecil. The happy pair join us on Friday or Saturday. Could you and Beb come too? 28th to 3rd, or 7th to 10th, or both, or for all the time? Do!

Percy has done all I ever asked. I told him *not* to marry an American, or a Jewess, or an heiress, but just an English young lady. So he has conformed.

With much love to Nyncie.—From her Uncle,

GEORGE.

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To Mrs. Mackail

THE VICARAGE, LITTLE DALBY,
MELTON MOWBRAY,
23.ii.13.

DEAREST MARGARET,—You wrote me a heavenly letter. It does make one 'feel nice and in love oneself.' Jack has written too, and Angela. That was *good* of her. Of course she remembered my plunging in at her ecstatic

moment; but it was *good* to write and say so. She recommends marriage.

It is a 'whack' of Happiness and Spring to me already. I rather wanted one. It has cured a sore throat that had marred me for five weeks; and cured me also of inward invisible ungraciousness of which the sore throat was the outward and sensible sign—too inward, all the same.

And now for a time—perhaps for all the Autumn of my days—a long Farewell to dismal shadows; and a Welcome to 'the newness of Life' once more. I am 20 years younger. I must come and pump-handle your dear hand. And you must come to the Wedding, already fixed for Thursday, 17th April, in the morning.

Angela still 'holds the record' for time; but for complete initiative and independence of action Percy ties with her. He saw Diana for the first time out hunting on January 24th. Made a point of seeing her on foot, on Wednesday following, and was accepted that day fortnight after—as he says—'trying hard *not* to ask her for days.' They are wildly in love.

It amuses me that Sibell has always taken the most melancholy view of his coming to hunt here. To her Melton is the haunt of man-eating Delilahs. 'Instead of which' we get a *very* early Victorian romance of roseate simplicity; all done 'By the simplicity of Venus' doves.'

I came down to examine the scene of action; and know exactly how, when and where everything happened.

This is a bleak little vicarage at the top of a hill, where Percy and a friend, George Drummond, had come to be ostentatious bachelors, living Spartan lives, never dining out, to bed at 10; no hot air and little hot water for the one bath; chops and tapioca pudding for dinner. So Venus smiled and all the birds are singing 'Ring-a-ding-ding.'—And I am ever your ever affectionate

GEORGE.

I was wise to turn the Nurseries into a library. I'm glad you spotted that successful challenge to Fortune.

Going to Clouds to-morrow.

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To Wilfrid Ward

WARWICK LODGE,
MELTON MOWBRAY, *February 23rd, 1913.*

MY DEAR WILFRID,—Your letter of congratulation was most welcome. I am pleased at Percy's engagement and satisfied with his choice. It came as a complete surprise. I had never seen the young lady nor, indeed, had he until the 24th of January, out hunting. They were engaged, after post, on the 12th of February and I received Percy's announcement on the 15th. Since then I have seen Diana and my prepossession in her favour, based on a long friendship with her father, is confirmed by her charm and simplicity. I am truly content and happy at the prospect. My only wish was that he should marry an English lady and this he proposes to do. They fell in love with each other in the early Victorian manner. Their happy story might have been written by Miss Young in collaboration with Whyte-Melville.

I go to Clouds to-morrow to prepare a welcome. With my kindest remembrance to your wife.—Yours ever,

GEORGE WYNDHAM.

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To his Mother

CLOUDS, EAST KNOYLE,
SALISBURY, *28th February 1913.*

MOST DARLING AND BELOVED MAMMA,—Just before I go to bed, I must write you a little line. Percy and Diana and Tommy Ribblesdale are coming here to-morrow; and I can't help feeling 'diddle.' It was that, or some such word, I used when you read to me the 'Ice Maiden.' But, all the while, my intention is—if I can—if I could—to deepen your structural imprint on Clouds, so that nobody can alter it.

I have had—just now—a great talk with S. S. and she really does understand what I am driving at.

I think you would like the library ; and I think Philip Webb would approve. It is good 'And the evening and the morning were the *first* day.' I have, all the time, seen 'in my mind's eye, Horatio' that when books were put in the shelves of the North wall, the proportion would be apparent. Now, to-day, I filled one section with books and, Darling, there is the proportion of the attic-Gallery for any Ass to see.

Equally in the Lamp-room-Chapel. There, too, Mallet and I are making straight for a 'grand slam.'

But so also in the Billiard-room. The Billiard *table* is now—quite comfortable—ensconced in the Barrel-room. And the 'Billiard-room' that was assumes once more its original delight.

But I want you badly to help me.

I am at it with Miles, outside. The immediate nut I have to crack is Milton village. I have been round it, cottage by cottage, and tree by tree, with Miles.

I will *not* spoil that village. But I will—without spoiling it—rebuild every house, that gets no sun, on the opposite slope. That is to say I am making a plan which can be followed—if Percy cares to follow—in 10 or 20 or 30 years, as money may, or may *not*, be available.

My plan is to fulfil three objects.

(1) The people must have good houses.

(2) Their houses must be the sort of houses which my neighbours can build.

(3) Milton, in thirty years' time, must be a Wiltshire village, built of stone and chalk ; and more beautiful than it is now, because its owner will have cared to think of every house, and family, and of 'old England' made new : as it was in the days of 'John Ball.'

The real distinction is not between old things and new things ; but between good things and bad things.

Do not, for one moment, suppose that I am careless about money. I realise that I *must* do my part, in my generation. I cannot have a stink in Milton if £150 will get rid of the stink. The stink is there : and it must go. But I realise—*quite* vividly—that launching Percy into

matrimony with a young lady who requires four hunters is—what financialists call—a ‘stiff proposition.’

So I am raking through all the money there is, or might be, like an ‘Ebrew Jew.’

And I think I see my way. There is some ‘dead wood.’ For example, a Mill—Terwick Mill—in Sussex; head-rents in Yorkshire; a property nobody knows anything about in Australia. Well; if I sell these eccentricities—kept for votes, and ‘plural voting’ is ‘off’—or kept in Australia because they were there; I can raise enough to give Diana a necklace and pay Percy’s debts, without endangering the property.

Any way, most beloved Mamma, it is all joy to me that Percy is to marry and I won’t lose the ship of his venture for a ‘ $\frac{1}{2}$ porth of Tar.’

I don’t want to spend any more money on myself than I have done for the last twenty years. I’m a ‘cheap man.’ I write that to reassure you.

On the one hand, Percy is my only son. On the other, in launching him, I shall be ‘careful.’ But he must be launched.

I am glad that Diana is only a child. I am glad that Percy’s General likes her. Because that means that Percy will go on with his soldiering and that Diana—prompted by me and Percy’s General—will make Percy go to the Staff College.

My part is to smooth over the acerbity of the ‘Red House’ by tidying up the garden and putting in some chintzes and china.—Your most loving son, GEORGE.

854

To Philip Hanson

CLOUDS, EAST KNOYLE,
SALISBURY, 2.iii.1913.

MY DEAR PHIL,—I have been ‘enjoying the engagement,’ and without a moment for responding to your appeal to my egotism.

But before I write about myself let me say a word or two about you. What does 'being now retired from active affairs' mean? Are you antedating the Royal assent to the Home Rule Bill? Or has the shadow cast before it already eclipsed your work? Do you no longer think of returning to the Civil Service 'on this side'? I ply you with questions.

But even if—as I hope—you continue to serve the State, I would welcome a work from you on the 'Philosophy of Politics.' What the age needs is a modern Bagehot.

Most of the recent Political Economy is amateurish socialism. I wish you would write as Bagehot did. His works—I have turned to them lately—are obsolete in matters though still attractive in treatment.

Percy is to be married on April 17th. Can you come and pass the Friday to Monday with me here? Do.

As for myself: I did too much Platform work last year. It tires me. Also I am scarred by (1) the cowardice and snobbishness of the Peers on 10 August, 1911; (2) the cowardice over duties on Foreign Food-stuffs.

I doubt whether the Unionist Party will ever do any great work again. It has the faults—the moral faults—of the Coalition without their dexterity at electioneering. The truth is that the candidates, on both sides, are not fit to be M.P.'s. They are selected for their wealth and lack both brains and character. The majority have no views at all; and a heavy percentage of the minority with views are incapable of explaining or defending them. The absence of brains and character in 70% to 80% of our politicians depresses me.

Towards the end of the Session I had influenza, and my speech on February 10th at Manchester was an effort that left me exhausted. But it was a good speech and successful. I will send you a copy. You will dissent from it; but it may interest you.

The worst of it is that I have become—in these degenerate days—a 'popular turn' on the platform. People come as they would to a good conjurer or cinematograph. Both sides come and pay compliments. But I am under no

illusion. A set speech is the respectable dissipation of our urban centres. On the other hand—to be more cheerful—I am getting more and more deeply interested in agriculture and Rural England. Sibell calls me ‘Farmer George.’

It is too late for me to be an English ‘Horace’ (organiser,¹ not Poet), but in a small way I believe I could get a good deal done.

I am entering into correspondence with Landlords of relatively small properties round here, who depend on their estates for a living. The ‘magnates’ are of no use to the smaller landowners, men with 2,000 to 3,000 acres or so, or to anyone else.

But if these smaller men would (1) create for themselves a system of mutual credit, (2) have a housing policy of their own with ‘standardised’ plans and ‘spare parts,’ (3) carry the Farmers with them and convince the Farmers that the ‘whole show’ is doomed unless the labourers are treated better—why, then a beginning could be made.

Although I have little free money—almost none now that Percy is to marry—I am not ‘tied up’ by settlements and burdened by charges; so I can ‘move and have my being.’

When I dismiss the Magnates I must except Lord Radnor. He is a good man who works hard at his job.

I doubt whether any Government can do much for Agriculture. I am convinced that a great deal must be done and am not without hope that co-operation might do it.

You must come here. The library is finished. I have sorted all the labourers into three categories, so as to know what I spend on elderly and idle men. In the same way I have sorted all the cottages into ‘good, bad and indifferent,’ and have started a mild ‘town-planning’ for the village of Milton.

Upon the whole I incline to the view that public life is only useful as an education for private enterprise.

Let us correspond more frequently and begin by explain-

¹ Sir Horace Plunkett.

ing what *you* mean by the phrase 'being now retired from active affairs.'

If you are going to write, you had better come and study the English Land Question in Wiltshire.—Yours ever,
G. W.

P.S.—Sibell and I are thinking of you with your Mother and Father, and send them our kindest remembrance.

I am really overjoyed at Percy's choice. His young woman is a lady; and fond of the country, and not over-educated. She grasps that he has got to be a soldier first and a squire next. Perkins can do those two things well and has no aptitude for politics or literature.

Diana rides beautifully.

855

To Philip Hanson

CLOUDS, EAST KNOYLE,
SALISBURY, 6.iii.13.

MY DEAR PHIL,—I am glad to hear that the enigmatic sentence only meant more work.

Now for immediate plans. Percy will be married on the 17th April, in London, at St. Margaret's. I feel sure that for you to come then and go with me to Clouds on the 18th, or evening of 17th, will be the best plan, and very delightful.

I had considered Easter, but (1) there will be no Easter holiday, (2) I shall be absorbed in Army Estimates, (3) the only counter-inducement—Percy and Diana being here—is more than doubtful, as he must go to her people at Gisbourne that, Easter, Sunday. So we will say 'done' and book the 17th.

I am impressed, and pleased, by your approval of my contemplated escape from Party Politics. Hugh Cecil—who came here last week—at first scoffed at the idea; but after a little talk and reflection, he, too, approved. I cannot desert, with honour, during this bout of opposition. But after the next General Election, and 25 years in the House of Commons, I shall feel that I have finished that

part of my duty. I shall be out of the Yeomanry, too, and 52 or 53 years of age. That is a good age for beginning 10 or 20 years of new work 'in novitate vitae.' Whereas another round of opposition would kill me; and office does not tempt me; even if we won the Election, which I, for one, do not expect.

In any case I mean to study the English Land Question, and you shall see the 'start' on April 18th.

It is evident that 'Plunkett' co-operation will *not* work here. My present belief is that we must start from the 'top' and get the small Landowners together for mutual credit, and standardised housing. Then, as a second stage, the large farmers may conform.

I.e. IF (???) the small landowners had succeeded *quâ* their part of the job, the large farmers might wish to come in *quâ* their part of the job.

At this point, the syndicated landowners would insist on (1) holding the cottages for the whole Trust, instead of letting them with Farms; (2) a higher wage for labourers.

(I am skipping detail although—indeed, because—I am well aware that the detail at this juncture is decisive: so I skip it, to think the more.)

(If I did not skip, I should have to go into (a) standardising gardens for *all* cottages, (b) motor traction, owned by the first landowners as an additional bait to large farmers.)

And at this juncture my parentheses would never end.

A very important one would include buying out Glebe and obsolete tenantry rights so that the standardised housing-cum-transport should not be marred by slovenly 'enclaves.'

Supposing all that is attempted with some hope of success.

Then, and then only, could co-partnership—or any other long name for a simple and rather hopeless experiment—be brought in.

At this point, the small-holder of whom I hope little (and so will you when you see Sangar's small holding) and

the rising labourer, of whom I hope much, would come in.

Enough! 'Basta Vedremo,' as the Italians say. But you must 'wait and *see*' with me.

The twin Tom-fooleries of Mr. George and Ernest Pretymen consist in hurrying and never watching.

The suicide of Landowners consists in not knowing their maps and their country-sides. Without maps, and ways of proceeding on horse and foot, I am lost.

E.g. I know the upland here which I farm myself. I don't know the vale. A few days ago I tried it on foot. I didn't know my boundary, I got bogged and scratched: bogged in morasses and scratched in unkempt fences. That is all wrong. I am putting it right.

E.g. 2. The pressure of finding some money for Percy to marry on has forced me to take stock of what I possess. What do I find?

(1) That I own acres in South Australia. At last I got a map; and mean to realise.

(2) That I own a mill and some few acres in Sussex.

(3) That I own a head rent in Yorkshire.

All that sort of thing is the Devil. It is a mere excuse for lawyers and stamps and bitter resentment on the part of occupiers. It is all wrong and detestable from any human angle of vision. I shall sell these excrescences very carefully to selected persons who can do their duty by them, and put the capital, £3,000 to £6,000, into doing my duty by the little stretch of England for which I am responsible.

And now to run on to the end of a garrulous letter:—It is interesting to shape and improve bits of England.

To-day, for the first time since September, I made a moment to see what I had created—'in my mind'—at Pertwood. My dear P. H., it thrilled me. For £1,000 to £1,400 I have pumped water, by a 3½ horse power engine 1½ miles over a great hill, and built a PERFECT cow-stable (designed by Mallet and self and executed by a small man at Hindon with some help in carting and material from me), and fenced in a patch of clay smeared

on to the high Downs; noted in Domesday Book as pasture, and neglected till now.

Well, that's a milk farm made and the capital value of 400 acres *doubled*. And the Farmers out hunting come to me and talk about it.

The Game—and it's a ripping Game—is to combine (a) *all* the old traditions here with (b) the eye and imagination and cash balance of a man prospecting in N.W. Canada. It is a Game! But, quite seriously, I believe it to be a Duty that has been abominably neglected.—
Yours ever, G. W.

P.S.—I believe it can only be played in England from the 'top' with inducements for all and sundry in their order to come in.

Anyway—or, as you say over the water, *anny-way*—if the squires are 'scrapped' by the Plutocrats—in the very act of playing this great Game of Rural England—they will be deeply regretted and will go down with a grand flag flying.

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To Hilaire Belloc

44 BELGRAVE SQUARE, S.W.,
12th March 1913.

MY DEAR BELLOC,—Prudence—a bitch—counsels that I should go to bed *quam primum*. I wave her away and take notice only of your letter.

You are a fortunate man. You have left the House of Commons.

You have been to Glastonbury and are converted. It was the city of Glass: it stood in a lake. It was Avalon. It glistened and was vitreous and opalescent and enchanted and the source of many fables.

It is not dead like Stonehenge because Christianity was spliced onto its superstitions.

Now Wiltshire is remarkable because it is just East of the Mystery-line. But its mysteries are dead. Stonehenge is dead. Yarnboro' Castle is dead, White Sheet

Castle, Castle ditches, Ogglebury's camp, Quarley Hills, are all gone dead; and a new wonder of Rome in a trance supervenes. Wiltshire is not dead; not mysterious; but Romantic. That's why I love Wiltshire; stand in awe of Glastonbury; and shudder at Stonehenge (in Wiltshire but not of it; any more than the aeroplane station is of it, with flag always at half mast for some brave fellow dashed to death). Wiltshire is a *Belle au bois dormant*—not a sepulchre: a cataleptic not a skeleton. Wiltshire is living and entranced. But now I must go to bed.

Army Estimates are on early next week; perhaps on Monday.

I only got the Annual Report (dated 30 Sept. 1912) to-day, and have only Seely's promise of an early copy of the Estimates. I must work. Propose a meeting the *night after* Army Estimates.

I continue to rejoice in my son's early marriage. I care for nothing else, and rejoice in that without a care.

I have been bucketted about. Welcomed the young couple at Clouds, Saturday March 1st, to London March 3rd, back to Clouds March 4th, to London March 8th to dine with Bonar Law (a moth-eaten affair), to Wimbledon to breakfast with step-daughter Lady Shaftesbury March 9th; back to Clouds. To London March 10th for opening of Parliament (a rat-eaten affair). To Maidenhead March 11th to my beloved Mother and her elder sister Mrs. Ellis—no words can say what charm and joy surrounds ladies of 78 and 79 years of age who are young. Back here March 12th to-day, and determined to say what has to be said about our microscopic army. The standard for the Infantry of the line is 5 ft. 3" and the Estimates—which Seely will not print—will disclose a death-rattle in recruiting. *Sed victa Catoni*,¹ is my motto.—Yours ever,

G. W.

¹ Lucan.

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To his Mother

44 BELGRAVE SQUARE, S.W.,
13th March 1913.

MOST BELOVED MAMMA,—I have thought of Papa to-day¹ and gone on with my work, as he would have done.

I can't be sure of getting to you this Sunday.

I am trying to *extract* a copy of Army Estimates: and—in that process—*Good News*. Failing all else I ran Seely to ground about 6 p.m. and, before answering my demand for the Estimates, he told me he had *approved* dear old Guy's appointment to good work at the War Office in next October. That rolls a load off my heart. And 'for this relief much thanks,' but, as always, and cheerfully this time, I must pay.

I can't get the Estimates till late Saturday.

Bonar Law—who saw me to-day—wants to see me *seriously* on Monday.

I must wait for those Estimates; eviscerate them Sunday; think over them Monday morn; have it pat for Bonar Law Monday afternoon; re-cast my speech Tuesday and make it Wednesday. And, Beloved, this is one of those moments, that rarely come to summon one's best.

So, it will be delicious if you come back here Monday, 17th, for you will find me—as in 1900—doing my very best in preparation on Monday and Tuesday and in execution on Wednesday and Thursday.

'Anyway' it is jolly for you that (1) Guy's life will no more be wasted and (2) that I am 'at it again' to persuade the English people that National Security is the *first* thing they ought to think of.

I had a little symposium here to-night of Bonar Law's secretary and his brother—who is in the War Office.

And now 'to bed' without one thought of the fact that

¹ The anniversary of his father's death.

I have to speak to the Annual Conference of the Tariff Reform League at 10.30 a.m. to-morrow !

I will take that in my stride.—Your most loving son,
GEORGE.

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To Winston Churchill

Private and Personal.

CLOUDS, EAST KNOYLE,
SALISBURY, 27.iii.13.

DEAR WINSTON,—I had to catch the last train to these parts yesterday evening. That obligation, combined with the outburst in the House, prevented me from hearing your speech and so defeated the object for which I had journeyed to London. I wish you to know that I intended, on personal and patriotic grounds, to listen carefully ; for I knew that your speech would necessarily be—for good or evil—an historic declaration.

I have read—I may say that I have studied—your speech in the ‘Times.’ And, again, I wish you to know that in my deliberate judgement your speech is wholly admirable ; that it presents no points for misconception, here, in the Empire, in Germany, or in France ; that it is not ‘open to criticism’ : briefly—and I could not say more—that it was worthy of the occasion. You excelled your opportunity and fulfilled the exactions of an epoch.

That is my calm and measured judgement.

I am glad that I had to leave the House. Here, in the country—like myriads the world over—I read and weighed what you said and was grateful.

In terms of the times in which we live, and of Party Politics this letter is an impertinence. But it is not irrelevant to much that will endure.

It would be an impertinence for which no further consideration could atone to select for special praise where all is so good. I risk it, and say the ‘False dilemma’ and

'Imperial Imperial Squadron' were the best of all, the first in thought, the second in imaginative grasp. Nothing could have been 'happier' than the topical exordium. The only doubt that creeps into my mind—amarum aliquid—is whether the men will be forthcoming and your speech will help mightily to remove the causes of that doubt.

May you often speak as simply and powerfully is my wish for the Navy and the Empire.—Yours ever,

GEORGE WYNDHAM.

P.S.—No answer!

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To his Niece, Mrs. H. H. Asquith

44 BELGRAVE SQUARE, S.W.,
10.iv.13.

DARLING NYNCIE,—It was delicious to hear from you. You mustn't bother to answer my letters; at any rate till the Toy arrives. I must hustle it. I dash to Clouds whenever I can and spend happy hours listening to the birds and arranging my books. There is one thrush in the rhododendron who, now and again, between liquid lilts, suddenly emits the imperative of a large steel whistle, with a pea in it. I thought it was Ursula (Bendor's little girl) making fun of me, and ran back to see. As for my books, they come in packing-cases from Saighton and 35 Park Lane, go into the lift, are hoisted to the attics, and dumped on the library floor. Then I take them in armfuls and shove them on to one shelf. Then I think better of it, take them down and shove them into another. It is glorious exercise.

So pleasant was it to ride and listen to birds and watch tiny leaves and to handle poetry in bulk, that I burst into song, as thus:—

I have forgotten how to sing
If ever I sang, so I only say
That I am glad, for here is Spring!
And I am alive, thank God, to-day.

And I have forgotten other men's songs
 That made me jubilant long ago
 Before I knew of rights and wrongs
 And the death of delight in Beauty's show.

So I only say that I am glad
 To live, and breathe, and hear, and see
 The ecstasy of a world gone mad
 To a mood of Heaven's virginity.

O! the ringing and singing and clinging of joy,
 Bird-calls, and new blossom, young grass and live Trees!
 They were dead; but are springing to flaunt an 'Ahoy!'
 For signals that flutter back 'Do as you please.'

O! the leisure, and pleasure, and treasure of Love!
 The time to be happy and room to be free,
 The unbounded horizon and azure above,
 The miracle of Spring . . . to me.

I like the change to 'rag-time' in the 4th quatrain;
 and it ends suddenly like a thrush.—With much love,

GEORGE.

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To Wilfrid Scawen Blunt

44 BELGRAVE SQUARE,
 16.iv.13.

MY DEAR WILFRID,—I ought to have written long ago. Your Wedding Present to Percy is, in fact, a most priceless gift to me. I know, and love, that Ronsard. Percy has been soldiering with his General all over the S.W. of England, so we only met to-day on the eve of his marriage. He had, as I had not, opened the parcel and will thank you. He proposed to put the Ronsard in my Library, and, in time, (I omit 'due') he will write to you, what he said to me, in warm appreciation.

These days have been tense. Rosebery—I don't know why—asked me to dinner yesterday week, the 8th April. He felt then that unless the Emperor of Russia

could squash the King of Montenegro, there might be a mobilisation here before Percy's wedding.

But those clouds are dispersed.

So we have enjoyed the preliminaries of Percy's nuptials.

We had a display of gifts at Ribblesdale's house this afternoon, and a dinner of both Families at Grosvenor House this evening.

We all feel that Politics are a bore and should be quitted by honest men, and that soldiers are menaced. So—as you won't come to Clouds—we—by which I mean Percy, Diana, and myself—hope in the interval of Peace, to invade you at New Buildings in the course of Summer. I would like you to see Percy and Diana in the prime of their mating.

It is just possible that they have 'hit off' an alliance of Heroic Love combined with matrimony. If this should prove to be so, they are lucky. In any case they are happy and exorbitant for the moment.

For the moment they are lovers, and they ought to visit your shrine and lay a wreath at the feet of Proteus.

As a rule people do not know how to love; as an exception they love now here; now there; as a rarity almighty lovers find each other after both are married.

It is extravagant to suppose that Percy and Diana are going to be lovers and, also, husband and wife.

But it is pleasant to contemplate the hypothesis.

In any case I ought to take them, in their youth and delight, to see you.—Yours affectionately, G. W.

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To Hilaire Belloc

CLOUDS,
30th May 1913.

MY DEAR BELLOC,—Many thanks for the Cockle-shell. I have noted, and shall indubitably test, its virtue of preserving travellers. It may even be—though this is not certain—that I shall dash over to Paris the 2nd of June, and proceed to Hotel Lotti—wherever that may be—to

join Westminster and take a complete holiday of a few days. You may ask, why a holiday? But I cannot suppose that you would put so foolish a question. Still at the back of your head there may linger a surmise that I have been making holiday since the unspeakable House of Commons closed its doors. It is not so. I have enjoyed myself; but without a moment's relaxation.

The Yeomanry regiment 'which I have the honour to command' belongs—with the Shropshire and Denbigh—to the Welsh Border Mounted Brigade. Furthermore it—the Brigade—is commanded by Colonel Herbert, who believes he is a Welshman (he is undoubtedly a Catholic) and cherishes a misplaced affection for his native hills. It followed that for sixteen days I was marooned on a morass at the foot of a mountain—plateau called—in the Welsh outlandish tongue MYNNID EPPYNT, which ranges from 1400 to 1600 feet above the sea and is intersected by bogs. Again—to shore-up the sham of the Territorial Force, our camp was run entirely by amateurs and, owing to the absurd fifteen days training for all, our supply and transport arrived on the day that I did. To complete; it rained in deluges and the winds roared. We were exposed to the elements; drowned out; obliged to change horse-lines and shift tents. On to this scene of inexperienced effort confronted by unaccustomed difficulties, there descended—(to shore-up the sham) 1. The Inspector General of the Home Forces (2) The Inspector General of Cavalry (3) The General Officer Commanding in Chief the Western Command. (4. 5. 6. 7. etc.) The rag-tag and bob-tail of staff officers who pursue Generals on inspection—'just as'—to quote the Homeric simile of General Tucker 'all the dogs in the barrack are tied to a bitch on heat!' I therefore had to work hard for long hours and not without success; prejudiced indeed—but only for a few moments—when I nearly bogged the whole illustrious group in a deep morass and only extricated them by galloping to a stone ford, left by the *Romans* that I knew of and had missed by 300 yards. The generals were afraid of being bogged. Not so the gallant Yeomen. They galloped

cheerily right in and tumbled about with their horses, by sixes and even dozens in the treacherous mire.

I motored back, 51 miles *east* to *Hereford* and then 105 miles *south* to *Clouds*. Since then I have ridden early and answered scores of letters and meditated on agriculture.

Fortunatus et ille deos qui novit agrestes . . .
 Illum non populi fasces, non purpura regum
 Flexit, et infidos agitans discordia fratres . . .

which is as much as to say that I, when here riding about my fields, do not care a damn, about (1) a row at Dover over a clock (2) The King's levee on Monday (3) The 'differences' in the Unionist Party. I simply am happy in the glory of May. In this mood I get a telegram from Westminster asking me to go to Paris on Saturday. I reply I cannot having guests but will try to do so on Monday.

Consider well whether you would not come here with Mrs. Belloc on Friday June 13th? My brother and sister-in-law the Zetlands will be here: But they are quiet folk. The library is very good. I am in it now.—Yours ever,
 GEORGE W.

P.S.—Westminster expects me to dine Monday. Ring up at Hotel Lotti.

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To Hilaire Belloc

HOTEL LOTTI,
 7 ET 9 RUE DE CASTIGLIONE,
 PARIS, 4th June 1913.

MY DEAR BELLOC,—I quite understand. My view you know: for I repeated it—I fear more than twice—last night. But a man's own instinct is the only guide in these matters. It may be even, apart from that, an act to return as you are returning. Shewing a front is sometimes an act and not merely a semblance. May it prove to be so in this case.

'*Te absente*' I went book-hunting this morning. The

sport was poor, but I have marked down some quarries for to-morrow. I have harboured—I hope—a stag. I was a ‘*limier*’ to-day. To-morrow I shall be ‘*la meute*’ in full cry. ‘Negative information’—in soldier slang—is often of great value. For example we—you and I—now know that the Restaurant of Henry iv. at St. Germain is unworthy of the *Vert galant* and his renown. To-night, therefore, I ‘cast back’ to the Restaurant *Le Doyen*. Now I would not for the world—a phrase, but let it pass—have missed revisiting with you the woods that were a part of your boyhood and, therefore—à *ma guise*—an index to Man’s Immortality. But—again—I would not for the world—let us pass the phrase once more—have missed the dinner I ate and the wine I drank at *Le Doyen*. Potage St. Germain, à Barbue—the whole of him with a sauce that was Maitre d’Hotel sublimated with mushrooms. A cold quail, stuffed with truffles and garnished with aspic and parsley, and supported by a salad.

Hot Asperges vertes, as big as the white ones, with sauce mousseline.

A cold salade Russe—without ham—but with a perfect mayonnaise. And then the best strawberries I can remember. For wine a Richebourg of 1890 which stood to other wines—and stands—in the relation of Homer and Shakespeare to other poets. It was a miracle of the Earth’s entrails searched by the sun and responding with all the ethereal perfumes of a hot day in Summer tempered by the whispering and cool shadows of a breeze. No Jew was there. No American. No Englishman but myself. The French were dining under a sapphire sky, by an old willow-tree, a fountain and a nymph in bronze. I had struck an oasis of civilisation. There were few women, and that was fit. For how few women understand?

The service was traditional. One man—human and experienced—took the order and *reminded me* that I had forgotten the Asparagus. Another man human and zealous set the meats before me. Both rejoiced in my content and took their tips in the spirit of gentlemen knighted on the field of battle.

And the whole show for three persons—with 6 francs to the waiter and 5 francs to the head-waiter, cost less than last night's ghetto. There was no band.

You shall dine with me there after a walk of three days.
—Yours, G. W.

[George Wyndham made the expedition with Mr. Belloc, visiting, amongst other places, the home of the latter's youth. On Friday 6th he spent the day driving and walking in the Forest of Fontainebleau with Lady Plymouth and her daughter. He was full of life and interest though at times he appeared to be a little tired. They did not return to Paris till 9 P.M., and he then owned to having occasionally felt a pain in the chest.

The following morning he completed the purchase of the books that he alludes to in the preceding letter and at dinner that night he had apparently quite recovered and was in high spirits.

At 6 o'clock on Sunday morning the pain had returned, and at 8 o'clock a doctor was sent for, who found a slight congestion of the right lung. Throughout the day his temperature was not above 99° and he experienced little discomfort except for the pain in the chest. The doctors did not apprehend any danger but advised the postponement of his journey home for two or three days.

At 7 o'clock in the evening he was given a slight injection of morphia. On saying good-night to Lady Plymouth he asked her to send a telegram to his brother that he would dictate in the morning and settled himself comfortably to sleep. Lady Plymouth returned to the hotel, but at 9.45 P.M. was summoned by the nurse on the telephone, and on her arrival ten minutes later was told of his death. She found him 'as if he were asleep, serene and peaceful.'

The doctors pronounced his death due to the passage of a clot of blood through the heart.

His son arrived in Paris the following day and wrote to his mother 'The Majesty of death is so wonderful. When one is with him one cannot cry or moan—he looks too much a conqueror. His soul must be right high in the Heaven now and his beautiful Body just looking as if he had won :—One cannot mourn for him, he looks too splendid :—He is triumphant. Let us think of that and be brave ourselves.'

The following letter was found after his death in his dispatch box. His son posted it, and Wilfrid Ward found it on his return from attending the funeral at Clouds. Though not the last letter written, it was the last received, and is placed at the close of these volumes, for the brave words of the post-script are most characteristic of his brave life.]

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To Wilfrid Ward

CLOUDS,

SALISBURY, *May 8th*, 1913.

MY DEAR WILFRID,—I had your letter of April 30th typed for better accuracy of interpretation. Then I mislaid the typed copy, so to-night I have tackled the original and I say, cheerily, that I will be your ‘man of the world’ who ‘is *not* a Catholic.’ I will read your reminiscences with avidity and answer your question which is Should they be published in the ‘Dublin Review’ instead of waiting (as A. J. B. and H. C. advise) to be Chapter I. of a book?

I am off to-morrow to command my Yeomanry in the uttermost parts of Wales. I could not write and you could not read the address. But, if you will send the thing, marked ‘to be forwarded’ to 44 Belgrave Square, it will be forwarded and I shall read it and reply.

I have just been glancing at W. Morris’s socialist lectures, published under the title ‘Signs of Change’ in 1888 and was arrested by a note in pencil at the end written by my father, a Tory. It runs, ‘Pages 188 and 9. Splendid passage, I hope prophetic—Wonderful and impossible as the change in condition, shadowed forth on pages 20 and 21, appears from our present standpoint, it is not more wonderful and impossible than our present standpoint would appear to those who lived thousands of years ago.’

That is an interesting note coming from my father, a Tory.

The young couple—Percy and Diana—are very happy and preoccupied by starting as householders.

For myself—apart from Politics, Finance (how to float

the couple and pay Death Duties) and the round of duty—I am absorbed in two subjects: Rural England and my library.

‘We know what we are but we know not what we may be.’ I may—perhaps—take office again. But I doubt it. ‘*Inveni portum.*’ My work, I am almost persuaded, must be to tackle the problem of Rural England, and my play, I am convinced, to finish my library. The two together would give me happy and useful employment for twenty years.

I am attacking ‘Rural England,’ (1) by action; based on study of the past—from Domesday Book onwards—and on modern science—‘so-called.’ I think best in action and experiment. So I have given the go-by to theory and have already pumped water several miles over considerable hills; built cow-sheds; bought a motor-trolley to supersede four cart-horses and done much else; which will—I believe—put back this bit of England to where it stood in the 17th century and afford working models to my neighbours, who lack any capital and imagination. It is jolly work.

(2) But I attack ‘Rural England’ also with my pen and have written a ‘private’ essay that has been ‘highly commended’ by Lansdowne and Milner.

As for my play, you and your wife and Maisie *must* come to see my Library in early June, or late July. (Between June 20 and late July I must shut up to put in a larger water-supply.) I have finished the structure of the Library and nearly filled it with books. There are six desks for people who mean business. It is inspired by Wells, Merton, San Marco at Florence etc. But it will be a place at the top of the house in which you and Hugh Cecil and I and others can read and write.

Party Politics leave me cold. But the country-side of England and the literature of Europe make me glow.—
Yours ever,

GEORGE W.

P.S.—Incidentally to the two main purposes of my life I am finishing a chapel in the basement.

It is exhilarating to make things yourself. The carpenter and I, without architect or contract, have made the Library, the Chapel, the new cow-farm and much else. When I told Hugh Cecil a few weeks ago that this would be my work and *not* Party-Politics, he was shocked. But after seeing what I was at he came round to my view.

Some people inherit an estate and go on as if nothing had happened. I can't do that. My father never told me anything about this place. I lived and worked in Cheshire and Ireland. Suddenly I find myself responsible for farming 2400 acres and for paying sums that stagger me by way of weekly wages and repairs. So I ask myself 'What are you going to do.' I mean to use all my imagination and energy to get something done that shall last and remind.

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